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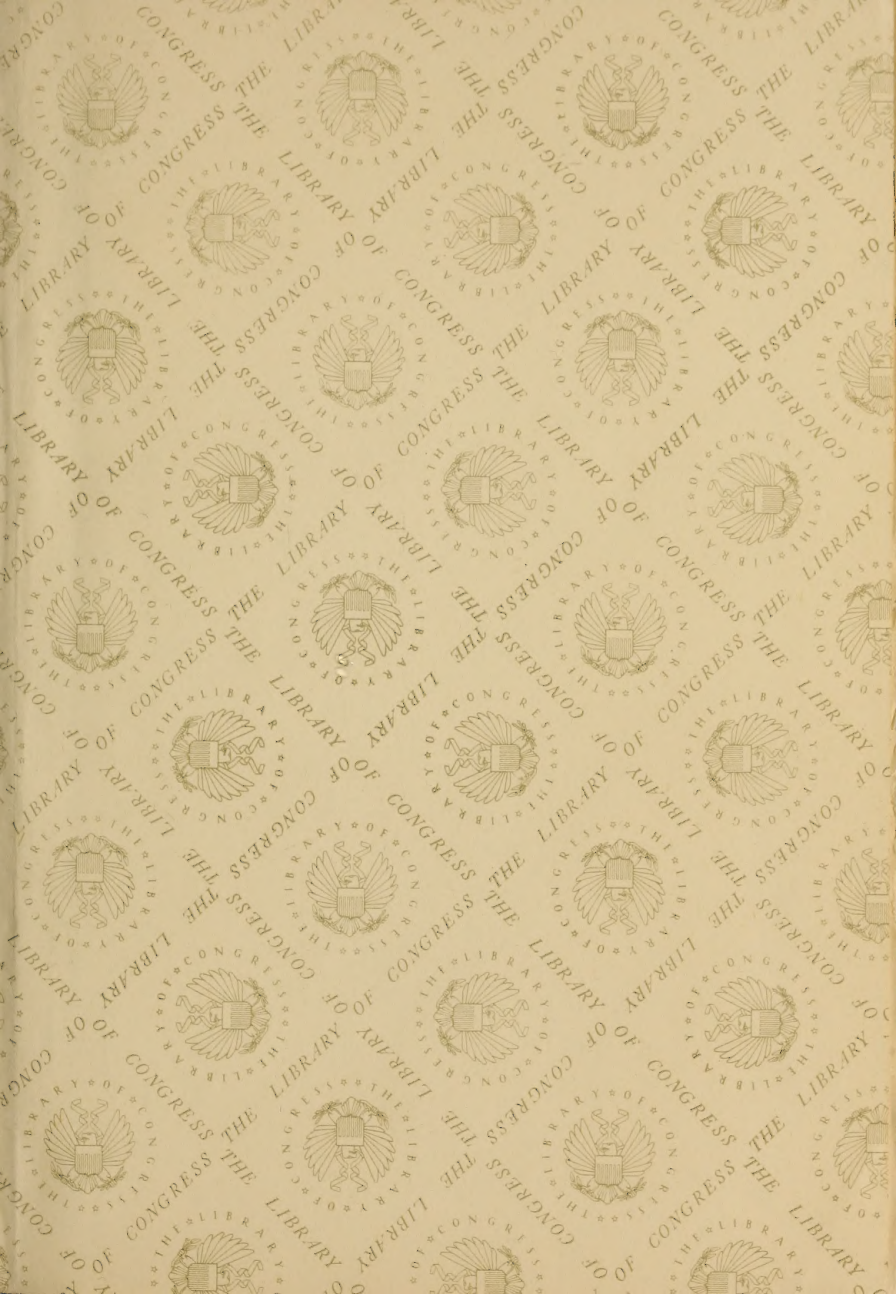
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*From a Supper given 1735*

*J. Miller fecit 1735*

*The Celebrated Comedian Joe Miller, in the Character of  
Teague in the Committee.*



## INTRODUCTION

FROM time immemorial a brilliant wit has been regarded by his less splendidly endowed fellows as an uncrowned king. He is raised to a seat among the elect, and posterity continues to repeat the bright and keen sayings of him who, mayhap, has been dust for ages. The influence of such men has been immense, whether for good or evil, and it is perhaps fortunate that the gift of ready retort has been granted to but few.

The war of words is unending, and, like the knights of old who were always armed cap-a-pie and ready to break a lance on any occasion, so the brilliant mind is always on the alert, ready to tilt with friend or foe, and woe to the one giving an opening for cut or thrust. To be able to seize on the instant the wordy weapon of a rival, and, by the apt twisting of one of his own phrases, or, by the merest change in one of his own expressions, to so alter the whole tenor of his remark as to ward off his attempted ridicule and turn the laugh against him,—this is Wit.

Any fool, given time and topic, can, by laborious effort and much travail, whittle out something that might pass as a witticism. But only the most brilliant minds can, on the spur of the

moment, skirting the aggressor's prepared pit of ridicule, turn his badinage against himself and lead him to his own undoing.

How easy it would be for all to be witty to-morrow or the day after, if the occasion would only wait.

There is no weapon more feared by man than ridicule, and no wounds are deeper and heal more slowly than those caused by the tongue. Voltaire was more feared than any man in Europe on account of his caustic wit and cutting tongue.

Point out a man capable of coining a real *jeu d'esprit*, and you will have before you the possessor of a brilliant mind: it matters not whether he be educated or uneducated, prince or peasant, billionaire or beggar, the mind rises superior to adversity and shines with no uncertain lustre.

Many witticisms have their origin from the lowliest sources, but only the brilliant mind is capable of a genuine *bon-mot*.

To draw the line between wit and vulgarity requires the nicest discrimination. Only too often the line is overstepped, and what is intended for wit descends to vulgarity and obscenity.

To such men as Fox, Curran, Supple, Parr, Parson, and a host of others, we are under lasting obligations for their legacy of brilliant repartee, witty sayings and inimitable *bon-mots*.

The jests contained in these volumes were compiled by the versatile John Mottley in 1739, and were published under the title JOE MILLER'S



JEST BOOK. They form a complete collection of the facetiæ of those times.

This old Jest Book, popular for so many years, is now extremely rare in its original form. This scarcity is due greatly to the fact that numberless copies have been literally "thumbed out of existence." From the ashes of the past this famous book is now resurrected and once again brought to general notice, in full confidence that like another Phœnix, tried by the fire of time, it will renew its youth and afford the same pleasure and profit to the readers of to-day that it did to those of long ago.

Those who are well acquainted with the humorous literature of other countries as well as that of our own, must confess that if our jest books, both ancient and modern, were stripped of all that is borrowed, the number of jokes we could really claim would be small indeed. Perhaps the best joke in the whole book is in its name. JOE MILLER'S JEST BOOK. Joe Miller (1648-1738) was a comedian of the most taciturn disposition, and it is a well authenticated fact that he was never known to originate a jest or utter a *bon-mot*; and yet we have the strange anomaly of a man so little given to humour, fathering the most popular jest book ever published, and being the reputed author of every *bon-mot* of past generations.

Gathered from all corners of the globe within these covers, the reader will find the wittiest sayings, the most brilliant jests and the subtlest

repartee of the men who have made history. In the two volumes herewith presented without abridgment, and with no additions, the reader will find a reprint of the best edition in existence of this old book.

In its hundred or more years of popularity, an index has never before been attempted, and in the preparation of one for this edition, no pains have been spared to classify the jests so that they can be readily referred to. It has been found necessary to index a number of paragraphs under the head of "Miscellaneous," as there was nothing distinctive in them under which they could be classified.

No reader can open these pages without finding something to instruct, much to interest and more to amuse him. He will be surprised at the number of jests which, decked out in new apparel, have only recently been dished up to him as something entirely original, and before he has reached the end of these volumes he will be very much of the opinion that

"There is nothing new under the sun."

ANDREW G. DICKINSON, JR.

## PREFACE

A CELEBRATED comedian has lately furnished the public with an account of the origin of JOE MILLER'S JEST BOOK, which, as it is not generally known, may not be unacceptable to the readers of the present volume. He states "that Joe Miller, who has fathered our jests for the last half century, never uttered a jest in his life. Though an excellent comic actor, he was the most taciturn and saturnine man breathing. He was in the daily habit of spending his afternoons at the Black Jack, a well-known public house in Portugal Street, Clare Market, which was at that time frequented by most of the respectable tradesmen in the neighbourhood, who, from Joe's imperturbable gravity, whenever any risible saying was recounted, derisively ascribed it to him. After his death,\* having left his family unprovided for, advantage was taken of this *badinage*. A Mr. Mottley, a well-known dramatist of that day, was employed to collect all the stray jests, then current on town. Joe Miller's name

\* His remains were interred on the east side of the burial ground of St. Clements Danes, in Portugal Street, Clare Market; where a stone still marks the spot, and commemorates his virtues.



was prefixed to them, and from that day to this, the man who never uttered a jest has been the reputed author of every jest, past, present, and to come." The original edition of JOE MILLER is the basis of the present publication: and no pains have been spared to render the copious additions now made to that celebrated *Collection of Jests* equally attractive. The brilliant sayings of the sages of antiquity, and the polished wit and broad humour of modern times, have alike contributed to enliven our pages. Numerous publications have been examined for this purpose; and many flashes of the lightning of speech conducted from the circles which they originally brightened.

Upon examining the remarkable *anecdotes* which are interspersed throughout the volume, it will be found that they owe their admission to the power they possess of conferring amusement as well as information.

We are aware that a jest may please one, which displeases another; make one laugh, while another keeps his countenance; that the wit may in one respect seem fine, in another mean: for a jest has various perfections, which are not always found united; and different readers may consider the same story from different points of view. Though we cannot, in every instance, hope to please all, yet we have endeavoured to ward off censure, by carefully distinguishing true and genuine wit from that which is false and spurious.

But in such a vast variety of subjects, the most fastidious, we are persuaded, will find much to excite his mirth, and to enrich his mind; while the lover of real humour will discover in every page an ample fund of entertainment.





# JOE MILLER

1.—WHEN WILLIAM PENN the Quaker was brought before the Lord Mayor and Recorder for preaching, he insisted upon knowing what law he had broken—to which simple question the Recorder was reduced to answer “that he was an impertinent fellow,—and that many had studied thirty or forty years to understand the law, which he was for having expounded in a moment.” The learned controversialist, however, was not to be silenced so easily;—he quoted Lord Coke and Magna Charta on his antagonist in a moment, and chastised his insolence by one of the best and most characteristic repartees that we recollect ever to have met with—“I tell you to be silent,” cried the Recorder in a great passion, “if we should suffer you to ask questions till to-morrow morning you would be never the wiser.”—“That,” replied the Quaker, with immovable tranquillity, “that is according as *the answers* are.”—“Take him away, take him away,” exclaimed the Mayor and Recorder in a breath, “turn him into the Bail Dock.”

2.—WHEN SIR RICHARD STEELE was fitting up his great room in York Buildings, which he intended for public orations, he happened at a

time to be pretty much behind-hand with his workmen, and coming one day among them, to see how they went forward, ordered one of them to get into the rostrum, and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard; the fellow mounting, and scratching his pate, told him, he knew not what to say, for in truth he was no orator. "Oh!" said the knight, "no matter for that, speak any thing that comes uppermost."—"Why here, Sir Richard," says the fellow, "we have been working for you these six weeks, and cannot get one penny of money: pray, Sir, when do you design to pay us?" "Very well, very well," said Sir Richard, "pray come down, I have heard enough; I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I don't admire your subject."

3.—MY LORD CRAVEN, in King James the First's reign, was very desirous to see Ben Jonson, which being told to Ben, he went to my Lord's house; but being in a very tattered condition, as poets sometimes are, the porter refused him admittance, with some saucy language, which the other did not fail to return. My Lord, happening to come out while they were wrangling, asked the occasion of it? Ben, who stood in need of nobody to speak for him, said he understood his Lordship desired to see him. "You, friend," said my Lord, "who are you?"—"Ben Jonson," replied the other. "No, No," quoth my Lord, "you cannot be Ben Jonson, who wrote the Silent Woman: you look as if you could not

say *bo* to a goose.”—“*Bo*,” cried Ben. “Very well,” said my Lord, who was better pleased at the joke than offended at the affront, “I am now convinced, by your wit, you are Ben Jonson.”

4.—MR. BETHEL, an Irish barrister, when the question of the Union was in debate, and all the junior barristers published pamphlets upon the subject, thought fit to contribute his mite to the investigation, and take a literary shot at the subject, after above fifty other pamphlets had already appeared; which, of course contained nothing very new upon the topic. Some days after its appearance, Mr. Lysaght met this pamphleteer in the hall of the Four Courts, and, in a friendly way, said “Zounds! Bethel, I wonder you never told me you had published a pamphlet on the Union: I never saw it till yesterday, by mere accident.”—“Well! and how did you like it?” asked the author, with a smirk of eager curiosity. “Like it!” said Lysaght; “the one I saw contained some of the best things I have yet seen in any pamphlet upon the subject.”—“I’m very proud you think so,” said the other, rubbing his hands with satisfaction; “and, pray, what are the things that pleased you so much?”—“Why,” replied Lysaght, “as I passed by a pastry-cook’s shop this morning, I saw a girl come out with three *hot mince-pies* wrapped up in a sheet of your work, and that is more than I can say for any performance of your competitors.”



5.—THE LATE COUNSELLOR CALDBECK, of the Irish Bar, who drudged in his profession till he was near eighty, being a King's Counsel, frequently went circuit as Judge of Assize when any of the twelve judges was prevented by illness. On one of those occasions, a fellow was convicted before him at Wexford for bigamy; and when the learned counsel came to pass sentence, after lecturing the fellow pretty roundly upon the nature of his uxorious crime, added, "The only punishment which the law authorises me to inflict is, that you be transported to parts beyond the seas for the term of seven years; but if I had *my* will, you should not escape with so mild a punishment, for I would sentence you for the term of your natural life—to live in the same house with both your wives."

6.—WHEN GARRICK was last at Paris, Preville, the celebrated French actor, invited him to his villa. Our Roscius being in a gay humour, proposed to go in one of the hired coaches that regularly ply between Paris and Versailles, on which road Preville's villa was situated. When they got in, Garrick ordered the coachman to drive on; but the fellow answered that he would do so as soon as he had got his complement of four passengers. A caprice immediately seized Garrick: he determined to give his brother player a specimen of his art. While the coachman was attentively looking out for passengers, Garrick slipped out at the door, went round the coach, and by his wonderful command of coun-

tenance, a power which he so happily displayed in Abel Drugger, palmed himself upon the coachman as a stranger. This he did twice, and was admitted each time into the coach as a fresh passenger, to the astonishment and admiration of Preville. Garrick whipped out a third time, and addressing himself to the coachman, was answered in a surly tone, "that he had already got his complement," and would have driven off without him, had not Preville called out, that as the stranger appeared to be a very little man, they would, to accommodate the gentleman, contrive to make room for him.

7.—MR. CURRAN, that celebrated advocate, possessed perhaps a greater influence over the feelings of his auditory than any other professor of forensic eloquence ever did, and has been frequently known, by the pathetic force of his oratory, and the inexhaustible fund of his wit and resistless humour, to keep the juries whom he addressed, alternately in tears and laughter during the course of trial; and yet, like other great wits, he has been frequently put down by an unexpected repartee from the most simple of those witnesses whom he endeavoured to badger by cross-examination. In an important cause, where a country schoolmaster, named Lily, was a principal witness, and had given his direct testimony with all due gravity, arrayed in all the graces of syntax and prosody, Mr. Curran proceeded to cross-examine the witness, and began, with a familiar nod and an arch look, in the first sen-

tence of Cordery's Colloquies, "*Salve Claudii.*" The schoolmaster immediately answered, "*Sis tu quoque salvus Bernarde.*" This unexpected answer completely disarmed the barrister, and produced a general laugh at his expense.

8.—PERHAPS in no senate, ancient or modern, did the *cacoethes loquendi* more inveterately prevail than in the parliament of Ireland. The speaking members of that parliament were principally gentlemen at the bar, or those who had been educated "to wage the wordy war" in that profession. Everything was debated, from a turnpike bill to the most important statute; and the question rarely went to a division, until every orator, on each side of the house, had a speech at it. A question once came forward, in which it became necessary for the clerk to read a series of voluminous documents, adequate in quantity to a ponderous quarto; and the forces on both sides, in full muster, were eager for action; but felt that, if these documents were read through, there would be no opportunity for discussion on that night. This difficulty produced a minor debate, which was on the point of splitting into half a dozen others, when Sir Boyle Roache, eminent for his proficiency in a peculiar species of Irish *rhetoric*, rose in his place, and said, "Mister Spaaker, if the house will only hear me, I think I can put an *ind* to all the *diffiquilty* about reading all them *rig-me-rowl* documents. I don't see the use of reading them at all at all; for nobody will *attind* to them, if they be read: but, *how-*



*somewer*, if they must be read, we have only to call in *all the committee clerks of the house*, and let each of 'em take a document, and they can all read together. 'Many hands make light work;' and they'll get through all of them in a couple of hours." This *ingenious* project of the worthy baronet, though it excited immoderate laughter, was not adopted.

9.—A METHODIST PREACHER, who was also a master-builder, felt no inconsiderable share of vanity in his talent for polemical controversy. He one day attacked the late Father O'Leary upon the celibacy of the Catholic priesthood, and asked him how it came that he and his clergy rejected the divine precept, "*increase and multiply*;" thus refusing to co-operate by contributing their part to the great structure of society. "Pray, friend," answered the sacerdotal wit, "are you not a master-builder?"—"Yes," answered the Methodist.—"I suppose, then," rejoined the priest, "you act as your own bricklayer, stonemason, smith, carpenter, slater, and painter."—"Oh! no," said the Methodist, "I never meddle with hammer, trowel, or brush; I set others to work, and only superintend them."—"Tis just so with us," added the priest, "in the great building of society; we set blockheads like you to work, never meddling with the tools ourselves, but merely superintend the business."

10.—A NATIVE of one of the Hebrides being joked about the smallness of his island, the most central place not being four miles from the sea,

an Irishman in company joined in the laugh, exultingly swearing, "that no part of old Ireland was half so near it."

11.—A RIGHT REVEREND PRELATE, himself a man of extreme good nature, was frequently much vexed in the spirit, by the proud, froward, perverse, and untractable temper of his next vicar. The latter, after an absence much longer than usual, one day paid a visit to the bishop, who kindly inquired the cause of his absence, and was answered by the vicar, that he had been confined to his house for some time past by an obstinate *stiffness* in his *knee*. "I am glad of that," replied the prelate, "'tis a good symptom that the disorder has changed place, for I had a long time thought it *immovably settled* in your NECK."

12.—WHEN LIEUTENANT O'BRIEN (who was called Skyrocket Jack) was blown up at Spithead, in the Edgar, he was on the carriage of a gun, and when brought to the admiral, all black and wet, he said with pleasantry, "I hope, Sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, for I came out of the ship in so great a hurry, that I had not time to shift myself."

13.—TWO SAILORS, the one Irish, the other English, agreed reciprocally to take care of each other, in case of either being wounded in an action then about to commence. It was not long before the Englishman's leg was shot off by a cannon-ball; and on asking Paddy to carry him to the doctor, according to their agreement, the

other very readily complied; but had scarcely got his wounded companion on his back when a second ball struck off the poor fellow's head. Paddy, through the noise and bustle, had not perceived his friend's last misfortune, but continued to make the best of his way to the surgeon. An officer observing him with his headless trunk, asked him where he was going? "To the doctor," says Paddy.—"The doctor!" says the officer, "why, blockhead, the man has lost his head." On hearing this, he flung the body from his shoulders, and looking at it very attentively, "By my own soul," says he, "he told me it was his leg, but I was a fool to believe him, for he was always a great liar."

14.—AN IRISH GENTLEMAN being at Epsom races, and observing in the list of horses that started for the plate one called Botheram, took such a fancy to the name, that he betted considerable odds in his favour. Towards the conclusion of the race, his favourite was unluckily in the rear, on which he vociferated in so loud a key, as to drown every other voice, "Ah, my lads, there he goes,—Botheram for ever! see how he drives them all *before him!* Botheram for ever!"

15.—SWIFT had some whimsical contrivances to punish his servants for disobedience of orders. The hiring of his maid-servants he left to his housekeeper, and that ceremony over, acquainted them that he had but two commands to give them,

—one was to shut the door, whenever they came into a room; the other, to shut the door after them whenever they went out of a room. One of these maid-servants came to him one day, and requested permission to go to her sister's wedding, which was to be on that day, at a place distant about ten miles from Dublin. Swift not only consented, but said he would lend her one of his own horses with a servant to ride before her, and gave her directions accordingly. The maid, in her joy for this favour, forgot to shut the door when she left the room. In about a quarter of an hour after she was gone, the dean ordered a servant to saddle another horse, and make all the speed he could to overtake them, and oblige them to return back immediately. They had not got more than half way, when he came up with them, and told them the dean's positive commands; with which, however reluctantly, the poor girl was obliged to comply. She came into his presence with the most mortified countenance, and begged to know his honour's commands. "Only to shut the door after you," was the reply; but not to carry the punishment too far, he then permitted her to resume her journey.

16.—THERE was nothing Swift more disliked than being troubled with applications from authors to correct their works, and he generally had some whimsical contrivance to make them repent of this, which being told, might deter others from the like. A poor poet having written a very indifferent tragedy, got himself introduced to the



Dean in order to have his opinion of it; and in about a fortnight after, called at the deanery. Swift returned the play, carefully folded up, telling him he had read it, and taken some pains with it, and he believed the author would not find above half the number of faults that it had when it came to his hand. The poor author, after a thousand acknowledgments, retired in company with the gentleman who had introduced him, and was so impatient to see the corrections, that he stopped under the first gateway they came to, and to his utter astonishment and confusion, saw that the dean had taken the pains to blot out every second line throughout the whole play, so carefully as to render them quite illegible.

17.—TWO IRISHMEN, who had left the banks of the Shannon at the same time, once meeting in the streets of London, after the usual congratulations, inquired into each other's situation, and one of them said he had been so lucky as to be appointed Master of the Horse; and "pray, Patrick, what are you?"—"Why, I have been still more fortunate, for I am Under Secretary of State."—"The devil you are! but how so, Pat, when you can neither read nor write?"—"O faith, let me alone for that; my master is a coal-merchant, and I keep the tally, and chalk up the numbers of the sacks as they pass under the gateway. Pray, Terence, how are you Master of the Horse?"—"Why, I am Assistant to the Assistant of the Hostler at the Golden-Cross, Char-ing-Cross, my dear."

18.—THE SERVANT of a naval commander, an Irishman, one day let a tea-kettle fall into the sea, upon which he ran to his master, "Arrah, an plase your honour, can anything be said to be lost, when you know where it is?"—"Certainly not," replied the officer.—"Why then, by my soul, and St. Patrick, the tea-kettle is at the bottom of the sea."

19.—AN IRISHMAN who was sent on board of ship, and who believed in ghosts, inquired of his mess-mates if the ship was haunted. "As full of ghosts as a church-yard," replied they, "they are ten thousand strong every night." This so terrified Pat, that whenever he turned into his hammock, he pulled his blanket over his head and face, so that from his knees downwards he was always naked and cold.—"That there purser's a terrible rogue! He serves out blankets that don't fit a man; they are too long at top, and too short at bottom, for they cover my head and ears, and my feet are always perished with cold. I have cut several slices off the top, and sewed on the bottom, and the devil a bit longer is it."

20.—A CLERGYMAN was reading the burial service over an Irish corpse, and having forgot which sex it was, on coming to that part of the ceremony which reads thus, "our dear brother or sister," the reverend gentleman stopped, and seeing Pat stand by, stepped back, and whispering to him, said, "Is it a brother or a sister?"

Pat says, "Friend, 'tis neither, 'tis only a *relation*."

21.—AN IRISH PATIENT of some distinction, that was teasing Peter Pindar with his symptoms, and who had nothing scarcely to complain of, told him, he had frequently an itching, and begged to know what he should do. "Scratch yourself, Sir," replied Peter; which laconic advice lost him his patient.

22.—TWO IRISH LABOURING BRICKLAYERS were working at some houses near Russell Square, and one of them was boasting of the steadiness with which he could carry a load to any height that might be required. The other contested the point, and the conversation ended in a bet that he could not carry him in his hod up a ladder to the top of the building. The experiment was made: Pat placed himself in the hod, and his comrade, after a great deal of care and exertion, succeeded in taking him up and bringing him down safely. Without any reflection on the danger he had escaped, observing to the winner, "To be sure, I have lost; but don't you remember, about the third story you made a slip—*I was then in hopes*."

23.—A GENTLEMAN once appeared in the Court of King's Bench as surety for a friend in the sum of three thousand pounds; Serjeant Davy, though he well knew the responsibility of the gentleman, could not help his customary impertinence. "Well, Sir, how do you make your-

self to be worth three thousand pounds?" The gentleman very deliberately specified the particulars up to two thousand nine hundred and forty pounds. "Aye," says Davy, "that is not enough by sixty."—"For that sum," replied the other, "I have a note of hand of one Serjeant Davy, and I hope he will have the honesty soon to discharge it." This set the court in a roar; the serjeant was for once abashed, and Lord Mansfield said, "Well, brother, I think we may accept the bail."

24.—AN IRISHMAN, swearing the peace against his three sons, thus concluded his affidavit: "And this deponent further saith, that the only one of his children who showed him any real filial affection was his youngest son Larry, for he *never struck him when he was down!*"

25.—A FARM was lately advertised in a newspaper, in which all the beauty of the situation, fertility of the soil, and salubrity of the air, were detailed in the richest glow of rural description, which was farther enhanced with this—N. B. There is not *an Attorney* within fifteen miles of the neighbourhood.

26.—WHEN LORD CHIEF JUSTICE HOLT was once on the Western circuit, a man was brought before him, and tried, cast, and condemned for a highway robbery. Being after this remanded to the town gaol, he most earnestly requested to have a private interview with the judge. Holt, thinking he might have something of importance to communicate respecting his accomplices, went



to him in the prison, when the man, prefacing his speech, with saying, he felt some embarrassment at claiming acquaintance with him in such a situation, said, "Sir, my real name is Smith, and I had the honour of being at college the same time that you were. Such a circumstance I think you must remember."—"Indeed I do," said the Lord Chief Justice, "and now I see some remains of your face.—Pray what is become of our old companions, Tom, Dick, and Harry?"—"They are all hanged except you and I," said the poor man with a deep sigh.—"Oh, are they?" said the judge, "Why then I must try to get you a reprieve, that's all; it may else be said, all our college, except myself, were exalted from the bar to the gallows."

27.—AN OFFICER had the misfortune to be severely wounded, in an engagement in the American war. As he lay on the field, an unfortunate near him, who was also badly wounded, gave vent to his agony in dreadful howls, which so irritated the officer, who bore his own in silence, that he exclaimed, "D—n your eyes, what do you make such a noise for? Do you think nobody is *killed* but yourself?"

28.—A GENTLEMAN who had an Irish servant, having stopped at an inn for several days, desired, previous to his departure, to have a bill; which being brought, he found a large quantity of port placed to his servant's account, and questioned him about having had so many bottles of wine. "Please your honour," cried Pat, "to

read how many they charge me." The gentleman began, "One bottle *port*, one *ditto*, one *ditto*, one *ditto*."—"Stop, stop, stop, master," exclaimed Paddy, "they are cheating you. I know I had some bottles of their *port*, but, by Jasus, I did not taste a drop of their *ditto*."

29.—A MR. JOHNSTONE having been lost in the dreadful conflagration of the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, Mr. John Johnstone, of Drury-Lane, received a letter from an Irish friend, requesting to know *by the return of post*, if it was he that was *really burned* or not.

30.—AN IRISH COUNSELLOR having lost his cause, which had been tried before three judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, and the other two but indifferent, some of the other barristers were very merry on the occasion. "Well, now," says he, "at any rate it was a *bad* cause, and I have lost no great things by it.—But who the devil could help it, when there were an hundred judges on the bench?"—"An hundred?" said a stander-by, "there were but three."—"By Jove," replied he, "there were *one* and *two cyphers*."

31.—AN IRISH GENTLEMAN called at the General Post-Office, and inquired whether there were any letters for him; the clerk asked for his address.—"Oh!" said he, "sure you will find it *on the back of the letter!*"

A circumstance somewhat similar occurred a few years ago, when a gentleman inquired for

any letter for him. The clerk asked his name; he replied, "What the devil makes you so impertinent as to ask any gentleman's name? Give me my letter, that's all you have to do!"

32.—AN IRISH LABOURER being told that the price of bread had been lowered, exclaimed, "This is the first time I ever rejoiced at the *fall* of my best friend."

33.—AN HONEST HIBERNIAN TAR, a great favourite with the gallant Nelson, used to pray in these words every night when he went to his hammock:—"God be thanked, I never killed any man, nor no man ever killed me; God bless the world, and success to the British navy."

34.—AN IRISH OFFICER who had returned from the late expedition to Buenos Ayres, was entertaining a large company at dinner with a history of his exploits, and the wonders he had seen; and among other strange sights he mentioned that he had seen five acres of *anchovies* growing. This no doubt surprised the company greatly, one of whom said, he had never in his life heard of anchovies growing before. As this remark insinuated a doubt of the narrator's veracity, he was instantly desired to turn out and explain. The parties accordingly went to the ground, and after exchanging a *cool brace*, the Hibernian exclaimed: "Och, by J——s, I beg your pardon, it was five acres of *capers* I meant."

35.—DURING the American war, whilst Colonel Burgoyne commanded in Cork, he saw a

corpulent soldier among the spectators on the parade, whom he addressed as follows:—"Who are you, Sir? you must be drilled twice a day to bring down your *corporation*. Who are you, Sir!"—"Please your honour," replied Pat, "I am, Sir, the *skeleton* of the 5th regiment of foot, who has just marched over from America." The fact was so, for such was the carnage of the disastrous war, that only this fat soldier and Captain Webb returned to Europe, out of a full regiment that landed in America.

36.—AN IRISH FOOTMAN having carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, waited a considerable time for the customary fee, but not finding it likely to appear, scratched his head, and said, "Sir, if my master should say, Paddy, what did the gentleman give you, what would your honour have me to tell him?"

37.—AN IRISHMAN, on board a man of war, was desired by his messmates to go down and fetch a can of small-beer; Teague, knowing that preparations were making to sail, absolutely refused. "Arrah, my soul," said he, "and so when I am gone into the cellar to fetch beer, the ship will sail away and leave me behind."

38.—AN IRISH CLERGYMAN having gone to visit the portraits of the Scottish kings in Holyrood House, observed one of the monarchs of a very youthful appearance, while *his son* was depicted with a long beard, and wore the traits of extreme old age. "Sancta Maria," exclaimed



the good Hibernian, "is it possible that this gentleman was an *old man* when his father *was born!* ! ! "

39.—AN IRISH GENTLEMAN, perceiving that one of the great branches of an apple tree in his garden had been by some accident entirely blasted, was determined to lop it off. To effectuate his purpose, the shrewd son of St. Patrick mounted the tree, and got across the *withered* branch, and began very deliberately to saw off betwixt himself and the main trunk. The withered branch, being nearly cut through, gave way, and down tumbled the gallant Hibernian, not a little stunned by the fall, and considerably bruised by the weight of the incumbent branches, but still more *astonished* at the *mystery of this inexplicable accident!*

40.—AN IRISHMAN being asked which was oldest, he or his brother, "I am eldest," said he, "but if my brother lives three years longer, we shall be both of an age."

41.—A FELLOW walking through the Old Bailey, at the time of execution, when an Irishman was at the point of being turned off, inhumanly bawled out: "Are you there, I always said you would come to be hanged!"—"You're a liar," replied Pat, "if it was the last word I had to say! I did not *come*, I was *brought*."

42.—A GENTLEMAN crossing the water lately below Limehouse, and wanting to learn the price of coals in the pool, hailed one of the labourers

at work in a tier of colliers, with "Well, Paddy, how are coals?"—" *Black as ever*, your honour," replied the Irishman.

43.—AN ENGLISH LABOURER in Cheshire attempting to drown himself, an Irish reaper, who saw him go into the water, leaped after him, and brought him safe to shore. The fellow attempting it a second time, the reaper a second time got him out; but the labourer being determined to destroy himself, watched an opportunity and hanged himself behind the barn door. The Irishman observed him, but never offered to cut him down; when several hours afterward, the master of the farm yard asked him, upon what ground he had suffered the poor fellow to hang there? "Faith," replied Patrick, "I don't know what you mean by ground: I *know* I was so good to him that I fetched him out of the water two times—and I *know*, too, he was wet through every rag, and I thought, *he hung himself up to dry, and you know*, I could have no right to prevent him."

44.—A GENTLEMAN describing a person who often visited him for the sole purpose of having a long gossip, called him Mr. Jones the *stay-maker*.

45.—DR. SHERIDAN, the celebrated friend of Swift, had a custom of ringing his scholars to prayers, in the school-room, at a certain hour every day. The boys were one day very devoutly at prayers, except one, who was stifling a laugh

as well as he could; which arose from seeing a rat descending from the bell-rope in the room. The poor boy could hold out no longer, but burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which set the others a-going, when he pointed to the cause. Sheridan was so provoked that he declared he would whip them all if the principal culprit was not pointed out to him, which was immediately done. The poor pupil of Momus was immediately hoisted, and his posteriors laid bare to the rod; when the witty schoolmaster told him, if he said anything tolerable on the occasion, as he looked on the boy as the greatest dunce in the school, he would forgive him. The trembling culprit, with very little hesitation, addressed his master with the following beautiful distich:

There was a rat, for want of stairs,  
Came down a rope—to go to prayers.

Sheridan instantly dropped the rod, and instead of a whipping gave him half a crown.

46.—A GENTLEMAN having engaged to fight a main of cocks, directed his feeder in the country, who was a Son on the Sod, to pick out two of the best, and bring them to town. Paddy having made his selection, put the two cocks together in a bag, and brought them with him in the mail-coach. When they arrived, it was found upon their journey they had almost torn each other to pieces; on which Paddy was severely taken to task for his stupidity, in putting both cocks into

one bag. "Indeed," said the honest Hibernian, "I thought there was no risk of their falling out, as they were going to fight on the same side."

47.—IN THE LATE IRISH REBELLION, J. C. Beresford, Esq., a banker, and Member for Dublin, rendered himself so very obnoxious to the rebels, in consequence of his vigilance in bringing them to punishment, that whenever they found any of his bank-notes in plundering a house, the general cry was: "By Jasus! we'll *ruin the rascal!* we'll destroy every note of his we can find;" and they actually destroyed, it is supposed, upwards of 20,000*l.* of his notes during the rebellion.

48.—TWO IRISHMEN went a little way into the country, to see some of their friends, and drinking too freely, they were much in liquor. Their friends would fain have persuaded them to stay all night, but they were determined to go home. They set out accordingly; but, before they had got a mile, one of them took a reel, and fell flounce into a ditch. The other hearing him fall, called out, "Patrick, if you are dead till me!"—"No, honey," says Patrick, "I am not dead, but I'm quite speechless."

49.—AN IRISH BARONET, walking out with a gentleman, was met by his nurse, who requested charity. The baronet exclaimed vehemently, "I will give you nothing. You played me a scandalous trick in my infancy." The old woman, in amazement, asked him what injury she had done

to him? He answered, "I was a fine boy and you *changed me!*"

50.—"I WILL SAVE you a thousand pounds," says an Irishman to an old gentleman, "if you don't stand in your own light."—"How?"—"You have a daughter, and you intend to give her ten thousand as a marriage portion."—"I do."—"Sir, I will take her with nine thousand."

51.—A GENTLEMAN inquiring his way to the chapel of a celebrated dissenting minister in the vicinity of the metropolis, received the following direction: "Go straight forward till you come to the turnpike, then take the left hand road, and you will presently arrive at a large building like a church, and on the top of it you will see a figure exactly resembling the reverend doctor himself."—On arriving before the building, he found it surmounted by a *weathercock*.

52.—WHILST living at Newstead, Lord Byron once found a human skull, of large dimensions and particular whiteness. He concluded that it belonged to some "jolly old soul" of a friar, who had been domesticated at Newstead, in the good lazy days of popery; and saw no harm in turning the cranium of this second "Tuck" into a drinking goblet. He accordingly sent it to London, where it was carefully and elegantly mounted. On its return to Newstead, he instituted a new order at the old Abbey, and constituted himself Grand Master or Abbot of the Skull. Black gowns were procured for the mem-



bers (twelve in number), the Grand Master's being somewhat distinguished from the rest, and at certain times a chapter was held. Upon these occasions, the skull, being filled with claret, was handed about amongst the gods of this consistory, in imitation of the Goths of old, whilst many a grim joke was cut at the expense of this inspiring *caput mortuum*. The goblet is now in the possession of Colonel Wyndham. The following lines were inscribed upon it by Byron:—

Start not—nor deem my spirit fled:  
In me behold the only skull,  
From which, unlike a living head,  
Whatever flows is never dull.

I liv'd, I lov'd, I quaff'd like thee:  
I died; let earth my bones resign:  
Fill up—thou can'st not injure me,  
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,  
Than nurse the earthworm's slimy brood,  
And circle in the goblet's shape,  
The drink of gods, than reptile's food.

Where once my wit perchance hath shone,  
In aid of others let me shine;  
And when, alas! our brains are gone,  
What nobler substitute than wine!

Quaff while thou can'st—another race,  
When thou and thine like me are sped,  
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,  
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not? since through life's little day  
Our heads such sad effects produce,  
Redeem'd from worms and wasting clay,  
This chance is theirs—to be of use.

53.—“THE MORTALITY among Byron’s mistresses,” said the late Lady A—ll, “is really alarming. I think he generally buries a first love every fortnight.”—“Madam,” replied Curran, the Irish barrister, “mistresses are not so mortal, as everyone who has to deal with them unhappily knows. The fact is, my Lord weeps for the press, and wipes his eyes with the public.”

54.—ON READING some lines in the newspapers, addressed to Lady Holland, by the Earl of Carlisle, persuading her to reject the box bequeathed to her by Napoleon—beginning,

“Lady, reject the gift,” &c.

Lord Byron immediately wrote the following parody:

“Lady, accept the gift a hero wore,  
In spite of all this elegiac stuff;  
Let not seven stanzas written by a bore  
Prevent your ladyship from taking snuff.”

55.—THE HON. MR. SKEFFINGTON had written a tragedy, called “The Mysterious Bride,” which was fairly damned on the first night. A masquerade took place soon after this fatal catastrophe, to which went John Cam Hobhouse, as a Spanish nun who had been ravished by the French army, under the protection of Lord Byron. The Hon. Mr. Skeffington, compassionating the unfortunate young woman, asked, in a very sentimental manner, at Byron, “Who is

she?"—"The Mysterious Bride." This was a rap on the teeth to the unfortunate author.

56.—ON A TRAVELLER lamenting that the rocks of Meillerie, rendered sacred by Rousseau's connecting them with the loves of St. Prioux and Julie, should have been cut away to form a road, Rocca replied, with true nationality, "*La route vaut mieux que les souvenirs*,"—"a good road is better than any recollections."

57.—THE COURIER bringing a letter from England, in which the death of his old physician Polidori was stated—Lord Byron remarked: "I was convinced something very unpleasant hung over me last night—I expected to hear that somebody I knew was dead; so it turns out—who can help being superstitious? Scott believes in second sight, Rousseau tried whether he would be damned or not by aiming at a tree with a stone, Goethe trusted to the chance of a knife striking the water whether he was to succeed in some undertaking." He might also have mentioned Swift, who placed the success of his life on the drawing a trout he had hooked out of the water. Byron on another occasion observed, "Several extraordinary things have happened on my birth-day; so they did to Napoleon; and a more wonderful circumstance still occurred to Marie Antoinette. At my wedding, something whispered me, that I was signing my death warrant. At the last moment I would have retreated if I could have done so. I am a great believer in presentiments. Socrates' demon was

no fiction; Monk Lewis had his monitor, and Bonaparte many warnings." Byron had also a belief in unlucky days; he once refused to be introduced to a lady, because it was on a Friday the introduction was to take place, that day having been, for some reason or other, most innocently cursed in the superstitious calendar. On this same "ill-starred" day he would never pay visits.

58.—ISAAC BICKERSTAFF says, "One might wear any passion out of a family by culture, as skilful gardeners blot a colour out of a tulip that hurts its beauty." To his uncle, who was very superstitious, and fed crickets, Lord Byron ascribed his superstition; to another of his ancestors who died laughing, he ascribed his buoyant spirits. Two of his ancestors also had such a love for each other, that they both died almost at the same moment. "There seems," he says, "to have been some flaw in my escutcheon there, or that loving couple have monopolised all the connubial bliss of the family."

59.—PERCY S——, who made no secret of his infidelity, and whose spirits it was thought no danger could ever appal, was once in a dreadful storm off St. Fiorenzo,—there appeared no chance of escape, and the horrors of approaching death made him weep like a child. Those names which he never before pronounced but in ridicule, he now called upon in moving accents of serious prayer, and implored the protection of that Being, whose existence he affected to disbe-

lieve. The vessel, however, was miraculously preserved from impending destruction, and when the danger was over, Percy S—— came from his cabin like a spectre from the tomb. “Ah!” he exclaimed to a friend, “I have tasted so much of the bitterness of death, that I shall in future entertain doubts of my own creed.” A glass of rum and water, warm, raised his drooping spirits, and in twenty-four hours he was the same free-thinking, thankless dog as ever; thus verifying the old distich:—

“The devil was sick—the devil a monk would be—  
The devil got well—the devil a monk was he.”

60.—LORD BYRON’S valet (Mr. Fletcher), whose taste, a little superior to that of most modern Greeks, looked to “elegant comforts,” grievously excited his master’s ire, by observing, while Byron was examining the remains of Athens:—  
“La me, my Lord, what capital mantle-pieces that there marble would make in England.”

61.—ROGERS, when a certain M.P. wrote a review of his poems, and said he wrote very well for a banker, wrote, in return, the following:

“They say he has no heart, and I deny it:  
He has a heart, and—gets his speeches by it.”

62.—SEVERAL YOUNG GENTLEMEN, who were very fond of private theatres, once got up a play at Cambridge. On the day of representation one of the performers took it into his head to



make an excuse, and his part was obliged to be read. Hobhouse came forward to apologise to the audience, and told them that a Mr. — had declined to perform his part, &c. The gentleman was highly indignant at the “*a*,” and had a great inclination to pick a quarrel with Scrope Davies, who replied, that he supposed Mr. — wanted to be called *the* Mr. so and so. He ever after went by the name of the “Definite Article.”

63.—THE PRESENT LORD CHANCELLOR remarked of a young barrister who had just made a speech of more poetry than law, “Poor young man, he has studied the wrong Phillips.”

64.—A FRENCHMAN, having a violent pain in his breast and stomach, went to a physician for relief. The doctor, inquiring where his trouble lay, the Frenchman, with a dolorous accent, laying his hand on his breast, said, “*Vy, sare, I have one very bad pain in my portmanteau*” (meaning his *chest*).

65.—SEVERAL BOYS who had been admiring (in a print-shop window) the portrait of Paganini, on turning from the object of their attraction, beheld, as they imagined, the original himself. They immediately exclaimed, “Here’s Paganini! Here’s Paganini!”—a crowd instantly collected—the figure, which bore a striking resemblance to the celebrated violinist, particularly in the exuberance of his hair, commenced a retreat, and finally escaped in a hackney coach; but not until he had been recognised as a well-

known pulpit orator. The effect of this incident was evident on the following Sunday, when the reverend gentleman appeared like Samson shorn of his "boist'rous locks."

66.—ACCORDING to a tradition in the Greek church, it appears that the devil paid repeated visits to Noah when he set about building the ark, for the purpose of ascertaining by what means and of what materials he constructed it. But, the patriarch keeping his own counsel, as enjoined from on high, Satan called in tobacco to his aid, made poor Noah drunk with it, and in this way wormed his secret from him. Thus armed, the devil availed himself of the shade of night, to undo what Noah had done by the light of day; and hence it arose that the building of the ark extended over so long a period. Ever since that time, saith the tradition, God has laid a heavy curse on tobacco.

67.—WHILE REVIEWING his troops, Bonaparte was one day suddenly accosted by an officer, who, stepping from the ranks, complained that he had been five years a lieutenant, without having received any promotion. The Emperor coolly replied, "I was a lieutenant myself for seven years, yet you see to what a man may rise by perseverance!"

68.—"WHAT'S THE MATTER?" inquired a passer-by, observing a crowd collected around a black fellow, whom an officer was attempting to secure, to put on board an outward bound whale

ship from which he had deserted. "Matter! matter enough," exclaimed the delinquent, "pressing a poor negro to get oil."

69.—THE CAPTAIN of a vessel just arrived in the harbour of New York, directed one of the crew, an Irishman, to throw the buoy overboard. He was then stepping into his cabin. On his return, the captain inquired if his order had been obeyed. The Irishman, with great simplicity replied, "I could not catch the boy, but I threw overboard the old cook." 4

70.—A YOUNG SCOTCHMAN thus describes his interview with a celebrated orator, to whom he carried a letter of introduction.—"I found him in his study, sitting on a sofa, apparently absorbed in meditation, his right leg thrown over his left knee, with his right arm rigidly extended. To this arm I advanced, making my best bow; but I was favoured with no sign of recognition; no muscle moved, no fibre relaxed. A fear of giving offence prevented me from speaking, and, gently insinuating my letter between his fingers, I retired to the door, which I held ready for my retreat. After waiting about a quarter of an hour in silent wonderment, he suddenly started into life and activity—with a violent jerk threw my letter unopened into a corner of the room—stalked to the window—seized upon an unfortunate wasp, (probably its first visit also)—and crushed it to death. This second Polyphemus now advanced to me with the mangled remains

of his victim between his finger and thumb, exclaiming in a voice of thunder, 'Do you know, Sir, why I have done that?' 'No, Sir,' I replied. 'To get rid of it—as I wish to get rid of you,' was the response. It need scarcely be added, that I threw the door wide open, and ran down stairs, to avoid impending fate."

71.—WHILE at the court of Bornou, in the interior of Africa, nothing appears to have annoyed Major Denham so much as to be told he was of the same faith as the Kerdies or savages, little distinction being made between any who denied the Koran. After a long discussion of this question, he thought the validity of his reasoning would be admitted, when he could point to a party of those wretches devouring a dead horse, and appealed to Boo Khalloom, if he had ever seen the English do the same: but to this, which was not after all a very deep theological argument, the Arab replied, "I know they eat the flesh of swine, and God knows, that is worse."—"Grant me patience!" exclaimed I to myself, "this is too much to bear and to remain silent."

72.—THE LATE KING GEORGE III., in his walks about his farms, was often alone, and many pleasant little incidents occurred on meeting with rustics, to whom he was sometimes unknown. One day he had to pass through a narrow hedge-gate, on which sat a young clown, who showed no readiness in moving. "Who are you, boy?" said the king. "I be a pig boy," answered he.

"Where do you come from? Who do you work for here?"—"I be from the low country; out of work at present."—"Don't they want lads here?" said the king. "I doan't know," rejoined the boy, "all belongs hereabouts to *Georgy*."—"Pray," said his Majesty, "who is *Georgy*?"—"He be the king, and lives at the Castle, but he does no good to me." His Majesty immediately gave orders at his farm hard by, to have the boy employed; and when he saw him, told him to be a steady lad, and "*Georgy*" might do some good for him.

73.—THE ALLEGED ORIGIN of the invention of cards produced one of the shrewdest replies ever given in evidence. It was made by the late Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh, to a counsel of great eminence at the Scottish Bar. The doctor's evidence went to prove the insanity of the party whose mental capacity was the point at issue. On a cross interrogation he admitted that the person in question played admirably at whist. "And do you seriously say, Doctor," said the learned counsel, "that a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult, and which requires, in a pre-eminent degree, memory, judgment, and combination, can be at the same time deranged in his understanding?" "I am no card-player," said the doctor, with great address, "but I have read in history, that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane king." The consequences of the reply were decisive.



74.—THE FOLLOWING BILL was actually furnished to a citizen of Dublin, a few years ago:

Mr. Fullam, Esq.

Dr. to James Rickard, Shoemaker.

To clicking and sowing Miss Mary . . . .	£0	2	2
To strapping and welting Miss Sally . . . .	0	1	4
To binding and closing Miss Ellen . . . .	0	0	8
To putting a few stitches in Miss Charlotte . .	0	0	2

75.—A SEEDSMAN being lately held to bail for using inflammatory language respecting the Reform Bill, a wag observed, it was probably in the line of his profession—to promote business, he wished to *sow sedition*.

76.—IN A PARISH in Hertfordshire, a short time since, the three following curiosities appeared upon examining the parish accounts: One of the overseers had made *sixty-three* weeks in the year; an item in the other overseer's account was for a sum of money paid towards the county *rats*. This caused a good deal of laughter, in which no one joined more heartily than the constable, who immediately afterwards produced his account, in which there was a charge for holding a *conquest* on a man 'ounded.

77.—LISTON, in his early career, was a favourite at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and having applied to the manager for a remuneration equal to the increased value of his services, he refused the request, adding, "If you are dissatisfied you are welcome to leave me; such actors as you, Sir, are to be found in every bush." On the evening of

the day when this colloquy occurred, the manager was driving to another town, where he intended "to carry on the war," when he perceived Liston standing in the middle of a hedge by the roadside. "Good heavens, Liston," cried the manager, "what are you doing there?"—"Only looking for some of the actors you told me of this morning," was the reply.

78.—A HAPPY pair, in smart array,  
By holy church united,  
From London town in open *shay*,  
Set off, by love incited.

The day was dull as dull could be,  
So (dreaming of no pun)  
Quoth John, "I hope, my dear, that we  
May have a little *sun*."

To which his bride, with simple heart,  
Replied ('twas nature taught her),  
"Well!—I confess—for my own part,  
I'd rather have a daughter!"

79.—JOE MILLER, sitting in the window at the Sun Tavern, in Clare Street, while a fish-woman was passing by, crying, "Buy my soals, buy my maids!" "Ah! you wicked old creature!" said Joe, "are you not content to sell your own soul, but you must sell your maid's too?"

80. ALTHOUGH the infirmities of nature are not proper subjects to be made a jest of, yet when people take a great deal of pains to conceal what everybody sees, there is nothing more ridiculous: of this sort was old Cross the player,

who being very deaf, did not care anybody should know it. Honest Joe Miller going with a friend one day along Fleet Street, and seeing old Cross on the other side of the way, told his acquaintance he should see some sport, so beckoning to Cross with his finger, and stretching open his mouth as wide as he could, as if he hallooed to him, though he said nothing, the old fellow came puffing from the other side of the way; "What the deuce," said he, "do you make such a noise for? do you think one can't hear?"

81.—A GENTLEMAN was saying one day at the Tilt-yard Coffee-house, when it rained exceedingly hard, that it put him in mind of the general *deluge*. "Zoons, Sir," said an old campaigner who stood by, "who's that? I have heard of all the *generals* in Europe but him."

82.—VILLIERS, the witty and extravagant Duke of Buckingham, was making his complaint to Sir John Cutler, a rich miser, of the disorder of his affairs, and asked him what he should do to prevent the ruin of his estate? "Live as I do, my Lord," said Sir John.—"That I can do," answered the Duke, "when I am ruined."

83.—THE GREAT ALGERNON SIDNEY seemed to show very little concern at his death: he had, indeed, got some friends to intercede with the king for a pardon; but when it was told him, that his majesty could not be prevailed upon to give him his life; but that, in regard to his ancient and noble family, he would remit part of

his sentence, and only have his head cut off; "Nay," said he, "if His Majesty is resolved to have my head, he may make a whistle of my tail, if he pleases."

84.—A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN, meeting with a neighbour who never came to church, although an old fellow of above sixty, he gave him some reproof on that account, and asked, if he never read at home? "No," replied the clown, "I can't read."—"I dare say," said the parson, "you don't know who made you?"—"Not I, in troth," cried the countryman. A little boy coming by at the same time, "Who made you, child?" said the parson. "God, Sir," answered the boy. "Why, look you there," quoth the honest clergyman, "are you not ashamed to hear a child of five or six years old tell me who made him, when you, that are so old a man, cannot?"—"Ah!" said the countryman, "it is no wonder that he should remember; he was made but t'other day, it is a great while, measter, since I war made."

85.—HENRY IV. of France, reading an ostentatious inscription on the monument of a Spanish officer, "Here lies the body of Don, &c., &c., &c., who never knew what fear was."—"Then," said the king, "he never snuffed a candle with his fingers."

86.—A FRENCH MARQUIS, being one day at dinner at the late Sir Roger Williams's, the famous punster and publican, was boasting of the happy genius of his nation, in projecting all the

fine modes and fashions, particularly the ruffle, which he said, was de fine ornament to de hand, and had been followed by all de other nations. Roger allowed what he said, but at the same time, that the English, according to custom, "had made a great improvement upon their invention, by adding the shirt to it."

87.—A CERTAIN NOBLEMAN, a courtier, in the beginning of a late reign, coming out of the House of Lords, accosted the Duke of Buckingham with, "How does your pot boil, My Lord, these troublesome times?" to which His Grace replied, "I never go into my kitchen; but I dare say the scum is uppermost."

88.—MY LORD STRANGFORD, who stammered very much, was telling a certain bishop that sat at his table, "that Balaam's ass spoke because he was pri—est—" "Priest-rid, Sir," said a valet-de-chambre, who stood behind the chair, "my lord would say—" "No, friend," replied the bishop, "Balaam could not speak himself, and so his *ass* spoke for him."

89.—A PERSON was saying, not at all to the purpose, that Samson was a very strong man. "Ay," said another, "but you are much stronger, for you make nothing of lugging him in by the head and shoulders."

90.—A CERTAIN FOP was boasting in company that he had every *sense* in perfection. "There is one you are quite without," said one who was by, "and that is *common sense*."



91.—MICHAEL ANGELO, in his picture of the Last Judgment, in the Pope's chapel, painted among the figures in hell that of a certain cardinal, who was his enemy, so like, that everybody knew it at first sight: whereupon the cardinal complaining to Pope Clement VII. of the affront, and desiring it might be defaced; "You know very well," said the Pope, "I have power to deliver a soul out of *purgatory*, but not out of *hell*."

92.—KING HENRY VIII. designing to send a nobleman on an embassy to Francis I. at a very dangerous juncture, he begged to be excused, saying, such a threatening message to so hot a prince as Francis I. might go near to cost him his life. "Fear not," said old Harry, "if the French king should offer to take away your life, I would revenge you by taking off the heads of many Frenchmen now in my power."—"But of all these heads," replied the nobleman, "there may not be one to fit my shoulders."

93.—A MELTING SERMON being preached in a country church, all fell a-weeping but one man; who being asked why he did not weep with the rest? "Oh!" said he, "I belong to another parish."

94.—AN ENGLISHMAN and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living; said the Welshman, "There is such noble house-keeping in Wales, that I have known above a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner."

"Ay," answered the Englishman, "that was because every man toasted his own cheese."

95.—A COUNTRY FELLOW, who was just come to London, gaping about in every shop he came to, at last looked into a scrivener's, where seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodity was sold there; but calling to the clerk, "Pray, Sir," said he, "What do you sell here?"—"Loggerheads," cried the other. "Do you?" answered the countryman; "egad, then you've a special trade; for I see you have but one left."

96.—A WITTY KNAVE coming into a lace shop upon Ludgate Hill, said he had occasion for a small quantity of very fine lace, and having pitched upon that he liked, asked the woman of the shop how much she would have for as much as he could reach from one of his ears to the other, and measure which way she pleased, either over his head or under his chin. After some words, they agreed, and he paid the money down, and began to measure, saying, "One of my ears is here, and the other is nailed to the pillory in Bristol, therefore I fear you have not enough to make good your *bargain*; however, I will take this piece in part, and desire you will provide the rest with all expedition."

97.—THE EMPEROR AUGUSTUS being shown a young Grecian who very much resembled him, asked the young man, if his mother had not been

at Rome, "No, Sir," answered the Grecian, "but my father has."

98.—THE LATE SIR GODFREY KNELLER had always a great contempt, I will not pretend to say how justly, for Jervais the painter; and being one day about twenty miles from London, one of his servants told him at dinner, "that there was Mr. Jervais come that day into the same town with a coach and four."—"Ay," said Sir Godfrey, "if his horses *draw* no better than himself, they'll never carry him to town again."

99.—DIOGENES begging, as was the custom among many philosophers, asked a prodigal man for more than any one else; whereupon one said to him, "I see your business, that when you find a liberal mind, you will make the most of him."—"No," said Diogenes, "*but I mean to beg of the rest again.*"

100.—A SCOTCHMAN was very angry with an English gentleman, who he said had abused him, and called him *false Scot*. "Indeed," said the Englishman, "I said no such thing, but that you were a *true Scot*."

101.—A GENTLEMAN coming to an inn in Smithfield, and seeing the ostler expert and tractable about the horses, asked how long he had lived there, and what countryman he was. "I's *Yorkshire*," said the fellow, "an ha lived sixteen years here." "I wonder," replied the gentleman, "that in so long a time, so clever a fellow

as you seem to be, have not come to be master of the inn yourself!"—"Ay," answered the ostler, "but maister's *Yorkshire* too."

102.—THE LATE COLONEL CHARTRES, reflecting on his ill life and character, told a certain gentleman, that if such a thing as a good name was to be purchased, he would freely give ten thousand pounds for one. The nobleman said, it would certainly be the worst money he ever laid out in his life. "Why so?" said the honest colonel. "Because," answered the lord, "you would forfeit it again in less than a week."

103.—AMONG the articles exhibited to King Henry by the Irish against the earl of Kildare, the last concluded thus: "And finally all Ireland cannot rule the earl."—"Then," said the king, "the earl shall rule all Ireland;" and so made him deputy.

104.—A REVEREND AND CHARITABLE DIVINE, for the benefit of the country where he resided, caused a large causeway to be begun; and as he was one day overlooking the work, a certain nobleman came by: "Well, doctor," said he, "for all your great pains and charity, I don't take this to be the highway to Heaven."—"Very true, my lord," replied the doctor; "for if it had, I should have wondered to have met your lordship here."

105.—TWO JESUITS having packed together an innumerable parcel of miraculous lies, a person who heard them, without taking upon him to

contradict them, told them one of his own: that at St. Alban's there was a stone cistern, in which water was always preserved for the use of that saint, and that ever since, if a swine should eat out of it, he would instantly die. The Jesuits hugged themselves at the story, set out the next day to St. Alban's, where they found themselves miserably deceived. On their return, they upbraided the person with telling them so monstrous a story. "Look you there now," said he, "you told me a hundred lies t'other night, and I had more breeding than to contradict you: I told you but one, and you have rid twenty miles to confute me, which is very uncivil."

106.—A WELSHMAN and an Englishman vapouring one day at the fruitfulness of their countries, the Englishman said, there was a close near the town where he was born, which was so very fertile, that if a kiboo was thrown in overnight, it would be so covered with grass, that it should be difficult to find it the next day. "Splut," says the Welshman, "what's that? There's a close where hur was born, where you may put your horse in over night, and not be able to find him next morning."

107.—KING CHARLES II. being in company with Lord Rochester and others of the nobility, Killigrew came in. "Now," says the king, "we shall hear of our faults."—"No, faith," says Killigrew, "I don't care to trouble my head with that which all the town talks of."



108.—ONE telling another that he had once so excellent a gun, that it went off immediately upon a thief's coming into the house, although it was not charged. "How the devil can that be?" said the other. "Because," said the first, "the thief carried it off; and what was worse, before I had time to charge him with it."

109.—A FELLOW once standing in the pillory at Temple-Bar, it occasioned a stop, so that a carman with a load of cheeses had much ado to pass; and driving just up to the pillory, he asked, what that was that was wrote over the person's head? They told him, it was a paper to signify his crime, that he stood there for forgery. "Ay," said he, "what is forgery?"—They answered him that forgery was counterfeiting another's hand, with intent to cheat people. To which the carman replied, looking up at the offender, "Oh, pox, this comes of your writing and reading, you silly dog."

110.—JUDGE JEFFREYS when on the bench, told an old fellow with a long beard, that he supposed he had a conscience as long as his beard. "Does your lordship," replied the old man, "measure consciences by beards? If so, your lordship has none at all."

111.—SIR GODFREY KNELLER, the painter, and the late Dr. Ratcliffe, had a garden in common, but with one gate. Sir Godfrey, on some occasion, ordered the gate to be nailed. When the doctor heard of it, he said, he did not care

what Sir Godfrey did to the gate, so he did not *paint* it. This being told to Sir Godfrey, "Well," replied he, "I can take that or anything else but *physic*, from my good friend Dr. Ratcliffe."

112.—A PHILOSOPHER carrying something hid under his cloak, an impertinent fellow asked him what he had under his cloak? To which the philosopher answered, "I carry it there, that you might not know."

113.—LORD CHIEF JUSTICE JEFFREYS had a cause before him between a Jew that was plaintiff, and a Christian defendant. The latter pleaded, though the debt was very just, that the Jew had no right, by the laws of England, to bring an action. "Well," says my lord, "have you no other plea?"—"No, my lord," said he, "I insist on this plea."—"Do you," says my lord, "then let me tell you, you are the greatest *Jew* of the two."

114.—SOME GENTLEMEN coming out of a tavern pretty merry, a link-boy cried, "Have a light, gentlemen?"—"Light yourself to the devil, you dog," said one of the company. "Bless you, master," replied the boy, "we can find the way in the dark; shall we light your worship thither?"

115.—THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE, who wrote plays and romances, in king Charles the Second's time, asked Bishop Wilkins, how she could get up to the world in the moon, which he

had discovered; for as the journey must needs be very long, there would be no possibility of going through it, without resting on the way? "Oh, madam," said the bishop, "your grace has built so many *castles* in the air, that you cannot want a place to bait at."

116.—AN ENGLISHMAN going into one of the French ordinaries in Soho, and finding a large dish of soup with about half a pound of mutton in the middle of it, began to pull off his wig, his stock, and then his coat; at which one of the *monsieurs*, being much surprised, asked him what he was going to do? "Why, *monsieur*," said he, "I mean to strip, that I may swim through this ocean of *porridge*, to yon little island of *mutton*."

117.—A POOR INGENIOUS LAD, who was a servitor at Oxford, not having wherewithal to buy a new pair of shoes, when his old ones were very bad, got them capp'd at the toes; upon which, being bantered by some of his companions, "Why should they not be capp'd?" said he; "I am sure they are *fellows*."

118.—THE STANDERS BY, to comfort a poor man, who lay on his death-bed, told him, he should be carried to church by four very proper fellows. "I thank ye," said he, "but I had much rather go by *myself*."

119.—WHEN poor Daniel Button died, one of his punning customers being at his funeral, and looking on the grave, cried out, "This is a more lasting *Button-hole* than any made by a tailor."

120.—ONE asking a painter how he could paint such pretty faces in his pictures, and yet get such homely children? “Because,” said he, “I make the first by *day-light* and the other in the *dark*.”

121.—A GENTLEMAN calling for small beer at another gentleman’s table, finding it very bad, gave it the servant again without drinking. “What,” said the master of the house, “do not you like the beer?” “It is not to be found fault with,” answered the other; “for one should never speak ill of the *dead*.”

122.—ONE asking another, which way a man might use tobacco to have any benefit from it; “By setting up a shop to sell it,” said he; “for certainly there is no profit to be had from it any other way.”

123.—BEN JONSON being one night at the Devil Tavern, there was a country gentleman in the company, who interrupted all other discourse with an account of his land and tenements; at last Ben, unable to bear it longer, said to him, “What signifies your dirt and clods to us? where you have one acre of land, I have ten acres of wit.”—“Have you so,” said the countryman, “good Mr. Wiseacre?” This unexpected repartee from the clown struck Ben quite mute for a time. “Why, how now, Ben?” said one of the company; “you seem to be quite stung.”—“I never was so prick’d by a *hobnail* before,” replied he.

124.—AN EXTRAVAGANT YOUNG FELLOW, rallying a frugal country 'squire, who had a good estate, and spent but little of it, said, among other things, "I'll warrant you, that plate-buttoned suit was your great grandfather's."—"Yes," said the other, "and I have my great grandfather's *lands* too."

125.—TWO COUNTRY ATTORNEYS overtaking a waggoner on the road, and thinking to break a joke upon him, asked him, why his fore horse was so fat, and the rest so lean? The waggoner knowing them to be limbs of the law, answered, "That his fore horse was a *lawyer*, and the rest were his clients."

126.—A GENTLEMAN having sent for a carpenter's servant to knock a nail or two in his study, the fellow, after he had done, scratched his ears, and said, he hoped the gentleman would give him something to make him drink. "Make you drink," said the gentleman, "there's a pickled herring for you; and if that won't make you drink, I'll give you *another*."

127.—A SHARPER seeing a country gentleman sitting alone at an inn, and thinking something might be made of him, he went and sat near him, and took the liberty to drink to him. Having thus introduced himself, he called for a paper of tobacco, and said, "Do you smoke, Sir?"—"Yes," says the gentleman, "any one that has a design upon me."



128.—A CERTAIN COUNTRY FARMER was observed never to be in good humour when he was hungry; for this reason his wife was careful to watch the time of his coming home, and always have dinner ready on the table. One day he surprised her, and she had only time to set a mess of broth ready for him, who soon, according to custom, began to open his pipes, and maundering over his broth, forgetting what he was about, burnt his mouth to some purpose. The good wife seeing him in that sputtering condition, comforted him as follows: "See what it is now, had you kept your breath to cool your pottage, you would not have burnt your mouth, John."

129.—A HARMLESS COUNTRY FELLOW having commenced a suit against a gentleman that had beat down his fences, and spoiled his corn, when the assizes drew near, his adversary bribed his only evidence to keep out of the way. "Well," says the fellow, "I'm resolved I'll go up to town, and the king shall know it."—"The king know it," says his landlord, who was an attorney, "prithee what good will that do you, if the man keeps out of the way?"—"Why, Sir," says the poor fellow, "I have heard you say, the king could make a man *a peer* at any time."

130.—A SCOTCH BAG-PIPER travelling in Poland, opened his wallet by a wood side, and sat down to dinner: no sooner had he said grace, but three wolves came about him; to one he threw

bread, to another meat, till his provender was gone; at length he took up his bag-pipes, and began to play, at which the wolves ran away. "The de'el saw me," said Sawney, "an I had kenn'd you lo'ed music sa weel, you should have ha'en it before dinner."

131.—METULLUS NEPOS asking Cicero, the Roman orator, in a scoffing manner, who was his father? Cicero replied, "Thy mother has made that question harder for thee to answer."

132.—A PHILOSOPHER benign asked, why learned men frequented rich men's houses, but rich men seldom visited the learned? answered, "That the first know what they want, but the latter do not."

133.—A GENTLEMAN named Ball, being about to purchase a cornetcy in a regiment of horse, was presented to the colonel for approbation, who, being a nobleman, declared he did not like the name, and would have no Balls in his regiment: "Nor powder, neither," said the gentleman, "if your lordship could help it."

134.—MR. POPE being at dinner with a noble duke, had his own servant in livery waiting on him; the duke asked him, "Why he, that eat mostly at other people's tables, should be such a fool as to keep a fellow in livery to laugh at him?"—" 'Tis true," answered the poet, "I keep but one to laugh at me, but your grace has the honour to keep a *dozen*."

135.—WHEN RECRUITS were raising for the late wars, a serjeant told his captain that he had got him a very extraordinary man. “Ay,” says the captain, “prithee what’s he?”—“A butcher, Sir,” replies the serjeant, “and your honour will have double service of him, for we had two *sheep-stealers* in the company before.”

136.—IN A CAUSE tried at the King’s Bench, a witness was produced who had a very red nose, and one of the counsel, an impudent fellow, being desirous to put him out of countenance, called out to him, after he was sworn, “Well, let’s hear what you have to say, with your copper nose.”—“Why, Sir,” said he, “by the oath I have taken, I would not exchange my copper nose for your brazen face.”

137.—AN OLD CAVALIER told a great rumper, that he saw his master Oliver hanged, and he stunk horribly. “Ay,” said the last, “no doubt but he stunk after he had been dead so long, but he would have made you stink if he had been alive.”

138.—SOME SCHOLARS, on a time, going to steal coney, by the way they warned a novice amongst them to make no noise, for fear of spoiling their game; but he no sooner spied some, but he cried out aloud, “*Ecce coniculi multi.*” Whereupon the coney ran away with all speed into their burrows: upon which his fellows chiding him, “Who the devil,” says he, “would have thought that the coney understood *Latin*?”

139.—A PARSON thinking to banter an honest quaker, asked him, where his religion was before George Fox's time? "Where thine was," said the quaker, "before Harry Tudor's time.—Now thou hast been free with me," added the quaker, "pray let me ask thee a question:—Where was Jacob going when he was turned of ten years of age? Canst thou tell that?"—"No, nor you neither, I believe."—"Yes, I can," replied the quaker, "he was going into his *eleventh* year, was he not?"

140.—QUEEN ELIZABETH seeing a gentleman in her garden, who had not felt the effect of her favours so soon as he expected, looking out of her window, said to him in Italian, "What does a man think of, Sir Edward, when he thinks of nothing?" After a little pause, he answered, "He thinks, Madam, of a *woman's promise*." The queen shrunk in her head, but was heard to say, "Well, Sir Edward, I must not confute you: anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor."

141.—WHEN the late Dauphin of France said to the facetious Duke of Roquelaure, "Stand farther off, Roquelaure, for you stink." The duke replied, "I ask your pardon, Sir, 'tis you that smell, not I."

142.—A GENTLEMAN in king Charles the Second's time, who had paid a tedious attendance at court for a place, and had a thousand promises, at length resolved to see the king himself; so

getting himself introduced, he told his majesty what pretensions he had to his favour, and boldly asked him for the place just then vacant. The king hearing his story, told him he had just given the place away; upon which the gentleman made a very low obeisance to the king, and thanked him extremely, which he repeated often. The king, observing how over-thankful he was, called him again, and asked him the reason why he gave him such extraordinary thanks, when he had denied his suit? "The rather, please your majesty," replied the gentleman, "because your courtiers have kept me waiting here these two years, and gave me a thousand put-offs, but your majesty has saved all that trouble, and generously given me my answer at once."—"Cod's fish, man," says the king, "thou shalt have the place for thy downright honesty."

143.—SOME REPORTEES, if, strictly speaking, they are not to be brought under the head of jests, yet, for the readiness of the thought, and the politeness of the expression, are somewhat better. Of this sort was the answer made by Sir Robert Sutton to the late king of Prussia, on his asking him at a review of his tall grenadiers, if he would say, an equal number of Englishmen could beat them: "No, Sir," answered Sir Robert, "I won't pretend to say that, but I believe *half the number would try.*"

144.—It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who, being asked, where her husband



was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered, she had hid him. This confession drew her before the king, who told her, nothing but her discovering where her lord was concealed, could save her from the torture. "And will that do?" says the lady.—"Yes," says the king, "I give you my word for it."—"Then," says she, "I have hid him in my heart, there you'll find him." Which surprising answer charmed her enemies.

145.—A COUNTRYMAN in the street inquiring the way to Newgate, an arch fellow that heard him, said, he'd show him presently. "Do but go across the way," said he, "to yon goldsmith's shop, and move off with one of those silver tankards and it will bring you thither presently."

146.—LORD FAULKNER, author of the play called "The Marriage Night," was chosen very young to sit in parliament; and when he was first elected some of the members opposed his admission, urging, that he had not sown all his *wild oats*. "Then," replied he, "it will be the best way to sow them in the house, where there are so many *geese* to pick them up."

147.—A PRAGMATICAL YOUNG FELLOW, sitting at table over against the learned John Scot, asked him, what difference there was between Scot and sot? "Just the breadth of the table," answered the other.

148.—THE LATE MR. PHILIP THICKNESSE, father of Lord Audley, being in want of money, applied to his son for assistance. This being denied, he immediately hired a cobbler's stall, directly opposite his lordship's house, and put up a sign-board, on which was inscribed in large letters, "Boots and shoes mended in the best and cheapest manner by Philip Thicknesse, father of Lord Audley." The consequence of this may be easily imagined; the board did not remain there many days.

149.—A CERTAIN PRIEST in a rich abbey in Florence, being a fisherman's son, caused a net to be spread every day on a table in his apartment, to put him in mind of his origin. The abbot dying, this dissembled humility procured him to be chosen abbot; after which, the net was used no more. Being asked the reason, he answered, there is no occasion for the net, now the fish is caught.

150.—SIR THOMAS MORE, the famous chancellor, who preserved his humour and wit to the last moment, when he came to be executed on Tower-hill, the headsman demanded his upper garment as his fee; "Ah! friend," said he, taking off his cap, "that, I think, is my upper garment."

151.—THREE or four roguish scholars walking out one day from the University of Oxford, espied a poor fellow near Abingdon asleep in a ditch, with an ass by him laden with earthen-

ware, holding the bridle in his hand: says one of the scholars to the rest, "If you will assist me, I'll help you to a little money, for you know we are bare at present." No doubt of it they were not long consenting. "Why, then," said he, "we'll go and sell this old fellow's ass at Abingdon; for you know the fair is to-morrow, and we shall meet with chapmen enough: therefore do you take the panniers off, and put them upon my back, and that bridle over my head, and then lead the ass to market, and let me alone with the old man." This being done accordingly, in a little time after, the poor man awaking, was strangely surprised to see his ass thus metamorphosed. "Oh! for God's sake," said the scholar, "take this bridle out of my mouth, and this load from my back."—"Zoons! how came you here?" replied the old man.—"Why," said he, "my father, who is a necromancer, upon an idle thing I did to disoblige him, transformed me into an ass; but now his heart has relented, and I am come to my own shape again, I beg you will let me go home and thank him."—"By all means," said the crockery merchant, "I do not desire to have anything to do with conjuration:" and so set the scholar at liberty, who went directly to his comrades, who by this time were making merry with the money they had sold the ass for. But the old fellow was forced to go the next day to seek for a new one in the fair; and after having looked on several, his

own was shown him for a good one: "Oh!" said he, "what, have he and his father quarrelled again already? No, no, I'll have nothing to say to him."

152.—AN IRISH SOLDIER once returning from battle in the night, marching a little way behind his companion, called out to him. "Hollo, Pat, I have *catch'd* a tartar!"—"Bring him along then! bring him along then!"—"Aye, but he won't come."—"Why then come away without him."—"By Jasus, but he won't let me!"

153.—CATO, the Censor, being ask'd, how it came to pass, that he had no statue erected for him, who had so well deserved of the commonwealth? "I had rather," said he, "have this question ask'd, than *Why I had one?*"

154.—AN IRISH OFFICER, travelling in company with a bald gentleman, had desired the waiter of the inn where they put up the first night, to wake him early in the morning, as he had some letters to write before leaving the place. Previous to his beginning his journey, he had got his head shaved. Forgetting this last circumstance, when the waiter aroused him as ordered, Paddy, scratching his pate, and feeling it bald, exclaimed: "You wretch of a waiter, by the powers! *you have waked the bald man instead of me.*"

155.—AN IRISH OFFICER in battle happening to bow, a cannon-ball passed over his head, and took off the head of a soldier who stood behind

him: "You see," said he, "that a man never loses by politeness."

156.—JENNY is poor, and I am poor;  
 Yet we will wed—so say no more;  
 And should the bairns you mention come,  
 (As few that marry but have some)  
 No doubt but Heav'n will stand our friend,  
 And *bread* as well as *children* send.  
 So fares the hen in farmer's yard,  
 To live alone she finds it hard;  
 I've known her weary every claw  
 In search of corn amongst the straw;  
 But when in quest of nicer food  
 She clucks amongst her chirping brood;  
 With joy I've seen that self-same hen  
 That scratch'd for *one*, could scratch for *ten*.  
 These are the thoughts that make me willing  
 To take my *girl* without a shilling:  
 And for the self same cause, d'ye see,  
 Jenny's resolv'd to marry me!

157.—AN IRISH HORSE-DEALER sold a mare as sound wind and limb, and *without fault*. It afterwards appeared that the poor beast could not see at all with one eye, and was almost blind of the other. The purchaser finding this, made heavy complaints to the dealer, and reminded him, that he engaged the mare to be "without fault."—"To be sure," replied the other, "to be sure I did; but then, my dear honey, the poor crater's blindness is not her *fault*, but her *misfortune*."

158.—A REVEREND GENTLEMAN, seeing an Irish fishwoman skinning some eels, said to her, "How can you be so cruel? don't you think you put them to a great deal of pain?"—"Why,



your honour," she replied, " I might when I first began business ; but I have dealt in them twenty years, and by this time they must be quite *used* to it."

159.—A QUARTER-MASTER in a regiment of light horse (lately quartered in a neighbouring county), who was about six feet high, and very corpulent, was joking with an Irishman concerning the natural proneness of his countrymen to make bulls in conversation.—" By my soul," said the Irishman, " Ireland never made such a bull in all her life-time, as England did when she made a *light* horseman of you."

160.—AN IRISH COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER being asked what was meant by the word, " fortification," instantly answered, with the utmost confidence, " two twentifications make a fortification."

161.—A SCOTCHMAN and an Irishman were sleeping at an inn together. The weather being rather warm, the Scotchman in his sleep put his leg out of the bed. A traveller in passing the room door, saw him in this situation, and having a mind for a frolic, gently fixed a spur upon Sawney's heel: who drawing his leg into the bed, so disturbed his companion that he exclaimed, " Arrah honey, have a care of your great toe, for you have forgot to cut your nails I belaiv." The Scotchman being sound asleep, and sometimes, perhaps, not a little disturbed by other companions, still kept scratching poor Pat, till

his patience being quite spent, he succeeded in rousing Sawney, who not a little surprised at finding the spur on his heel, loudly exclaimed, "Deil take the daft chiel of an ostler, he's ta'en my boots off last night, and left on the spur."

162.—A GENTLEMAN once asked Sir Richard Steele, why the Irish, his countrymen, were so prone to make bulls, "Indeed," said the knight, "I suppose it is owing to some quality in the soil, for I really think, if an Englishman were born in Ireland, he would make as many bulls as an Irishman."

163.—DURING the memorable engagement in which Lord Nelson achieved his immortal victory over the French fleet, upon the coast of Egypt, an officer, on board his vessel, had his right arm shot off, and lost an eye by a splinter. His illustrious commander, whose *vigilance* was unremitting, for he had *an eye out* upon such occasions, on hearing of the officer's accident, visited him in his cabin, though wounded himself, as soon as the battle was over, and expressed his concern for the misfortune. The officer, with equal gallantry and politeness said, "Admiral, you *lead the fashions* here, and he must indeed be destitute of taste, who is not proud on this day to be like you in anything."

164.—AN ALDERMAN having occasion to ride some miles out of town, on his return the next day, exclaimed to a friend who accompanied him, "How is this? yesterday all the mile-stones

were on my *left* hand, and to-day they are on my *right*."

165.—AN IRISH RECRUIT being rebuked by the serjeant for striking one of his comrades, "I thought there was no harm in it," quoth Pat, "as I had *nothing* in my hand but my *fist*."

166.—THE WELL-KNOWN MR. PRICE kept a go-down or shop at Calcutta, where he sold a gun to an Irishman, who soon returned with it, complaining that the barrel was much bent. "Is it?" said Price, "then I ought to have charged thee more for it."—"Why so?" said the other. "Because these pieces are constructed for shooting round a corner."—"If that be the case," says Paddy, "then I insist on retaining my purchase."

167.—THE POMPOSITY of Dr. Johnson, and his vain display of learning amongst those who assumed in his presence any acquaintance with literature, are well known. Old Macklin, the player, who was a *genuine* Hibernian, one day paid the doctor a visit as a literary man; and after a few introductory words, the doctor observed, in a sneering way, that literary men should not converse in the vulgar tongue, but in the learned languages, and immediately addressed the dramatist in a long sentence of Latin. Macklin, after expressing his accedence to the doctor's proposition, said he would rather converse in *Greek*, and immediately proceeded in a long sentence of equal length in *Irish*. The doc-

tor again reverted to the English tongue, and observed, "Sir, you may speak very good Greek, but I am not sufficiently versed in that dialect, to converse with you fluently." Macklin burst out laughing, made his bow, and retired.

168.—THE LATE LORD SOMMERTON, archbishop of Dublin, while he enjoyed the archbishopric of Cashel, and was about to be collated to the metropolitan see, had entered into a treaty with his tenants in general, to receive fines for a renewal of their leases (through which means, by the way, the reverend prelate netted a sum of 50,000*l.*). Amongst others who came to treat with the right reverend prelate, was the widow of a wealthy farmer, who, after travelling some distance, arrived while his lordship was at dinner *en famille*. As soon as her arrival was announced, he desired she might be introduced to the dinner-parlour, and politely pressed her to sit down and dine. The lady declined, and said she had "got her dinner already." The Archbishop, supposing her refusal arose from bashfulness, pressed her to partake of some dish, and amongst the rest, very urgently recommended her to take some roast hare. The matron, in the simplicity of her heart, answered, "Upon my conscience, please your lordship, I don't care for it, my *belly* is full of *hare* already; for my son shot two yesterday, and we had them for dinner to-day." The *hare* which the poor woman meant must have been *game*, for the company laughed immoderately.

169.—THE *gallery wit* of the Dublin theatres has long been celebrated; for, perhaps the mob of that city are the wittiest blackguards in Europe: and the *deities* of the upper gallery never fail to mark their approbation or hatred for all public characters who happen to catch their eyes, by plaudits or groans: even the Vice-roy if present comes in for his share in these attentions, just as he happens to be popular or unpopular; and some of those august personages unable to bear this kind of attack have uniformly absented themselves from the theatre. The late amiable *Manners*, Duke of Rutland, and his beautiful Duchess, appeared one night in the vice regal box, when a celebrated *abbess* named Peg Plunkett, with a few of her *nymphs* appeared in the side boxes. The upper gallery wits immediately began upon the Paphian Priestess with “Ha! Peg! who *slept* with you last night, Peg?” To which she immediately answered in a tone of reproof, “*Manners*, you blackguards.” This was so palpable a hit at the representative of royalty, who was a frequent visitant at her *Nunnery*, that it threw the house into a roar of laughter, and the noble Duke retired under much embarrassment.

170.—MR. BURKE, in his juvenile days, was extremely fond of private acting. A few of his companions proposed that he should play Richmond, in Richard the Third; and having given him the part at a very short notice, he arose betimes one morning, and walked down a lane ad-



joining his father's house, so intent on studying his part, that he did not perceive a filthy ditch before him, and had just uttered with heroic dignity, "Thus far have we got into the bowels of the land," when he found himself up to his middle in the mire.

171.—AN HIBERNIAN OFFICER, being once in company with several who belonged to the same corps, one of them, in a laugh, said he would lay a dozen of claret, that the Irishman made a bull before the evening was over. "Done," said Terence. The wager was laid, and by way of puzzling him, he was asked how many bulls there were in that town. "Five," said he. "How do you make them out?" said the other. "Faith," said he, "there is the Black Bull in the market-place, and the Red Bull over the way; then there is the Pied Bull just by the bridge and the White Bull at the corner."—"They are but four," said the other. "Why arrah," said he, "there is the Dun Cow in the Butcher-row."—"That's a bull," said the other. "By Jasus," said he, "then I have won my wager, and you have made the *bull* and not me."

172.—A GENTLEMAN having built a large house, was at a loss what to do with the rubbish. His steward advised him to have a pit dug large enough to contain it. "And what," said the gentleman, smiling, "shall I do with the earth which is dug out of the pit!" To which the steward, with great gravity, replied, "*Have the pit made large enough to hold all.*"

173.—TWO IRISH SOLDIERS, being quartered in a borough in the west of England, got into conversation respecting their quarters. "How," said the one, "are you quartered?"—"Pretty well."—"What part of the house do you sleep in?"—"Up stairs."—"In the garret, perhaps?"—"The garret! no; Dennis O'Brien would never sleep in a garret."—"Where then?"—"Why, I know not what you call it; but I call it first *flure* down the *chimley*."

174.—AN IRISHMAN, being struck by his master, cried out, "Devil take me, if I am certain whether he has *kilt* me or no; but if I am *kilt*, it will afford me great satisfaction to hear the old dog was *hanged for killing me*."

175.—ONE of the last *few* patriotic acts of the Irish parliament was the establishment of a public botanical garden, at the village of Glasnevin, near Dublin, principally with a view to the arrangement and cultivation of useful plants, the national growth of the country. The professor of this institution, Dr. Wade, when just proceeding to the south upon a botanizing tour, met the celebrated Sir Boyle Roache, who asked him where he was going. He answered, "To the south, Sir Boyle, on a botanizing excursion, to collect *indigenous* plants for our garden."—"Why, then, my dear doctor," replied the good-natured baronet, "I would advise you to go directly to the county of Kerry, where you can *botanize* all round the lake of Killarney in my Lord Kenmure's barge, and find more *indigence*

planted there than in any other county of this kingdom."

176.—LIEUTENANT CONNOLLY, an Irishman, in the service of the United States, during the American war, chanced to take three Hessian prisoners himself, without any assistance. Being asked by the commander-in-chief, how he had taken them? "By Jasus! I surrounded them," was the answer.

177.—AN IRISH STUDENT of the Temple having occasion to go to dinner, left this direction in the keyhole: "Gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you shall find me; and if you can't read this, carry it to the stationer's and he shall read it for you."

178.—A CONSTITUTIONAL citizen of London, within the very sound of Bow bell, was pretty constant in the habit of rising early, and taking a *rural* morning walk, either in Moorfields, or, in wet weather, under the piazza of the Royal Exchange, to create an appetite for his buttered muffins, and improve his health. But having overslept himself one morning, after swallowing an over-dose of stomach furniture on the preceding day at a civic feast, his fond rib reminded him after breakfast, that he had not taken his morning walk. But he answered, "Nay, that don't much signify; I shall take it in the *afternoon*, lovey."

179.—WHETHER it be a consequence of the act of Union, or of the frequent prevalence of

westerly winds, is not decided; but any person who mixes much with company, frequents our law courts, or even our senate-house, will often discover that we Britons have acquired as *pretty a knack* at blundering as many of our Irish neighbours. In a late prosecution against a *smasher* of counterfeit coin, the learned Old Bailey counsel, in stating the case to the jury observed, "that the prisoner at the bar had been twice before convicted as a notorious utterer of *brass silver*." Another learned barrister, in stating the case of a burglary, observed, "that it was committed at a quarter past twelve at *night*, on the *morning* of the next day." And if we only advert to the ordinary dialect of common conversation, what expressions are more frequent than, "*come will you go?*" or, "are you *going to stay?*" An Hibernian, who was a good deal annoyed by some city wags on the blundering propensities of his countrymen, answered, "By *Jasus*, if you father all *your bulls* upon us Irishmen, we often *father our calves* on you in return."

180.—IN A DEBATE on the leather-tax, in 1795, in the Irish House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir John P——) observed, with great emphasis, "that, in the prosecution of the present war, every man ought to give his *last guinea* to protect *the remainder*." Mr. Vandellure said, "that however that might be, the tax on leather would be *severely felt*, by the *barefooted peasantry* of Ireland." To which

Sir Boyle Roache replied, "that this could be easily remedied, by making the *under leathers of wood*."

181.—LOUIS XIV. had granted a pardon to a nobleman who had committed some very great crime. M. Voisin, the chancellor, ran to him in his closet, and exclaimed, "Sire, you cannot pardon a person in the situation of Mr. ——" "I have promised him," replied the king, who was ever impatient of contradiction; "go and fetch the great seal." "But sire"—"Pray, sir, do as I order you." The chancellor returns with the seals; Louis applies them himself to the instrument containing the pardon, and gives them again to the chancellor. "They are polluted now, sire," exclaims the intrepid and excellent magistrate, pushing them from him on the table, "I cannot take them again." "What an impracticable man!" cries the monarch, and throws the pardon into the fire. "I will now, sire, take them again," said the chancellor; "the fire, you know, purifies every thing."

MORVILLIERS, keeper of the seals to Charles IX. of France, was one day ordered by his sovereign to put the seals to the pardon of a nobleman who had committed murder. He refused. The king then took the seals out of his hands, and having put them himself to the instrument of remission, returned them to Morvilliers; who refused them, saying, "The seals have twice put me in a situation of great honour; once when I received them, and again when I resigned them."



182.—THE LATE LORD KILWARDEN, while attorney general, was retained as counsel for the crown, in prosecuting a gang of robbers for plundering the house of the late Lord O'Neil. The principal witness, a fellow named Pigeon, who was one of the gang, had turned approver; and in answering the questions of the learned attorney general as to the facts, he said his motive for becoming evidence was, that his companions had "cheated him out of his fair *whack*."—"Your *whack*?" said the learned barrister, "what do you mean by that?"—"Why arn't you *up to WHACK*?" says the fellow; "what a *gag* you must be! then it is just the same thing as if *you* and *I* were to *rob a house together*, and *you* were to cheat *me* out of my share of the *booty*."

183.—THE LATE LORD NORBURY, some time since going as a judge on the Munster circuit, was, as usual, so strict in the administration of criminal justice, that few, of whose guilt there were any strong grounds of suspicion, were suffered to escape, merely through any slovenly flaws in the wording of their indictments, or doubts upon the testimony. Dining, as usual, with the seniors of the bar, at the next inn, a gentleman, who sat near the judge, asked leave to help his lordship to part of a *pickled tongue*. Lord Norbury replied, "he did not like *pickled* tongue; but if it had been *hung*, he would *try* it." Mr. Curran, who sat on the other side, said, that "the defect was easily obviated; for, if his

lordship would only *try* it, it would certainly be *hung*."

184.—THE CAPRICIOUS *hauteur* of genius, in the midst of poverty, has been exemplified on numberless occasions. The late Mr. James Barry, who was the son of a bricklayer at Cork, made his professional *debut* as a sign-painter in that city; and afterwards, by the dint of his genius and industry, rose, as we have seen, to high fame in his profession; and, though he was raised to the dignity of a royal artist, was yet, in his circumstances, through life, the distressed victim of professional pride and an eccentric temper. On his return from Italy to London, he was sinking under distress, for the want of a patron; when the late munificent duke of Northumberland, by some accident, discovered his merit, and invited him to dine at Northumberland-house, purely with the view of rendering him a service, in a manner the most delicate to his feelings. During the repast, the discourse ran upon paintings, and upon the distribution of those hung up in the dinner-room: "How do you approve of the placing of those pictures, Mr. Barry?" said his grace. "Oh! very well, my lord duke; but there is a capital place at the bottom, in a side light, which is unoccupied."—"Then I mean that vacancy to be filled," said the duke, "by a production from your pencil, Sir, which I request you will finish; you shall choose the subject from the History of England; the size and price I will leave to yourself; and I

have only to request you will contrive to introduce a master of the horse in the grouping, and draw my portrait in that character." The artist departed; and in the following week his grace repeatedly sent for and called upon him, but he was repeatedly denied. At length the duke, tired of such caprice, sent a letter by a servant to Barry, desiring to speak with him; but the answer returned by the servant was, "Go to the duke, your master, friend, and tell him from me, that, if he wants his portrait painted, he must go to *that fellow* in Leicester-Fields (the late Sir Joshua Reynolds), for I shall never degrade my pencil by portrait painting."

185.—THERE HAPPENED, when Swift was at Larconc, in Ireland, the sale of a farm and stock, the farmer being dead. Swift chanced to walk past during the auction, just as a pen of poultry had been put up. Roger (Swift's clerk) bid for them: he was overbid by a farmer of the name of *Hatch*. "What, Roger, won't you buy the poultry?" exclaimed Swift. "No, Sir," said Roger, "I see they are just *a'going to Hatch*."

186.—TWO IRISH LABOURERS being at the execution of the malefactors on the new scaffold before Newgate, one says to the other, "Arrah, Pat, now! but is there any difference between being hanged here and being hanged in chains!"—"No, honey!" replied he, "no great difference; only one hangs about an hour, and the other hangs all the days of his life."

187.—MR. CUMBERLAND, the writer, was asked his opinion of Mr. Sheridan's "School for Scandal." "Faith," said he, "I am quite astonished that the town can be so duped! I went to see his comedy, and never laughed once from beginning to end." This being repeated to Sheridan, "That's very ungrateful of him," said he, "for I went to see his *tragedy* t'other night, and did nothing but *laugh* from beginning to end."

188.—IN one of the engagements with the French at Cuddalore, the 101st regiment gave way, and their place was immediately supplied by a battalion of black infantry. A gentleman shortly afterwards, in company with Colonel Kennedy, and conversing on the subject, said he was surprised that they gave way. "And so am I too," said the colonel, "for they were all *tried* men."—"How can you make that out," says the gentleman, "when they are a new regiment?"—"Oh! by my conscience," says the colonel, "they were all *tried* at the Old Bailey long ago."

189.—MR. SHERIDAN, who had a fund of Irish stories, related one which occurred upon a shooting visit to a gentleman in the county of Tipperary, who, being unfortunately afflicted with the gout, was unable to accompany him in a day's sport, but recommended as his guide an herdsman about his land, who knew the seat of every hare and the haunt of every covey within ten miles. With this guide the orator set out caparisoned for the field, and was, in the course

of the day, led to a dozen coveys and as many hares, but not being so good a shot in the field as in the senate, nothing was brought to bag. His guide, however, perceiving he was a young sportsman, never failed, at every shot, by some compliment in his own way, to encourage the marksman with hopes of better success. At the first fire, while the covey fluttered off in triumph, Pat says, "Pon my shoul, Sir, I'm sure you must have wounded some of them, though they didn't fall." At the next, "By my shoul, they did not fly fair for you, or you would have killed a couple of brace of them." At the third, "Pon my shoul, you knock'd some of their feathers off that time." At length, having exhausted his whole stock of apologies for the ill luck of the sportsman, he concluded with, "Devil burn me, but you made them lave that, any how, Sir."

190.—SOME YEARS AFTERWARDS, Mr. Sheridan was on a visit to the Duke of Bedford, at Woburn, when preparations were making to take the field against the partridges on the first of September. A learned barrister of the party was endeavouring to improve his skill by firing at a mark, which he could never hit, and, in excuse for his bad aim, complained of his dog, which was not well trained, and who, at every moment he was about to fire his piece, always jumped up against the mark, "although," said he, "I thought he was as sagacious an animal as ever lived."—"Sagacious, indeed," said Mr. Sheridan, "and he has proved it, for I can't



conceive he could be any where so safe from your shot, as by flying at the mark you aim at."

191.—AN IRISHMAN and an Englishman falling out, the Hibernian told him if he did not hold his tongue, he would break his *impenetrable* head, and let the brains out of his *empty* skull!

192.—AN IRISHMAN having been obliged to live with his master some time in Scotland, when he came back, some of his companions asked how he liked Scotland. "I will tell you now," said he, "I was sick all the while I was there; and if I had lived there till this time, I had been dead a year ago."

193.—AN IRISHMAN being at a tavern, where the cook was dressing some carp, observed some of them move after they were gutted and put into the pan, which much surprised Teague; said he, "Now of all the Christian creatures I ever saw, this carp will live the longest after it is dead of any fish."

194.—THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT is copied from a Dublin paper. "Notice is hereby given, that the *fox cover* of Turnant is *poisoned*, for the preservation of the *game*. 20th Aug., 1805."

195.—AN IRISHMAN having a looking glass in his hand shut his eyes, and placed it before his face; another asking him why he did so? "Upon my soul," says Teague, "it is to see how I look when I am asleep."

196.—AN HONEST, SIMPLE IRISHMAN, a short time ago, landed on one of the quays at Liverpool, in search of harvest work. A fellow on the quay, thinking to *quiz* the poor stranger, asked him, "How long, Pat, have you broke loose from your father's cabin? and how do the potatoes eat now?" The Irish lad, who happened to have a *shilalee* in his hand, answered, "O, they eat very well, my jewel, would you like to taste the *stalk*?" and knocking the inquirer down, coolly walked off.

197.—AN IRISH DRUMMER once executing his duty of flogging an Irish recruit, the poor sufferer, as is customary in those cases, cried, "Strike high! strike high!" The drummer, to oblige his countryman, did as was requested, but the fellow still continuing to roar out, "The d—l burn your bellowing," cried rub-a-dub, "there is no *plasing* you, strike where one will."

198.—A PHYSICIAN at Bath was lately complaining in a coffee-house in that city, that he had three fine daughters, to whom he should give ten thousand pounds each, and yet that he could find nobody to marry them. "With your *lave*, doctor," said an Irishman who was present, stepping up and making a very respectful bow, "I'll take *two* of them!"

199.—THE PROVERB says, "that idleness covers a man with rags." An Irish schoolmaster thought the sentence might be improved: in con-

sequence of which, he wrote for his pupil, "Idleness covers a man with nakedness."

200.—WHEN PADDY BLAKE heard an English gentleman speaking of the fine echo at the lake of Killarney, which repeats the sound forty times, he very promptly observed, "Poh! faith that's nothing at all at all, to the echo in my father's garden, in the county of Galway; there, honey, if you were to say to it, *How do you do, Paddy Blake?* it would answer, *Very well, I thank you, Sir.*"

201.—TWO VERY HONEST GENTLEMEN, who dealt in brooms, meeting one day in the street, one asked the other, how he could afford to undersell him every where as he did, when he stole the stuff, and made the brooms himself?—"Why, you silly dog," answered the other, "I steal them ready made."

202.—BOLIVAR was on the plains of the Apure, with his troops in a starving condition, and without the means of procuring food for his army, unless he took a circuitous march of many leagues, to which the strength of the men was incompetent, or found means to arrive at the point he wished to gain, by crossing the river Apure, on whose banks, on the opposite side, were plenty of cattle, grazing within sight of the nearly famished troops. The latter could not be accomplished as he had no boats of any description, or timber to construct rafts; but about midway across the river was a fleet of sixty

flecheras, which belonged to the enemy, and were well manned and armed. Bolivar stood on the shore, gazing at these in despair, and continued disconsolately parading in front of them, when General Paez, who had been on the look-out, rode up and inquired the cause of his disquietude. His Excellency observed, "I would give the world to have possession of the Spanish flotilla, for without it I can never cross the river, and the troops are unable to march."—"It shall be yours in an hour," replied Paez.—"It is impossible," said Bolivar, "and the men must all perish."—"Leave that to me," rejoined Paez, and galloped off. In a few minutes he returned, bringing up his guard of honour, consisting of 300 lancers selected from the main body of the Llaneros, for their proved bravery and strength, and leading them to the bank, thus briefly addressed them. "We must have these flecheras, or die. Let those follow Tio (uncle) who please:" and at the same moment spurring his horse, dashed into the river and swam towards the flotilla. The guard followed him with their lances in their mouths, now encouraging their horses to bear up against the current, by swimming by their sides, and patting their necks, and then shouting to scare away the alligators, of which there were hundreds in the river, till they reached the boats, when, mounting their horses, they sprang from their backs on board them, headed by their leader, and, to the astonishment of those who beheld them from the shore, cap-

tured every one of them. To English officers it may appear inconceivable that a body of cavalry, with no other arms than their lances, and no other mode of conveyance across a rapid river, than their horses, should attack and take a fleet of gun-boats amidst shoals of alligators; but, strange as it may seem, it was actually accomplished.

203.—IN THE GREAT DISPUTE between South and Sherlock, the latter, who was a great courtier, said, "His adversary reasoned well, but he barked like a cur." To which the other replied, "That fawning was the property of a cur as well as barking."

204.—AN ARCH BOY being at a table where there was a piping hot apple-pie, putting a bit into his mouth, burnt it so that the tears ran down his cheeks. A gentleman that sat by, asked him, why he wept? "Only," said he, "because it is just come into my remembrance, that my poor grandmother died this day twelve-month."—"Phoo," said the other, "is that all?" So, whipping a large piece into his mouth, he quickly sympathized with the boy; who seeing his eyes brim full, asked him, with a malicious sneer, why he wept? "A pox on you," said he, "because you were not hanged, you young dog, the same day your grandmother died."

205.—DR. LLOYD, Bishop of Worcester, so eminent for his prophecies, when by his solicitations and compliance at court he got removed



from a poor Welsh bishopric, to a rich English one, a reverend Dean of the church said, that he found his brother Lloyd spelt prophet with an F.

206.—A WORTHY OLD GENTLEMAN in the country having employed an attorney, of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do some law business for him in London, he was greatly surprised, on his coming to town, and demanding his bill of law charges, to find that it amounted to at least three times the sum he expected; the *honest* attorney assured him, that there was no article in his bill, but what was *fair and reasonable*. “Nay,” said the country gentleman, “there’s one of them I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down three shillings and four-pence for going to Southwark, when none of my business lay that way; pray, what is the meaning of that, Sir?”—“Oh, Sir,” said he, “that was for fetching the chine and turkey from the carrier’s that you sent me for a present out of the country.”

207.—A GENTLEMAN going into a meeting-house, and stumbling over one of the forms that were set there, cried out in a passion, “Who the devil expected *set forms* in a meeting-house?”

208.—WHEN GEORGE II. in coming from Holland, happened to meet with a violent storm at sea, the captain of the yacht cried to the chaplain, “In five minutes more, doctor, we shall

be with the Lord." "The Lord forbid," answered the doctor.

209.—A JUSTICE OF PEACE seeing a parson on a very stately horse, riding between London and Hampstead, said to some gentlemen who were with him, "Do you see what a beautiful horse that proud parson has got, I'll banter him a little." "Doctor," said he, "you don't follow the example of your great Master, who was humbly content to ride upon an ass."—"Why really, Sir," replied the parson, "the king has made so many asses justices, that an honest clergyman can hardly find one to ride if he had a mind to it."

210.—A GREAT DEAL of company being at dinner at a gentleman's house, where a silver spoon was laid at the side of every plate, one of the company watching for a convenient opportunity, as he thought, slid one of them into his pocket; but being observed more narrowly than he was aware of, the gentleman who sat opposite to him, took up another, and stuck it in the button-hole of his bosom; which the master of the house perceiving, asked him in good humour, "What was his fancy in that?"—"Why," replied he, "I thought every man was to have one, because I saw that gentleman, over against me, put one in his pocket."

211.—A RICH FARMER'S SON, who had been bred at the University, coming home to visit his father and mother, they being one night at

supper on a couple of fowls, he told them, that by logic and arithmetic, he could prove those two fowls to be three. "Well, let us hear," said the old man. "Why, this," cried the scholar, "is *one*, and this," continued he, "is *two*, two and one, you know, make *three*."—"Since you have made it out so well," answered the old man, "your mother shall have the first fowl, I will have the second, and the third you may keep yourself for your great learning."

212.—A GENTLEMAN who had a suit in chancery, was called upon by his counsel to put in his answer, for fear of incurring contempt. "And why," said the gentleman, "is not my answer put in?"—"How should I draw your answer," cried the lawyer, "till I know what you can swear?"—"Pox on your scruples," replied the client, "pr'ythee, do your part as a lawyer, and draw a sufficient answer, and let me alone to do the part of a gentleman, and swear to it."

213.—AN HONEST WELSH CARPENTER, coming out of Cardiganshire, got work in Bristol, where, in a few months, he had saved, besides his expenses, about twelve shillings; and with this prodigious sum of money, returning into his own country, when he came upon Mile Hill, he looked back on the town: "Ah, poor Pristow," said he, "if one or two more of hur countrymen were to give hur such another shake as hur has done, it would be poor Pristow indeed."

214.—ONE TELLING CHARLES XII., of Sweden, just before the battle of Narva, that the enemy were three to one: "I am glad to hear it," answered the king, "for then there will be enough to kill, enough to take prisoners, and enough to run away."

215.—A POOR FELLOW, who growing rich on a sudden, from a very mean and beggarly condition, and taking great state upon him, was met one day by one of his poor acquaintance, who accosted him in a very humble manner, but having no notice taken of him, cried out, "Nay, it is no great wonder that you should not know me, when you have forgot yourself."

216.—MARCUS LIVIUS, who was governor of Tarentum when Hannibal took it, being envious to see so much honour done to Fabius Maximus, said one day in open senate, "That it was himself, not Fabius Maximus, that was the cause of retaking the city of Tarentum." Fabius said smilingly, "Indeed thou speakest truth, for hadst thou not lost it, I should never have retaken it."

217.—ALPHONSO, king of Naples, sent a Moor, who had been his captive a long time, to Barbary, with a considerable sum of money to purchase horses, and to return by such a time. There was about the king a buffoon, or jester, who had a table-book, wherein he used to register any remarkable absurdity that happened at court. The day the Moor was dispatched to Barbary, the said jester waiting on the king at

supper, the king called for his table-book, in which the jester kept a regular journal of absurdities: the king took the book, and read, how Alphonso, king of Naples, had sent Beltram the Moor, who had been a long time his prisoner, to Morocco, his own country, with so many thousand crowns to buy horses. The king turned to the jester, and asked, why he inserted that: "Because," said he, "I think he will never come back to be a prisoner again; and so you have lost both man and money."—"But, if he does come," says the king, "then your jest is marred."—"No, Sir," replies the buffoon, "for if he should return, I will blot out your name, and put in his for a fool."

218.—SOON after the death of a great officer, who was judged to have been no great advancer of the king's affairs; the king said to his solicitor Bacon, who was kinsman to that lord: "Now Bacon, tell me truly, what say you of your cousin?" Mr. Bacon answered, "Since your majesty charges me to speak, I will deal plainly with you, and give you such a character of him, as though I were to write his story. I do think he was no fit counsellor to have made your affairs better, yet he was fit to have kept them from growing worse,"—"O my soul," quoth the king, "in the first thou speakest like a true man; and in the latter like a kinsman."

219.—A YOUNG FELLOW being told that his mistress was married; to convince him of it, the young gentleman who told him, said, he had seen



the bride and bridegroom. "Pr'ythee," said the forsaken swain, "do not call them by those names. I cannot bear to hear them."—"Shall I call them dog and cat?" answered the other. "Oh, no, for heaven's sake," replied the first, "that sounds ten times more like man and wife than t'other."

220.—A VERY IGNORANT, but very foppish young fellow, going into a bookseller's shop with a relation, who went thither to buy something he wanted, seeing his cousin look into a particular book, and smile, asked him, what there was in that book that made him smile? "Why," answered the other, "this book is dedicated to you, cousin Jack."—"Is it so," said he, "pray let me see it, for I never knew before that I had such an honour done to me." Upon which, taking it into his hands, he found it to be Perkins' Catechism, dedicated "to all ignorant persons."

221.—A DRUNKEN FELLOW having sold all his goods, to maintain himself at his pot, except his feather-bed, at last made away with that too; when being reprov'd for it by some of his friends; "Why," said he, "I am very well, thank God, and why should I keep my bed."

222.—WHEN KING CHARLES I. was in great anxiety about signing the warrant for the earl of Strafford's execution, saying, "it was next to death to part with so able a minister, and so loyal a subject;" a certain favourite of the king's standing by, soon resolved his majesty,

by telling him, "that in such an exigence, a man had better part with his crutch than his leg."

223.—A PERSON having been put to great shifts to get money to support his credit, some of his creditors at length sent him word, that they would give him trouble. "Pox," says he, "I have had trouble enough to borrow the money, and had not need to be troubled to pay it again."

224.—COUNT GONDEMAR, the Spanish ambassador here, in Queen Elizabeth's time, sent a compliment to the lord St. Alban's, whom he lived in no good terms with, wishing him a "merry Easter." My lord thanked the messenger, and said, he could not requite the count better, than by wishing him a "good Passover."

225.—A LADY seeing a tolerable pretty fellow, who by the help of his tailor and sempstrees had transformed himself into a beau, said, "What pity it is to see one, whom nature has made no fool, so industrious to pass for an ass."—"Rather," says another, "one should pity those whom nature abuses than those who abuse nature: besides, the town would be robbed of one half of its diversion, if it should become a crime to laugh at a fool."

226.—AN OLD FELLOW having a great itch after his neighbour's wife, employed her chambermaid in the business. At the next meeting he inquired, what answer the lady had sent him? "Answer," said the girl, "why she has sent you

this for a token " (giving him a smart slap in the face). " Ay," cried the old fellow, rubbing his chops, " and you have lost none of it by the way: I thank you."

227.—A BUSY IMPERTINENT, entertaining Aristotle the philosopher one day with a tedious discourse, and observing that he did not much regard him, made an apology, that he was afraid he had interrupted him. " No, really," replied the philosopher, " you have not interrupted me at all, for I have not minded one word you said."

228.—TWO CONCEITED COXCUMBS wrangling and exposing one another before company, one told them, that they had both done like Wits: " For you Wits," says he, " never give over, till you prove one another Fools."

229.—THREE YOUNG CONCEITED WITS, as they thought themselves, passing along the road near Oxford, met a grave old gentleman, with whom they had a mind to be rudely merry; " Good-morrow, father Abraham," said one: " Good-morrow, father Isaac," said the next: " Good-morrow, father Jacob," cried the last. " I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob," replied the old gentleman, " but Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, and lo! here I have found them." \*

230.—JAMES THE FIRST of England, and sixth of Scotland, though in some degree a man of sense and wit, seems to have been remarkably deficient in the more important talent of steady-

*\* from the German*

ness and vigour of mind. It is said he was not unconscious of this defect; and that he was once told of it in a very curious manner from the pulpit. He heard of a famous preacher, who, according to the fashion of the times, was very witty in his sermons, and peculiarly happy in his choice of texts. James got this person to preach before him; who, with all suitable gravity, gave out his text in the following words—"James *I.* and *VI.*, in the latter part of the verse. 'He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven by the winds and tossed.'"—"God's chickens!" whispered the king, "he is at me already!" The preacher went on, and trimmed the king soundly. The text is genuine, and the application of it witty, even independently of the pun, which seems so well suited to the taste of the times of "James *I.* and *VI.*"

231.—A SIMPLE BUMPKIN, coming to London, was very much taken with the sight of a chair, or sedan, and bargained with the chairmen to carry him to a place he named. The chairmen, observing the curiosity of the clown to be suitable to the meanness of his habit, privately took out the bottom of the chair, and then put him into it, which, when they took up, the countryman's feet were upon the ground, and as the chairmen advanced, so did he; and to make the better sport, if any place was dirtier in the way than the rest, that they chose to go through; the countryman not knowing but others used to be carried, or rather driven in the same

manner, coming to his lodgings, gave them their demand: returning into the country, he related what rare things he had seen in London, and withal, that he had been carried in a sedan. "Sedan!" quoth one, "What is that?"—"Why," said he, "like our watchhouse, only it is covered with leather; but were it not for the name of a sedan, a man might as well walk on foot."

232.—A YOUTH standing by whilst his father was at play, observing him to lose a great deal of money, burst into tears; his father asked him the reason why he wept? "Oh, Sir, I have heard that Alexander the Great wept when he heard his father Philip had conquered a great many towns, cities, and countries, fearing that he would leave him nothing to win; but I wept the contrary way, fearing that you will leave me nothing to lose."

233.—THE FAMOUS MR. AMNER going through a street in Windsor, two boys looked out of a one pair of stairs window, and cried, "There goes Mr. Amner that makes so many bulls." He hearing them, looked up, saying, "You rascals, I know you well enough, and if I had you here I'd kick you down stairs."

234.—THE SAME GENTLEMAN crossing the water in a ferry-boat at Datchet, the good man of the ferry being from home, his wife did his office, and not putting in the boat just at the landing place, Mr. Amner at his landing sunk



into the mud over his shoes, and going a little farther he met with a friend, who asked, how he came so dirty; "'Fore God," replied Mr. Amner, "no man was ever so abused as I have been, for, coming over Datchet Ferry, a scurvy woman waterman put over the boat, and landed me clean in the mire."

235.—IN FLANDERS, a tyler accidentally fell from the top of a house, upon a Spaniard, and killed him, though he escaped himself. The next of the blood prosecuted his death with great violence against the tyler; and when he was offered pecuniary recompense, nothing would serve him but *Lex Talionis*. Whereupon the judge said unto him, That if he did urge that kind of sentence, it must be, that he should go up to the top of the same house, and from thence fall down upon the tyler.

236.—A YOUNG ITALIAN GENTLEMAN being led by curiosity into Holland, where having lived some time conversing with the most ingenious, was one day set upon by a Protestant minister, who would needs engage him in a controversy about religion. The young gentleman, knowing himself too weak for the encounter, begged his diversion, and endeavoured to wave the discourse; but the more he avoided it, the more hotly was he pressed by the minister; whereupon the young Italian, in a very great passion, conjured him by all that is good, to let him alone in peace with his religion; "For," said he, "I cannot embrace

yours, and if you make me lose my own, I will never make choice of any other."

237.—A CERTAIN DUCHESS, in a late reign, hearing that a man in a high office, which gave him an opportunity of handling much cash, had married his kept mistress; "Good Lord," said she, "that old fellow is always robbing the public."

238.—QUEEN ELIZABETH being much enraged against Dr. Hayward, author of the Life of Henry the Fourth, had ordered her law officers to proceed against him; and, amongst others, inquired of Bacon, if there was not treason in the book? the witty lawyer readily answered—"No, madam, I cannot answer for there being *treason* in it, but I am certain it contains much *felony*."—"How," eagerly exclaimed her majesty, "how, and whercin?"—"In many passages," replied he, "which he has *stolen* from Tacitus."

239.—DR. HICKRINGAL, who was one of King Charles the Second's chaplains, whenever he preached before his Majesty, was sure to tell him of his faults, and to scold him from the pulpit very severely. One day his majesty walking in the Mall, observed the doctor beside him, and sent to speak to him: when he came, "Doctor," says the king, "what have I done to you that you are always quarrelling with me?"—"I hope your majesty is not angry with me," quoth the doctor, "for telling the truth."—"No, no," says the

king, "but I would have us for the future be friends."—"Well, well," quoth the doctor, "I will make it up with your majesty on these terms, as *you mend I'll mend*."

240.—TOM CLARKE of St. John's desired a Fellow of the same college to lend him Bishop Burnet's History of the Reformation; the other told him, he could not spare it out of his chamber, but if he pleased, he might come there and read in it all day long: some time after the same gentleman sends to Tom to borrow his bellows; Tom sent him word, that he could not possibly spare them out of his chamber, but he might come there and use them all day long if he would.

241.—A BRAVE DUTCH CAPTAIN being commanded by his colonel to go on a dangerous exploit against the French, with forces that were unlikely to achieve the enterprise, the captain advised his colonel to send but half so many men: "Why so?" said the colonel, "to send but half so many men?"—"Because," replied the captain, "they are enough to be knocked on the head."

242.—KING CHARLES II. on a certain time paying a visit to Dr. Busby, the Doctor is said to have strutted through his school with his hat upon his head, while his Majesty walked complaisantly behind him, with his hat under his arm; but, when he was taking his leave at the door, the Doctor, with great humility, thus addressed himself: "Sir, I hope your Majesty will

excuse my want of respect hitherto; but if my boys were to imagine there was a greater man in the kingdom than myself, I should never be able to rule them."

243.—ONE OF KING JAMES the First's chaplains preaching before the court at Whitehall, made use of the following quibbles in his discourse. Speaking of the depravity of the age, "almost all houses," he said, "were made ale-houses; that men made matrimony a matter of money; and placed their paradise in a pair of dice: Was it so in the days of Noah? Ah, no."

244.—SEVERAL PRESS-GANGS infesting the streets of the city and suburbs, one of which giving umbrage to a merry punster, who had just staggered from a tavern, into the middle of them: he said pleasantly enough, "God bless his majesty's arms! But, as to the supporters, they are beasts."

245.—MR. PRIOR, when ambassador, being at one of the French operas at Paris, and seated in a box with a nobleman he was free with, who, as usual in France, sung louder than the performer, burst into bitter invectives against the last; upon which his lordship gave over, to inquire the reason, adding, that the person he exclaimed against so fiercely, was one of the finest voices they had. "Yes," replies his excellency, "but he makes such a horrid noise, that I can't have the pleasure to hear your lordship."

246.—A LIVING of 500*l.* per annum falling in the gift of the late Lord Chancellor Talbot, Sir Robert Walpole recommended one of his friends as very deserving of the benefice, whom his lordship approved of. In the interim, the curate, who had served the last incumbent many years for poor 30*l.* per annum, came up with a petition, signed by many of the inhabitants, testifying his good behaviour, setting forth, that he had a wife and seven children to maintain, and begging his lordship would stand his friend, that he might be continued in his curacy; and, in consideration of his large family, if he could prevail with the next incumbent to add 10*l.* a year, he should for ever pray. His lordship, according to his usual goodness, promised to use his utmost endeavours to serve him; and the reverend gentleman, for whom the living was designed, coming soon after to pay his respects, my lord told him the affair of the curate, with this difference only, that he should allow him 60*l.* a year instead of 30*l.* The parson, in some confusion, replied, He was sorry that he could not grant his request, for that he had promised the curacy to another, and could not go back from his word. “How!” says my lord, “have you promised the curacy, before you were possessed of the living? Well, to keep your word with your friend, if you please, I’ll give him the curacy, but the living, I assure you, I’ll give to another:” and saying this he left him. The next day the poor curate coming to know his



destiny, my lord told him, that he had used his endeavours to serve him as to the curacy, but with no success, the reverend gentleman having disposed of it before. The curate, with a deep sigh, returned his lordship thanks for his goodness, and was going to withdraw; when my lord calling him back, said, with a smile, "Well, my friend, 'tis true, I have it not in my power to give you the curacy; but if you will accept of the living, 'tis at your service." The curate almost surprised to death with joy, in the most moving expressions of gratitude, returned his lordship thanks, whose goodness had in a moment raised him and his family from a necessitous condition, to a comfortable state of life.

247.—THE SAID NOBLE LORD, when he was under the tuition of the Reverend —, who used to call him his little chancellor, one day replied, that when he was so, he would give him a good living. One happening to fall soon after he was chancellor, he recollected his promise, and ordered the presentation to be filled up for his old master, who soon after came to his lordship, to remind him of his promise, and to ask him for this living. "Why really," said my lord, "I wish you had come a day sooner, but I have given it away already; and when you see to whom, I dare say you will not think me to blame." So putting the presentation into his hands, he convinced him that he had not forgot his promise.

248.—KING CHARLES II., after the Restoration, told Waller the poet, that he had made better verses, and said finer things of Cromwell than of him. "That may very well be," replied Waller, "for poets generally succeed better in fiction than in truth."

249.—AN HONEST HIGHLANDER, walking along Holborn, heard a voice cry, "Rogue, Scot; Rogue, Scot:" his northern blood fired at the insult; he drew his broad sword, looking round him on every side, to discover the object of his indignation; at last he found that it came from a parrot, perched in a balcony within his reach; but the generous Scot, disdaining to stain his trusty blade with such ignoble blood, put up his sword again, with a sour smile, saying, "Gin ye were a man, as ye're a green geuse, I would split your weem."

250.—A PLOUGHMAN seeing the Archbishop of Cologne go by, attended by a great many soldiers, laughed; the archbishop pressed him to know the reason: "It is because I wonder," said the ploughman, "to see an archbishop armed, and followed, not by churchmen, but by soldiers, like a general of an army."—"Friend," replied the archbishop, "in my church I perform the part of an archbishop with my clergy; but in the field I march like a duke, accompanied by my soldiers."—"I understand you, my lord," answered the peasant: "but pray tell me, when my

lord duke goes to the devil, what will then become of my lord archbishop? ”

251.—IN A VISIT Queen Elizabeth made to Sir Nicholas Bacon, at a small country-seat, which he had built for himself before his preferment; she asked him, how it came that he had made himself so small a house? “ It is not I, Madam,” answered he, “ who have made my house too small for myself, but your majesty, who have made me too big for my house.”

252.—IT WAS A FINE SAYING of my Lord Russell, who was beheaded in the reign of King Charles II. when on the scaffold, he delivered his watch to Dr. Gilbert Burnet, afterwards bishop of Salisbury: “ Here, Sir,” said he, “ take this, it shows time; I am going into eternity, and shall have no longer any need of it.”

253.—AN ORDINARY COUNTRY FELLOW being called as an evidence in a court of judicature, in a cause where the terms of *mortgager* and *mortgagee* were frequently used, the judge asked the countryman if he knew the difference between the *mortgager* and the *mortgagee*: “ Yes,” said he, “ it is the same as between the *nodder* and *noddee*.”—“ How is that? ” replied the judge.—“ Why, you sit there, my lord,” said the clown, “ and I nod at you; then I am the *nodder*, and your lordship is the *noddee*.”

254.—QUEEN ELIZABETH having taken notice of the Duke de Villa Medina’s gallant behaviour at a tournament, told him one day, that she

would absolutely know who his mistress was: Villa Medina excused himself awhile, but at last yielding to her curiosity, he promised to send her her picture. The next morning he sent her majesty a packet; wherein the queen finding nothing but a small looking-glass, presently understood the Spaniard's meaning. It must needs be confessed, that this was a very ingenious contrivance; and there's no question, but this great and witty princess, who was so well pleased to be accounted beautiful, was well enough satisfied with this dumb declaration of love.

255.—A DYER, in a court of justice, being ordered to hold up his hand, that was all black; "Take off your glove, friend," said the judge to him.—"Put on your spectacles, my lord," answered the dyer.

256.—A CERTAIN CAPTAIN, who had made a greater figure than his fortune could well bear, and the regiment not being paid as was expected, was forced to put off a great part of his equipage; a few days after, as he was walking by the road-side, he saw one of his soldiers sitting lousing himself under a hedge: "What are you doing there, Tom;" said the officer.—"Why, faith, Sir," answered the soldier, "I am following your example, getting rid of part of my retinue."

257.—ADMIRAL CHATILLON being on a holiday gone to hear mass in the Dominican Friars' chapel, a poor fellow begged his charity, just

as he was most intent on his devotions. He felt in his pocket, and gave him several pieces of gold, without counting them, or minding what they were. The considerable alms so dazzled the beggar's eyes, that he was amazed at it. As M. Chatillon was going out of the churchdoor, where the poor man waited for him; "Sir," said he, showing him what he had given him, "I cannot tell whether you intended to give me so large a sum; if not, I am very ready to return it." The admiral, wondering at the honesty of the man, said, "I did not, indeed, honest man, intend to have given you so much; but, since you have the generosity to offer to return it, I will have the generosity to desire you to keep it, and there are five pieces more for you."

258.—A GASCON OFFICER, who had served under Henry IV. king of France, and not having received any pay for a considerable time, came to the king, and confidently said to him, "Sir, three words with your majesty, Money or discharge."—"Four with you," answered his majesty, "Neither one, nor t'other."

259.—A CERTAIN ITALIAN having wrote a book upon the Art of making Gold, dedicated it to Pope Leo X. in hopes of a good reward. His holiness finding the man constantly followed him, at length gave him a large empty purse, saying, "Sir, since you know how to make gold, you can have no need of any thing but a purse to put it in."



260.—A COUNTRYMAN seeing a lady in the street in a very odd dress, as he thought, begged her to be pleased to tell him what she called it. The lady, a little surprised at the question, called him an impertinent fellow. “Nay, I hope no offence, madam,” cried Hodge, “I am a poor countryman, just going out of town, and my wife always expects I should bring her an account of the newest fashion, which occasioned my inquiring what you call this that you wear.”—“It is a sack,” said she, in a great pet.—“I have heard,” replied the countryman, (heartily nettled at her behaviour) “of a pig in a poke, but never saw a sow in a sack before.”

261.—OF all the disinterested professors I have ever heard of, I take the Boatswain of Dampier’s ship to be the most impudent, but the most excusable. You are to know, that in the wild researches that navigator was making, they happened to be out at sea, far distant from any shore, in want of all the necessities of life; in-somuch, that they began to look, not without hunger, on each other. The boatswain was a fat, healthy, fresh fellow, and attracted the eyes of the whole crew. In such an extreme necessity, all forms of superiority were laid aside. The captain and lieutenant were safe only by being carrion; and the unhappy boatswain in danger only by being worth eating. To be short, the company were unanimous, and the boatswain must be cut up. He saw their intention, and desired he might speak a few words before they

proceeded; which being permitted, he delivered himself as follows: "Gentlemen sailors, far be it that I should speak it for any private interest of my own, but I take it, that I should not die with a good conscience, if I did not confess to you that I am not sound. I say, gentlemen, justice, and the testimony of a good conscience, as well as love of my country, to which I hope you will all return, oblige me to own, that black Kate of Deptford has made me very unfit to eat; and I speak it with shame, I am afraid, gentlemen, I shall poison you."—The speech had a good effect in the boatswain's favour; but the surgeon of the ship protested he had cured him very well, and offered to eat the first steak himself. The boatswain replied, (like an orator, with a true notion of the people, and in hopes to gain time) that he was heartily glad if he could be for their service, and thanked the surgeon for his information: "However," said he, "I must inform you for your own good, that I have ever since my cure, been very thirsty and dropsical; therefore I presume it will be much better to tap me, and drink me off, than eat me at once, and have no man in the ship fit to be drank afterwards." As he was going on with his harangue, a fresh gale arose, and gave the crew hopes of a better repast at the nearest shore, to which they arrived next morning.

262.—A PROUD PARSON, and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock, and having a new coat on, the parson asked him,

in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat ; “ the same,” said the shepherd, “ that clothed you—the parish.” The parson, nettled at this, rode on, murmuring, a little way, and then bade his man go back, and ask the shepherd if he’d come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man going accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master’s message, and concluded, as he was ordered, that his master wanted a fool. “ Why, are you going away then,” said the shepherd. “ No,” answered the other. “ Then you may tell your master,” replied the shepherd, “ his living can’t maintain three of us.”

263.—A NOBLEMAN having presented King Charles II. with a fine horse, his majesty bade Killigrew, who was present, tell him his age, whereupon Killigrew goes and examines the tail: “ What are you doing?” said the king, “ this is not the place to find out his age.”—“ O! Sir,” said Killigrew, “ your majesty knows one should never look a gift horse in the mouth.”

264.—A YOUNG MAN, who was a very great talker, making a bargain with Isocrates to be taught by him; Isocrates asked double the price that his other scholars gave him; “ and the reason,” said he, “ is, that I must teach thee two sciences, one to speak, and the other to hold thy tongue.”

265.—A SCHOLAR of Dr. Busby’s coming into a parlour where the doctor had laid down a fine bunch of grapes for his own eating, takes it

up, and says aloud, "I publish the banns between these grapes and my mouth; if anyone knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it." The doctor being but in the next room, overheard all that was said, and coming into the school, he ordered the boy who had eaten his grapes to be taken up, or, as they called it, horsed on another boy's back, but before he proceeded to the usual discipline, he cried out aloud, as the delinquent had done; "I publish the banns between my rod and this boy's breech, if anyone knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it."—"I forbid the banns," cried the boy. "Why so?" said the doctor. "Because the parties are not agreed," replied the boy. Which answer so pleased the doctor, who loved to find any readiness of wit in his scholars, that he ordered the boy to be set down.

266.—SOME GENTLEMEN being at a tavern together, for want of better diversion, one proposed play: "But," said another of the company, "I have fourteen good reasons against gaming."—"What are those?" said another.—"In the first place," answered he, "I have no money."—"Oh!" said the first, "if you had four hundred reasons, you need not name another."

267.—A YOUNG FELLOW, not quite so wise as Solomon, eating some Cheshire cheese full of

mites, one night at the tavern, "Now," said he, "have I done as much as Samson, for I have slain my thousands and my ten thousands."—"Yes," answered one of the company, "and with the same weapon too, the jawbone of an ass."

268.—WHEN the late Duke of —— went over lord-lieutenant of Ireland, he took an excellent man cook over with him, but they had not been there above a month, than, finding his grace kept a very scurvy house, he gave him warning. "What's the reason," said the duke, "that you have a mind to leave me?"—"Why, if I continue with your excellency much longer," answered the cook, "I shall quite forget my trade."

269.—POOR JOE MILLER going one day along the Strand, an impudent Derby captain came swaggering up to him, and thrust between him and the wall. "I don't use to give the wall," said he, "to every jackanapes."—"But I do," said Joe, and so made way for him.

270.—A CERTAIN OFFICER in the Guards telling one night, in company with Joe Miller, of several wonderful things he had seen abroad, among the rest he told the company, he had seen a pike caught that was six feet long. "That's a trifle," said Joe, "I have seen a half pike, in England, longer by a foot, and yet not worth two-pence."

271.—A GENTLEMAN having a servant with a very thick skull, used often to call him the king



of fools. "I wish," said the fellow one day, "you could make your words good, I should then be the greatest monarch in the world."

272.—A LAWYER being sick, made his last will, and gave all his estate to fools and madmen: being asked the reason for so doing; "From such," said he, "I had it, and to such I give it again."

273.—A THIEF being brought to Tyburn to be executed, the ordinary of Newgate, in taking his last confession, asked him if he was not sorry for having committed the robbery for which he was going to suffer? The criminal answered, "Yes, but that he was more sorry for not having stole enough to bribe the jury."

274.—A CERTAIN POOR UNFORTUNATE GENTLEMAN was so often pulled by the sleeve by the bailiffs, that he was in continual apprehension of them, and going one day through Tavistock Street, his coat sleeve, as he was swinging it along in a hurry, happened to hitch upon the iron spike of one of the rails; whereupon he immediately turned about, in a great surprise, and cried out, "At whose suit, Sir? at whose suit?"

275.—JEMMY SPILLER, another of the jocose comedians, going one day through Rag-Fair, a place where they sell second-hand goods, cheapened a leg of mutton, he saw hang up there, at a butcher's stall. The butcher told him it was a groat a pound. "Are you not an unconscionable fellow," said Spiller, "to ask such a price,

when one may buy a new one for that in Clare Market."

276.—A SOLDIER in the late wars, a little before an engagement, found a horse-shoe, and stuck it in his girdle; shortly after, in the heat of the action, a bullet came and hit him upon that part. "Well," said he, "I find a little armour will serve a turn, if it be but put in the right place."

277.—A LATE ARCHBISHOP having promised one of his chaplains, who was a favourite, the first good living in his gift, that he should like, and think worthy his acceptance: soon after hearing of the death of an old rector, whose parsonage was worth about 300*l.* a year, sent his chaplain to the place to see how he liked it; the doctor, when he came back again, thanked his grace for the offer he had made him; but said, he had met with such an account of the country, and the neighbourhood, as was not at all agreeable to him, and therefore should be glad, if his grace pleased, to wait till something else fell: another vacancy not long after happening, the archbishop sent him also to view that; but he returned as before, not satisfied with it, which did not much please his grace: a third living much better than either of the other becoming vacant, as he was told, the chaplain was again sent to take a view of that; and when he came back, "Well, now," said my lord, "how do you like this living? What objection can you have

to this?"—"I like the country very well, my lord," answered he, "and the house, the income, and the neighbourhood, but ——." "*But!*" replied the archbishop, "what *but* can there be then?" "*But*, my lord," said he, "the old incumbent is not dead, I found him smoking his pipe at the gate of his house."

278.—TWO CITY LADIES meeting at a visit, one a grocer's wife, and the other a cheesemonger's (who perhaps stood more upon the punctilio of precedence, than some of their betters would have done at the court end of the town), when they had risen up and took their leaves, the cheesemonger's wife was going out of the room first, upon which the grocer's lady, pulling her back by the tail of her gown, and stepping before her, "No, Madam," said she, "nothing comes after cheese."

279.—YOUNG GRIFFITH LLOYD of the county of Cardigan, being sent to Jesus-College in the University of Oxford, where he was looked upon as an errant-dunce, had a calf-skin waistcoat, tann'd with the hair on, and trimm'd with a broad gold-lace, and gold buttons. One of the Oxonians, an eminent punster, said, that Griffith was like a dull book, bound in calf-skin and gilt, but very ill lettered.

280.—THE FAMOUS TONY LEE, a player in King Charles the Second's reign, being killed in a tragedy, having a violent cold, could not forbear coughing as he lay dead upon the stage,

which occasioning a good deal of laughing and noise in the house, he lifted up his head, and speaking to the audience, said, "This makes good what my poor mother used to tell me; for she would often say that *I should cough in my grave, because I used to drink in my Porridge.*" This set the house in such good humour, that it produced a thundering clap, and made everyone very readily pardon the solecism he had before committed.

281.—TOM S——, the organist of St. M——, being reckoned to have a fine finger, drew many people to hear him, whom he would oftentimes entertain with a voluntary after evening service, and his auditory seeming one day greatly delighted with his performance, after the church was cleared, "Adad, Sir," said his organ-blower, "I think we did rarely to-day."—"We, sirrah," said Tom.—"Ay, we, to be sure," answered the other: "What would you have done without me?" The next Sunday Tom sitting down to play, could not make his organ speak, whereupon calling to the bellows-blower, asked him what he meant? Why he did not blow? "Shall it be *we* then?" said the other. Which Tom was forced to consent to, or there had been no music.

282.—A CERTAIN FRENCH GENTLEMAN, having been but a very little while in England, was invited to a friend's house, where a large bowl of punch was made, a liquor he had never seen before, and which did not at all agree with him;

but having forgot the name of it, he asked a person the next day, "What dey call a dat liqueur in England, which is all de contradiction; where is de brandy to make it strong, and de vater to make it small, de sugre to make it sweet, and de lemons to make it sower?"—"Punch," answered the other, "I suppose you mean."—"Ay, Ponche, begar," cried Monsieur, "it almost ponche my brain out last night."

283.—A PHILOSOPHER being blamed by a standerby, for defending an argument weakly against the Emperor Adrian, replied, "What, would you have me contend with a man that commands thirty legions of soldiers."

284.—BISHOP LATIMER preaching at court, said, that it was reported the king was poor, and that they were seeking ways and means to make him rich; but he added, "For my part, I think the best way to make the king rich, is to give him a good post, or office, for all his officers are rich."

285.—ZELIM, the first of the Ottoman emperors that shaved his beard, his predecessors having always worn it long, being asked by one of his bashaws, why he altered the custom of his predecessors? answered, "Because you bashaws shall not lead me by the beard as you did them."

286.—IT BEING TOLD ANTIGONUS, in order to intimidate him, as he marched to the field of battle, that the enemy would shoot such volleys of arrows as would intercept the light of the



sun: "I am glad of it," replied he, "for it being very hot, we shall then fight in the shade."

287.—AN IRISH GENTLEMAN gave orders for a pair of boots; and when his measure was taken, he observed to the boot-maker, that as one of his legs was bigger than the other, the boots must be made accordingly; when they were brought home he put the big boot on the small leg, and after trying in vain the small boot on the big leg, he exclaimed, "Oh, you thief of the world, I ordered you to make one boot bigger than the other, and instead of this you have made one *smaller than the other*."

288.—SIR JOHN STUART HAMILTON, a man of great pleasantry, was colonel of the carabineer regiment, composed of his countrymen, in the German war; and one morning, when the allied troops were drawn out against the enemy in order of battle, the carabineers with some other cavalry corps were posted upon the right wing, opposite to a strong body of French hussars at a considerable distance upon the enemy's left. The commanders of the corps associated with those of Sir John, advanced in the front of their regiments, were haranguing their men to conciliate all piques against their officers, and exhorting them to coolness, valour, and strict discipline, for the honour of their country in the approaching engagement. When they had finished their speeches, Sir John advanced in the front of his own regiment, and addressed them

with, "Good-morrow, my lads, how stand your stomachs for fighting this morning?"—"Keen enough, colonel," answered several of the brave fellows.—"Then I can tell you, my lads, for your comfort, that you'll have a *belly-full* of it before night. But hark ye! I see it is the fashion to make fine speeches here; I think few words amongst friends are best. Do you see them fellows yonder?" pointing to the French cavalry.—"We do," answered the soldiers.—"Then," said the commander, "I have only to tell you, that if you don't kill them, they'll kill you: so a word to the wise is enough." The gallant regiment took the hint, and covered themselves with glory during the action.

289.—SIR JOHN, who had severely suffered in person and circumstances from the persecutions of the law, used to say, that an attorney was like a hedge-hog, for it was impossible to touch him anywhere without pricking one's fingers.

290.—THE SAME WITTY BARONET, lounging one day in Dalby's chocolate-house, when, after a long drought, there fell a torrent of rain: a country gentleman observed, "This is a most delightful rain: I hope it will bring up *everything out of the ground*."—"By Jove, Sir," said Sir John, "I hope not; for I have sowed three wives in it, and I should be very sorry to see them come up again."

291.—SIR JOHN being balloted on an election committee, was a good deal embarrassed,

sitting day after day, without any prospect of a termination, as the counsel on both sides wrangled upon every tittle of evidence, and disputed upon points of law that were continually arising. At length the baronet addressed the counsel, "Gentlemen, I've got such a dose of law that I am completely surfeited. Can't you go through the evidence, and reserve those law points for some wet day, when we may hear you argue them fairly."—"For the honour of the profession," answered Counsellor Hockett, "God forbid, Sir John, that there was any point could arise on which two lawyers would not agree in opinion."

293.—A LADY observing in company, how glorious and useful a body the sun was,—“Why, yes, madam,” said an Irish gentleman present, “the sun is a very fine body, to be sure; but, in my opinion, the moon is much more useful; for the moon affords us light in the night-time, when we really want it; whereas we have the sun with us in the day-time, when we have no occasion for it.”

293.—SHORTLY after the last memorable victory of Lord Rodney, on the 12th of April, 1782, the following British bulls in a London newspaper, excited considerable mirth amongst the wags in Ireland; who observed, that although the English are great bunglers in making bulls for Irishmen, they are sometimes good hands at making blunders of their own. The Ville de Paris, of

110 guns, taken in Lord Rodney's engagement with the French, on the 12th of April, and *lost* in coming home from the West Indies, is to be *rebuilt* at Chatham, and the Foudroyant, of 80 guns, *broken up* last year, is to be *rebuilt* at Plymouth, in order to perpetuate their names.

294.—A JUDGE, on passing sentence of death upon an Irishman, said as usual, "I have nothing now to do but to pass the dreadful sentence of the law upon you."—"Oh, don't trouble yourself on my account," interrupted Pat.—"I must do my duty," resumed the judge. "You must go from hence to the place of execution, where you are to be hanged by your neck till you are dead; and the Lord have mercy on your soul!"—"I am much obliged to you," says the prisoner, "but I never heard of anyone *thriving* after *your prayers*."

295.—AN IRISH OFFICER, after having read the accounts of Bonaparte's death, said, "This rebel thief has had as many lives as one Plutarch that I read when I was at school; and has cost the gipsies as many floggings as Plutarch cost me."

296.—A QUAKER, that was a barber, being sued by the parson for tithes, Yea and Nay went to him, and demanded the reason why he troubled him, as he had never any dealing with him in his whole life: "Why," says the parson, "it is for tithes."—"For tithes," says the quaker, "I

pr'ythee friend upon what account?"—"Why," says the parson, "for preaching in the church."—"Alas, then," replied the quaker, "I have nothing to pay thee; for I come not there."—"Oh, but you might," says the parson, "for the doors are always open at convenient times;" and thereupon said he would be paid, seeing it was his due. Yea and Nay hereupon shook his head, and making several wry faces, departed, and immediately entered his action (it being a corporation town) against the parson for forty shillings. The parson, upon notice of this, came to him, and very hotly demanded, why he put such disgrace upon him; and for what he owed him the money? "Truly, friend," replied the quaker, "for trimming."—"For trimming?" said the parson, "why I was never trimmed by you in my life."—"Oh! but thou mightest have come and been trimmed, if thou hadst pleased, for my doors are always open at convenient times, as well as thine."

297.—SPECIMEN of Cockney diction, transcribed from the original, stuck up in a window on Ludgate Hill, in 1789:

"To be seen hear, the 20 third of this month, the King, and his Crown, and Dig Nighty, in a percession to Sint Pals' Church.—Front Parlore, 9s. 6d. dining rome, 5s. two pare stares, 4s. garret, 1 s. gutter, 6d. N. B. I vont heve no more nor ten in the gutter, nor no money returned in case as how it rains."



298.—SIR TOBY BUTLER the famed Irish barrister, once invited Sir Charles Coote to dinner; he knew that his guest valued himself on a long list of ancestry, in which Sir Toby could have rivalled him if he had not prized himself on his own merit. At dinner Sir Toby used to cry out, "Tell my cousin Pat the butler, tell my cousin Oonah the cook, tell my cousin Terry the groom, such and such a thing."—"What," said Sir Charles, in a degree of surprise, "I find that all your servants are your relations."—"To be sure," said the knight, "is it not more praiseworthy to retain my own relations for servants than to keep yours!"

299.—DOCTOR KIRWAN, the celebrated Irish chemist, having one day at dinner with him a party of friends, was descanting upon the antiseptic qualities of charcoal, and added, that if a quantity of pulverised charcoal were boiled together with tainted meat, it would remove all symptoms of putrescence, and render it perfectly sweet. Shortly afterwards, the doctor helped a gentleman to a slice of boiled leg of mutton, which was so far advanced in the *haut-gout* as to shed an odour not very agreeable to the noses of the company. The gentleman repeatedly turned it upon his plate, without venturing to taste it; and the doctor observing him said, "Sir, perhaps you don't like mutton?"—"O yes, Doctor," he replied, "I am very fond of mutton, but I do not think the cook has boiled charcoal enough with it."

300.—DOCTOR LUCAS, the celebrated Irish patriot, having, after a very sharp contest, carried the election as a representative in parliament for the city of Dublin, was met, a few days after, by a lady whose whole family were very warm in the interest of the unsuccessful candidate; “Well, doctor,” said she, “I find you have gained the election.”—“Yes, madam.”—“No wonder, sir, *all* the blackguards voted for you.”—“No, madam, your *two sons* did not,” replied the doctor.

301.—A MR. GAYNOR, eminent for his good humour and pleasantry, was invited to dine on a Friday with a Catholic friend, and the table was as usual on that day, covered exclusively with fish. Gaynor, who was particularly fond of haddock, seated himself near a very large one, but soon received intelligence, through the medium of his nose, that it was not too fresh. He put down his mouth to the head of the fish, and anon returned his ear to the same place, as if he was conversing with it. The lady of the house asked him what he wished, or was there anything particular? “Nothing, madam,” said he, “but I was asking this haddock if he knew anything of my poor friend, Captain Murphy, who was drowned off the harbour last Monday; but he tells me, that he knows nothing of the matter, for *he hasn’t been to sea these three weeks.*”

302.—DR. O’CONNOR, in his History of Poland, says that the Irish are long-lived; that some

of them attain to the age of a hundred: "In short," adds the doctor, "they live as long as they can."

303.—LORD TYRAWLEY, a little before his death, was visited by several Englishmen, who came under a pretence of friendly inquiries after his health, but in reality to see if he was dying, that they might apply for his employments. The old general, seeing clearly their motives, said to some of them, "Gentlemen, I know well your reasons for being so solicitous after my health. I have but two things worth having, my regiment and my girl, neither of which will fall to your lot; I'll tell you how they will be disposed of; a Scotchman will get the one, and an Irishman the other."

304.—DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,  
To all my friends a burthen grown,  
No more I hear my church's bell,  
Than if it rang out for my knell;  
At thunder now no more I start,  
Than at the rumbling of a cart:  
Nay, what's incredible, alack!  
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

305.—ANTHONY PASQUIN one day leaning over the Margate Pier, after a tremendous storm on the preceding night, "You have had a blustering night of it," said he, to an Irish sailor, who stood near him, "but after a storm comes a calm."—"By my sowl, and so it ought," says Pat, "for the winds and waves had a hard night's bout of it, and it's time for them to rest themselves."

306.—AN IRISHMAN, speaking of the rapacity of the clergy in exacting their tithes, said, “By Jasus, let a farmer be ever so poor, they won’t fail to make him pay their full tenths, whether he can or not; nay, they would instead of a *tenth* take a *twentieth*, if the law permitted them.”

307.—MR. ST. LEGER, the father of the gallant general, was a very strong man, but remarkably foppish in his dress. One morning, walking along in his red slippers, he was passing by a mud cart, when the scavenger called out jeeringly, “Smoke Mr. Redheels!” Mr. St. Leger went up to him, and, taking hold of him by the waistband of his breeches, flung him into the cart, and then walked on with the greatest coolness.

308.—DURING the late siege of Gibraltar, in the absence of the fleet, and when an attack was daily expected, one dark night, a sentinel, whose post was near a tower facing the Spanish lines, was standing at the end of his walk, whistling; looking towards them, his head filled with nothing but fire and sword, miners, breaching, storming, and bloodshed! By the side of the box stood a deep narrow-necked earthen jug, in which was the remainder of his supper, consisting of boiled pease. A large monkey, (of which there are plenty at the top of the rock), encouraged by the man’s absence, and allured by the smell of the pease, ventured to the jug; and, in endeavouring to get at its contents, thrust his

neck so far into the jug, as to be unable to withdraw it. At this instant, the soldier approaching, the monkey started up to escape, with the jug on his head. This terrible monster no sooner saluted the eyes of the sentry, than his frantic imagination converted poor pug into a fine blood-thirsty Spanish grenadier, with a most tremendous cap on his head. Full of this dreadful idea, he instantly fired his piece, roaring out that the enemy had scaled the walls. The guards took the alarm; the drums were beat; signal-guns fired: and in less than ten minutes, the governor and his whole garrison were under arms. The supposed grenadier, being very much incommoded by his cap, and almost blinded by the pease, was soon overtaken and seized; and by this capture, the tranquillity of the garrison was soon restored, without that slaughter and bloodshed which every man had prognosticated in the beginning of this direful alarm.

309.—DANIEL PURCELL, who was an Hibernian and a nonjuror, was telling a friend, when King George the First landed at Greenwich, that he had a full view of him: "Then," said his friend, "you know him by sight."—"Yes," replied Daniel, "I think I know him, *but I can't swear to him.*"

310.—AN IRISH SAILOR having fallen from the mizzen-top of one of our ships, was supposed by everyone on the quarter-deck to have been killed by the fall: the poor fellow, however, got



up, apparently but little hurt. The first lieutenant, who was near him, inquired where he came from. "Please your honour," replied Paddy, all the while rubbing his arm, "I came from the north of Ireland."

311.—BLIND PETER, the Dublin shoe-black, was one day summoned as a witness in a case of murder, before the criminal court, and was, as usual, primed with whiskey. One of his companions had mortally wounded a carman with his *spud*, or scraping knife, and Peter attended as a witness for the prisoner. After a description of the circumstances which led to the catastrophe, in a style of phraseology perfectly unintelligible to the court, Baron Dawson observed, "This witness is quite beyond my understanding.—Pray, fellow, be more explicit, and tell us what you mean." Peter answered, "*Blur an ounds*, my lord, sure I'm not obliged to find you evidence and understanding too, and if your *lardship* doesn't know *de languages*, dat's not my fault."

The learned judge found the best way to manage the witness was to bid him tell his own story, in the plainest way he could, and Peter proceeded:—

"Well den, please your lordship, my gossup at de bar was challenged by de carman to *sky de coppers* for a pint of *de stuff*; and so dey pulled out their *louse traps*, and tossed up for the best in *tree*. *Music*, says de carman, *maz-*

*zards*, says my gossup, and he won. You *flushed* dem, by de hokey, says the carman.—You lie, by G—, said my gossup. So wid dat, my lord, dey agreed to *edge de make* at a *motty*; but dere de carman had no change, for my gossup touched *de spud* so tight every pitch, dat if it was *butter* he'd ha' *stuck in it*. So upon dat, your honour, de carman *miffed* and began to be *snotty*. Your soul to de *gallice*, says my gossup, what d'ye mean by dat. If you have a mind for a *row*, *peel* yourself, and we'll see it out in a genteel way. My gossup is as tight a bit of flesh, my lord, as ever *nipp'd de weed*. And so upon dat de carman didn't do de decent ting; for while my gossup was *blanching his bacon*, and just taking off his *flesh bag*, what does de carman do, my lord, but he gave him a *dub* with his *daddle*, upon de *snotter-box*, and brought de *claret* about his *mug*. Blue blazes to your soul, you bloody tief, said I, dat's not fair;—you struck de man in his own shop: (for my gossup had his foot in de basket all de while). So wid dat, my lord, he struck him again; and so my gossup up wid his *chir*, and swore he'd give him *guts for garters*; but I dun'na how it happened dat de carman fell agen him, and somehow or other, my gossup greased the *chir* in his *tripes*."

The judge, who was not the mildest man in the world, said to the witness, "Get down, you ruffian, there is no understanding your jargon."

Peter with great gravity, replied, "Oh, by Jasus, since dat's de case I'm off; but I'll call

to-morrow when you're *sober*, may be you'd be civilier den."

Perhaps a glossary to the evidence may be as necessary to the reader, as it was to the judge. *To sky de coppers*, means to toss up halfpence; *louse traps*, their *combs* used in tossing. *Music*, signifies harps (the impression on Irish halfpence); *mazzards*, head. *Edging de makes* at a *motty*, means pitching halfpence at a particular stone, and he that pitched nearest was the winner. *Stuff*, means whiskey; *miff'd*, means got angry; and *snotty*, means saucy. *Nipping de weed*, implies chewing tobacco. *Peeling*, or *blanching his bacon*, means stripping naked. *Dab* with his *daddle* upon the *snotter-box* and bringing the *claret* about his *mug*, means a stroke with his fist that produced a bloody nose; and the *chir*, is the short scraping knife used by the shoe-blacks. With these illustrations the testimony of Peter may perhaps be somewhat more intelligible to the English reader.

312.—A POOR PHYSICIAN, half doctor, half playwright, who from all his exertions, in the services of Hippocrates and Thespis, could scarcely keep life and soul together, was one morning posting to breakfast with a *patron*, in his threadbare sables; but had on a pair of new white silk stockings. He stopped by the way to have his *crab shells japanned*, i. e. his shoes blacked, by the redoubtable Peter; and when the job was finished, he tendered the operator half-a-crown to receive the difference. Peter wanted

to leave him in care of his *shop*, while he went in search of change. The doctor could not wait, nor would he trust him with the coin. Peter would not give credit, and the doctor must not depart without paying for his services. The doctor, exasperated, *rascalled* and *scoundrelled* the operator most furiously. Peter replied in pointed *slang*. At length, however, finding the halfpenny was not forthcoming, he says, "Well, if I am to *give credit*, let me finish the job decently; put your honour's feet togeder dat I may give de *finishing touch*;" which, being done, Peter with his polishing tool repeatedly slapped the doctor across both knees. The doctor became outrageous, struck the operator several times with his cane about the head, and then darted off in a fury. Some persons in the crowd now collected asked Peter if he knew his customer: "Aye," says Peter, "he is only a *lousy glister pipe, a mere foot soldier in the service of death*."

313.—DURING the rebellion of 1798, while the regiment of ancient Britons were gallantly carrying the terrors of fire and sword through the Wicklow and Wexford mountains, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Wardle, their commander-in-chief, Sir W. W. Wynne, was detained at Dublin, by a slight wound in the hand, which, however, did not prevent him from walking about the streets daily, with his arm in a crape sling; while his iron shod boots, and his trailing scimitar, raised such a clatter on the

pavement, as could not fail to impress the rabble with the terrors of his warlike presence.

Passing one day by the laboratory of Black Dick, who succeeded Blind Peter, the shoe-black, the *artist's deputy* says to his master, "I believe dat's de man dey call Sir Watkin Win, of the Welsh horse." "Well, and what of that?" answered Dick. "Noting," answered the deputy, "only dey say he's a great hero; but I don't tink he looks much like one."—"Your soul to the gallice!" rejoined Dick, "Do you want a *goose* to look like an *eagle*?"

314.—LORD CHANCELLOR CLARE, who seemed anxious to banish from his appearance in the streets all semblance of his rank, usually walked from his house, whether to the courts, or to the House of Lords, in his boots, a jockey frock, and a brown bob-wig, and was, as the phrase is, "up to all the cants of the mob." One day he arrived in the House of Lords to take the woolsack, and was wigged, robed, and in his place, long before any of the peers attended, or even the servants of the house expected his presence. He repeatedly called for the *deputy Black Rod*, an old Milesian named Bryant Connor, who was just then so engaged that he could not conveniently attend his lordship: but some minutes after arrived, when Lord Clare, in his jocular way, says to him, "Why, Connor, you old *dust*, I've been calling you this half-hour; what's the reason you don't attend the call of the house?"—"Because, my Lord," answered Connor,



“I was engaged in attending the calls of *Nathur*.”

315.—IT WAS one of the prominent complaints against Lord Clare, in his elevation to the seals, that he carried his political antipathies with him even to the Equity Bench, and those barristers who were members of parliament, and had opposed the noble lord in his politics while Attorney-General, usually received his marked discountenance in the Court of Chancery. Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. Curran, Mr. Egan, Mr. Fox, and several others, experienced those marks of antipathy in a way highly injurious to their professional pursuits, and have more than once thrown down their briefs, and quitted the court with marks of disgust and resentment; while a junior barrister, a nephew of the noble lord, without talents or popularity, was distinguished by his marked attention, as if with a view to throw grist into his empty bag. The noble lord had a favourite companion, a large Newfoundland dog, which not only accompanied him through the streets, but generally sat with him on the Chancery Bench. One day while that celebrated orator, Mr. Curran, was addressing his lordship in an eloquent speech, Lord Clare, with marked inattention and *non-chalance*, continued playing with his dog, and fondly patting him on the back. Mr. Curran, who had observed this for a considerable time with patience, at length made a full pause. The Chancellor missing the barrister's voice, suddenly turned, and said, “Are

you done, Mr. Curran?" Mr. Curran resumed, and addressing the peer and his *canine colleague*, answered, "No, my *Lords*, I thought your *Lordships* were in consultation, and I was unwilling to interrupt your *Lordships*. But now, my *Lords*, if your *Lordships* are disposed to attend, I shall proceed. Then, may it please your *Lordships*, as I was proceeding to observe—" The Chancellor felt the *hit*, beat down his dog, laughed heartily, apologised for his inattention, and requested Mr. Curran to proceed with his argument.

316.—THE LATE FATHER O'LEARY, of witty celebrity, had once a pamphleteering war of polemics with the protestant bishop of Cloyne, in which the prelate inveighed with great acrimony against the superstitions of popery, and particularly against the doctrine of purgatory. Father O'Leary, in his reply, slyly observed, "that much as the bishop disliked purgatory, he might possibly go much farther, and fare worse."

317.—AN IRISH GENTLEMAN, being asked some time since, what brought him to London, he answered, that he came to *see* the *invisible girl*.

318.—THE LATE MR. FORBES, one of the whig members of the Irish Parliament, and afterwards governor of the Bahama Islands, was a remarkably tall lank man and a very facetious companion. He was invited one day to dine with a convivial party, of which honest Tom

Edwards, the witty surgeon, was to make one. While the company were waiting in the drawing-room for the arrival of Mr. Forbes, Edwards was leaning out of the window; some carpenters passing under it at the moment, with a long wooden rain-spout payed over with pitch—Edwards suddenly started, and turned to the company, exclaiming, “God bless my soul! poor fellow! I never heard a word of his death.”—“Whose death?” asked several of the company.—“Aye,” said Edwards, with a heavy sigh, “poor Forbes, for whom we are waiting.”—“Dead!” says one; “Forbes dead?” says another.—“No,” says a third, “I saw him yesterday.”—“Oh! if you doubt my words,” said Edwards, “I suppose you’ll believe your own eyes.—Look out of the window, and you’ll see his *coffin* going by:” pointing to the spout on the carpenter’s shoulders.

319.—THE VETERAN COUNSELLOR CALDBECK, one day cross-examining a country fellow, as a witness, asked him in several ways, what he thought a particular person to be, from his own knowledge, hearsay, or belief; but could extract no other answer than that, “he did not know, and could not tell.”—“Come fellow,” said the counsellor, “answer me on your oath: what would you take me to be, if you did not actually know my person, and should meet me in the street?”—“Why then,” says the fellow, “since you ask me, I will tell you, Sir.—By vartue of my oath, if you had not that wig and gown upon you, I

should take you for a *little ould pedlar*:" (a palpable hit). The learned counsellor was silenced.

320.—AS AN IRISHMAN was crossing the horse road in Fleet Street, a one-horse chaise came very near him, when the driver bid him take care, when Paddy exclaimed, "By Jasus, if you run over me, I'll knock you down."

321.—ROBERT LAING, a farmer of very eccentric habits in the north of England, staying some time at an inn at Leicester, run up a bill that he was unable to pay, and was in consequence rather harshly treated by the landlord, who swore, that if he did not clear the whole by the next fair day he would sell his horse to discharge it. When the day came, and Master Boniface was preparing to put his threat in execution, Laing petitioned for a few hours' grace, and the sole use of one of the stables; which being granted, he sent the town-crier into the most public parts of the town, to proclaim, that at such an inn, there was just arrived a wonderful and miraculous horse, which was to be seen by all curious persons for sixpence apiece, with his head where his tail should be. So attractive an advertisement drew an amazing crowd of persons, who, on paying their fee, and being shown into the stable, found poor Rosinante with his tail tied to the manger. This each of them thought too good a jest to be enjoyed singly, and not wishing to be laughed at, blazoned the marvellous horse in such glowing colours, that the

fellow, who stood at the door, received money enough to have bought the fee simple of the stable.

322.—THE WIT and pleasantry of the late Mark Supple are fresh in the memory of his numerous acquaintance, and well known to all the curious and eccentric circles of Westminster within the last twenty years. He was an able and eminent reporter of the debates in Parliament, and acquitted his duties in that department with singular excellence, even when tipsey, during the whole of a debate. Attending in a crowded gallery one evening, when an important question was to come on, and the house extremely full on both sides, Mr. Pitt, and the whole of the ministerial phalanx were in their places; Mr. Addington in the chair, maintaining, with solemn gravity, the dignity of his office, and the whole assembly mute as mummies in a catacomb, the house had all the appearance of a Quaker's meeting. Supple, tipsey as usual, gravely took his pinch of snuff, and broke in upon the silence of the house with an address to the chair:—"Mr. Speaker!—hiccup—I'll be very much obliged if you'll be so good as to give us a song." The Speaker was quite electrified. Mr. Pitt burst into a loud and immoderate fit of laughter, and several other members, after many fruitless endeavours to preserve their gravity, followed his example. The Speaker called out, "Serjeant at arms, do your duty, and bring that person to the bar." In an instant the serjeant flew to the gal-



lery, and, with the grim authority of office, inquired who was the man that presumed to insult the house. Nobody would peach; but the serjeant was, by some silent finger, directed to Supple, upon whom the serjeant immediately seized. Supple, with great coolness, said, "My dear fellow, you're quite mistaken; that sly, drab-coloured gentleman (pointing to a quaker seated in the front row, behind the clock) is the man who called for the song; for my part, I have no taste for music." The serjeant flew like lightning after poor Obadiah, and dragged him out of the gallery in spite of all remonstrances, and was only prevented from bringing him to the bar, by the assurance of a gentleman from the members' gallery, who witnessed, and laughed heartily at the joke, that the quaker was not the man.

323.—A RAW YOUNG CALEDONIAN, who had recently made his *debût* in the gallery as a reporter, and had not got his ears into hearing order, could just distinguish something about a bill brought in by Mr. Curwen, "For the collecting of the harbour dues in the Isle of Man." The novice who sat next Supple, asked him what that bill was called, as he could not distinctly hear, "Oh!" says Supple, "it is only a Bill to prevent the harbouring of Jews in the Isle of Man." This item appeared in the Morning Chronicle of the ensuing day, and excited no small degree of consternation amongst "*our peoples*" in Duke's Place, who are said to have

very lucrative connexions with the smugglers in the island.

324.—THE EVE OF ALL-HALLOW'S is celebrated in Ireland, as an apple and nut feast; and so general is this in the metropolis, that the streets are thronged with women hawking those fruits in every quarter. A brace of these priestesses, entering the hall of the Four Courts on that day, pressed Counsellor Shannon to buy some nuts. The counsellor answered, "They are all empty, you baggages."—"They are the more like your head, Counsellor," replied one of the nymphs, and passed on crying her wares.

325.—A WORTHY ALDERMAN, captain of a volunteer corps, at a field-day before Lord Cornwallis, was ordering his company to fall back, in order to dress with the line, and gave the word—"Advance three paces backwards! march!"

326.—DURING the protracted debates upon the subject of public scarcity in 1802, Mr. Wilberforce one night made a long and able speech, in the course of which, he recommended great encouragement to the cultivation of potatoes, as a source of cheap food for the poor. A reporter, who was desirous of being attentive to every thing which fell from that honourable gentleman, unluckily fell asleep, and only awaked just as Mr. Wilberforce was concluding. He was extremely mortified at having missed the speech, and asked a droll "fellow-labourer," the well known Charles Wilson, who sat next to him, to detail the leading

points of the honourable member's argument. The other told him, with great gravity, that Mr. Wilberforce had been extremely eloquent in recommending the culture of potatoes, that he instanced their good effects in the gigantic stature, broad shoulders, vigorous constitution, and comely persons of the Irish peasantry, of whom he had seen so many herculean specimens in his walks through St. Giles and Covent Garden, and withal lamented that his parents and guardians had not fed him in his early youth upon those salubrious roots, which would have rendered him *tall* and *athletic*, instead of the tiny person he was.

This text was quite enough for the spinner of eloquence, who amplified these points in his next day's paper, to a speech of four columns, without a single sentence of what Mr. Wilberforce had really uttered. On the next day, being at his post, as usual, Mr. Wilberforce rose with the identical newspaper in his hand. The call of "Privilege! Privilege!" echoed from several voices, and Mr. Wilberforce addressed the chair, by expressing his unwillingness at all times to restrain the liberty of the press, or to oppose the standing orders of the house, against that usage which had long prevailed, of detailing in the public papers what passed there in discussion; but where a gross misrepresentation was made of the speech of a member, it ought not to pass in silence. He held in his hand a report, purporting to be a report of his own speech the preceding night, and he would appeal to the

house, whether it contained a syllable of what he had said. (Read! read! echoed from all sides.) Mr. Wilberforce put on his spectacles, and proceeded to the reading, but every sentence produced in the house a burst of laughter, until he came to that part where he was stated to have lamented that he had not been early fed upon potatoes, and thereby rendered tall, broad-shouldered, and athletic, instead of the tiny person he was. This threw the house into a roar of laughter, when Mr. Wilberforce himself, dismounting his spectacles, good humouredly joined in the laugh, and said, "Well, I protest the thing is so ludicrous, that it is hardly worth serious notice, and I shall pursue it no farther."

327.—THE HUMOURIST, whose hoax upon a brother reporter produced this incident, was well known in the literary circles, and "a fellow of infinite jest:" but though he was himself a person of much wit and pointed satire, he feared *foils* more than Supple. For, like all wits, he dreaded a retort, and had scarcely temper enough to sustain a palpable hit. One night, in company with Supple at a convivial party, Supple commenced a "galling fire" upon him, and after exchanging a few shot, Wilson says to Supple, "Oh! Mark, we all know from whence you *coin* your jokes, Joe Miller to wit."—"My dear Wilson," said Supple, "*Wit* you may have: but the less you say about *coin* the better, for it's a commodity in which you seldom deal." This was touching on the *raw* of poor Wilson's feel-

ings; and he flew out of the room, fairly vanquished without venturing a reply.

328.—A YOUNG MUNSTERMAN, who was entered a midshipman on board Lord Pakenham's ship, had the good fortune to escape unwounded; and when he returned on shore at Cork was gratifying the curiosity of his fond grandmother with a detail of the sea fight, "Dear me, child!" said the old lady, "and were not the sailors all terribly frightened at the firing of the cannons and the shot flying about their heads?" "Frightened!" answered the young hero, "no more than if they were throwing *snow-balls* at each other."

329.—LOUIS XIV. asked Count Mahony one day if he understood Italian? "Yes, please your majesty," answered the count, "if it was spoken in Irish."

330.—A RIDER to a capital house in Watling-street, being on a journey, was attacked a few miles beyond Winchester by a single highwayman, who, taking him by surprise, robbed him of his purse and pocket-book, containing cash and notes to a considerable amount. "Sir," said the rider with great presence of mind, "I have suffered you to take my property, and you are welcome to it. It is my master's, and the loss cannot do him much harm; but as it will look very cowardly in me, to have been robbed without making any defence, I should take it kindly of you just to fire a pistol through my coat."—"With all my heart," said the highwayman, "where will you have the ball?"—"Here," said



the rider, "Just by the side of the button." The unthinking highwayman was as good as his word; but the moment he fired, the rider knocked him off his horse, and, with the assistance of a traveller, who just at that time arrived, lodged the highwayman in Winchester Gaol.

331.—THE LATE EARL OF S—— kept an Irish footman, and sent him one day with a present to a certain judge; who in return sent my lord half a dozen live partridges with a letter; the partridges fluttering in the basket upon Pat's back, as he was carrying them home, he set down the basket, and opened the lid of it to quiet them, whereon they all flew away: "Oh! the devil burn ye," said he, "I am glad you are gone." But when he came home, and my lord had read the letter: "Why, Pat," said my lord, "I find there are half a dozen partridges in the letter."—"Arrah," said Pat, "I am glad you have found them in the letter; for they all flew out of the basket, and I did not know what became of them."

332.—COUNSELLOR MACKMAHON, had lately a client of his own country who was a sailor, and having been at sea for some time, his wife was married again in his absence, so he was resolved to prosecute her; and coming to advise with the counsellor, he told him he must have witnesses to prove that he was alive when his wife married again: "Arrah, by my shoul, that shall be impossible," said the other; "for my shipmates are all gone to sea again, upon a long voyage,

and shan't return this twelvemonth."—"Oh, then," answered the counsellor, "there can be nothing done in it; and what a pity it is that such a brave cause should be lost now, only because you cannot *prove yourself to be alive*."

333.—AN OFFICER in full regimentals passing through a street in Dublin, apprehensive lest he should come in contact with a chimney-sweep that was pressing towards him, exclaimed, "Hold off, you black rascal."—"You were as black as me before you were boiled," cried sooty.

334.—A YOUNG MAN having asked an Hibernian who was looked up to as a *scholar*, what was meant by the *posthumous* works of such a writer? "Why," said the other, "posthumous works are those books which a man writes *after he is dead*."

335.—ON A BENEFIT NIGHT at the Dublin theatre, many particular friends of the actor were let in at a private door, before the great doors were opened, which when discovered, a gentlemen cried out, in a passion, "It is a shame they should fill the house full of people, before any body comes!"

336.—AN IRISH OFFICER in Minorca was found by a gentleman who came to visit him in a morning a little ruffled, and being asked the reason, he replied he had lost a pair of fine black silk stockings out of his room, that cost eighteen shillings; but he hoped he should get them again, for he had ordered them to be cried, with a reward of half-a-crown to the person who brought

them. His friend observing that this was too poor a recompense for such a pair of silk stockings: "Pooh, man," replied he, "I directed the cryer to say they were *worsted*."

337.—ADMIRAL THOMPSON, when a midshipman, served under the celebrated admiral, then commodore, Boscawen, who was just such a dashing fellow as our present Lord Cochrane. He used to tell a curious story of an Hibernian tar on board his ship, who landed with a party of volunteers to surprise a French fort, upon one of their islands in the West Indies. The party landed some hours before daylight, and concealed themselves in a wood at a short distance from the fortress, while the officer who led them reconnoitred the place.

Pat, who had taken an over-dose of grog before he landed, sat down and fell asleep behind some brushwood; but the enemy having been apprised of the landing of the party, were advancing in force from the next village, with fifes and drums, towards the beach, which taught the officers of the British to hurry their men on board their boats, and return to the squadron; but in the hurry of this retreat Pat was left behind. Having finished his nap by about six in the morning, when the day began to dawn, Pat, remembering the purpose for which he had landed, and missing his companions, without dreaming of their retreat, advanced towards the French fort, which was only manned by a few soldiers, and the greater part of them were asleep

in their guard house. He scaled the wall, killed the first man he met with his cutlass, hauled down the French flag, and then run round the rampart, cheering most vociferously, with a pistol in one hand and his cutlass in the other. The officer of the enemy's guard, thinking the place was surprised by a strong force, readily surrendered his sword, and entreated mercy for his men, not more than a dozen in number; whom Pat, like a generous conqueror, permitted to retreat by the postern, with their lives, to the next village, about five miles' distance, where the main force was quartered; and having secured the gate, his next care was to overhaul the signal flags, where he had the good fortune to find a British ensign, which he immediately hoisted at the flag-staff, and stood by it cheering most vociferously, and flourishing his hat aloft, in hopes of attracting the notice of his commander, whose ships lay just out of gunshot in sight of the fort.

The commodore, seeing the British flag fluttering over the French bastion, at first supposed it to be a decoy; but some of Pat's shipmates recognised him through their glasses, and the boats were instantly manned, and a strong party sent on shore, under the officer who had before commanded. Pat, overjoyed at their arrival, cheered still more loudly, and bid them come round to the gate, where the draw-bridge was down, and he would give them admittance.

He shortly detailed his operation; but the officer seeing there was no time to be lost, spiked all

the guns, and laid a train to the magazine, and immediately proceeded to his boats, having fired the train, and blown up the place.

When Pat came on board, he was taken to task by the commodore for having deserted his party when on shore, and threatened to be put in irons for disobedience of orders. "Oh! by Jasus, your honor," says Pat, "if that is all the thanks I'm to get, only forgive me this time, and I'll never take any more French forts as long as I live again."

The commodore, highly diverted with his vindication and promise of amendment, dubbed Pat a post-boatswain upon the spot, and made him a present of twenty guineas.

338.—SWIFT'S STELLA, who was an Irish lady, being extremely ill, her physician said, "Madam, you are certainly near the bottom of the hill, but we shall endeavour to get you up again." She replied, "Doctor, I am afraid I shall be *out of breath* before I get to the top again."

339.—THREE FISHERMEN in a smack from Baldryle, near Dublin, had proceeded some distance to sea on a professional trip, but were surprised by a dreadful storm, and blown some eighty leagues to the southward. Completely out of their latitude, wet, hungry, and exhausted, and without any compass or chart on board, which, even if they had, they would not know how to use, they fell in with an outward-bound Indiaman, which, the weather being more calm,



they approached and hailed. "Whither are you bound, a-hoy?"—"To Bengal," was the answer.—"That's our own country," answered the hailing fishermen, "and we are bound there too, our provisions are all out, can you give us any?" The captain of the Indiaman rather surprised at their project of a voyage to Bengal in so small a vessel, bid them come alongside, and ordered them a tierce of pork, some bags of biscuit, and a keg of rum, and bid them fall into his wake, for the convenience of more easily sailing, as long as they could keep up. The poor fellows, thankful for his assistance, obeyed his instructions, and after sailing two days and two nights, and wondering they had not come to their destined port, hailed again, and demanded how long the voyage was to last; they were astonished with the answer, "Perhaps five months with fair winds."—"Five months!" exclaimed the other, "why *blur-an-ounds*, we'd fetch it ourselves in eight-and-forty hours, if we knew which way to steer."—"Shiver my timbers!" roared the boatswain, "then you must be Lapland witches." However, this led to an explanation from the three adventurers that Fingal and not Bengal was the place of their destination, from which they were then about five days' sail. The captain pitying their situation, threw them a chart and a small compass, directing them to steer a north-east course. He might as well have thrown them a *pot-lid*, for the poor fellows knew nothing of charts and compasses, having studied all their

navigation within their native latitude, and rarely quit sight of the land. They, however, contrived with a strong iron spike to *naïl* the compass to their mast, and taking the *sun* for their compass, they kept as nearly as they could in the given direction, and by the favour of a brisk and favourable breeze which sprung up, reached their homes in about four days, to the great joy of their sorrowing friends and neighbours who had given them up for lost.

340.—AN IRISH GARDENER seeing a boy stealing some fruit, swore, if he caught him there again, he'd lock him up in the *ice-house*, and *warm* his jacket.

341.—AT a late assizes in Ireland, a witness was asked, whether, on a former occasion, he had not given a different account of the transaction? He admitted the fact, but said that he was then *humbugged* in the business. "*Humbugged!*" replied the counsel, impatiently, "I do not understand the phrase."—"I thought," rejoined the witness, "that everybody understood it: but to explain it by a familiar instance—If I were to tell the noble lord on the bench, or the gentlemen who are sworn to try this cause, that you were an *able* counsel, that would be to *humbug* both judge and jury!"

342.—A SCOTCHMAN giving evidence at the bar of the House of Lords, in the affair of Captain Porteus, and telling of the variety of shots which were fired upon that unhappy occasion, was asked by the Duke of Newcastle, what kind

of shot it was? "Why," said the man, in his broad dialect, "sic as they shoot fools (fowls) wi', an' the like."—"What kind of fools?" asked the duke, smiling at the word.—"Why, my lord, dukes (ducks), and sic kin o' fools."

343.—AN IRISH GENTLEMAN was relating in company that he *saw* a terrible wind the other night. "*Saw* a wind!" said another, "I never heard of a wind being seen. But, pray, what was it like?"—"Like to have blow'd my house about my ears," replied the first.

344.—A LAD OF THE HOD ascending on day with a portion of mortar, when he had attained about the middle story a rung of the ladder gave way under his foot, and he fortunately landed, after a fall of thirty-six feet, with his *sitting-part* upon a heap of loose rubbish. He was instantly surrounded by a crowd who reckoned that he was killed. Pat, however, but slightly hurt, instantly jumped upon his feet and looking round the crowd, said, "By St. Patrick, I'll howld you a gallon of porther, the tightest amongst you *won't do that*."

345.—DURING the mayoralty of Alderman Sir James Shaw, a tall raw-boned Irish sailor from Cork was brought before him, charged with a desperate assault upon one of the street-keepers, who had taken him into custody for being riotous opposite the India House. This officer told a very formal story, that the defendant had *assaulted* him in the execution of his duty, offered to *mislest* him, and he was very ob-

*stropulus*, and had struck him a violent blow on the head. "What have you to say in your defence?" asked the grave magistrate.—"Do you believe him, my lord?" said the Irishman, with a humourous look.—"I must believe him," replied the magistrate, "unless you can prove to the contrary."—"Did you ever see a double-jointed man, my lord?" pulling up the sleeve of his jacket, and exhibiting his Herculean arm, "if I struck him a blow on the head," continued he, "he'd never tell who *hurt*ed him, for devil a head he'd have on his shoulders. He might as well get a kick from one of your lordship's coach horses, as a *whack* of my fist."—"Well, my good friend," said the magistrate, who saw there was more of malice than truth in the accusation, "you seem to be a good-humoured fellow, and if I dismiss you this time, will you go quietly to your ship, and raise no more riots?"—"Oh! 'pon honour, my lord, as quiet as a lamb; but hark'ee, Mister Street Keeper, no more of your *Hurroo Pats*, if you plase."

346.—PAT having paid London a visit for the first time on a Sunday, and seeing the ladies walking with their reticules in their hands, exclaimed, "Ah! by St. Patrick, the English girls I see are knowing ones; no one, faith and troth, can *pick their pockets*, except they run away with their *purses out of their hands*."

347.—CAROLAN, the celebrated Irish bard, had an insatiable fondness for whiskey, and refusing his gratification, was a certain method of

raising his satire. Residing for some time in the house of a parsimonious lady, he happened one day as he sat playing on his harp, to hear O'Flin the butler unlocking the cellar door, he instantly arose, and following the man, requested a glass of his favourite beverage; but the fellow thrust him rudely out of the cellar, declaring he would give him nothing unless he had orders from his mistress. The insulted and indignant bard instantly uttered the following bitter epigram:—

“What a pity hell-gates are not kept by O'Flin,  
So surly a dog would let nobody in.”

348.—AN IRISH SOLDIER pretending dumbness, and the surgeon of the regiment, after several attempts to restore him, declaring him incurable, was discharged. He, a short time afterwards enlisted in another corps, and being recognised by an old comrade, and questioned how he learned to speak? “By the powers,” replied Terence, “*ten guineas would make any man speak.*”

349.—A SINGER once complaining to Mr. Jeffery that himself and his brother (both of whom were deemed simpletons), had been ordered to take ass's milk, but that on account of its expensiveness, he hardly knew what he should do. “Do?” cried Mr. Jeffery, “why suck one another, to be sure.”

350.—THE FACETIOUS MARCUS SUPPLE, some of whose pleasantries we have before men-



tioned, was one evening in the gallery of the House of Commons, when a Caledonian gentleman, the proprietor of the morning paper for which Marcus was retained as a reporter, entered the crowded gallery with a friend from Edinburgh, whom he wished to introduce to the novelities of the British senate. The latter took a standing post in Supple's front with the *stern* close to his face. Marcus, tipsey as usual, addressed the Caledonian very civilly, "I'll be much obliged to you, Sir, if you'll be so good as to remove your *snuff-box*, as I don't much like the odour of your *Edinburgh flowers*." The Scot in a surly mood complained of this indignity to his inductor, who, thinking himself entitled to take a rough liberty with the wit, told him, "he *thought* it was *very extraordinary* that he couldn't be *watty without being impart'nent*."—"Oh! for the matter of that," said Supple, "it is not more extraordinary than that some of my Scotch friends can be very *impertinent* without being *witty*."

351.—STERNE, so celebrated as the author of *Tristram Shandy*, and the *Sentimental Journey*, was of Cambridge University; no strict priest, but, as a clergyman, not likely to hear with indifference his whole fraternity treated contemptuously. Being one day in a coffee-house, he observed a spruce powdered young fellow by the fire-side, who was speaking of the clergy, in a mass, as a body of disciplined impostors and systematic hypocrites. Sterne got up, while the

young man was haranguing, and approached towards the fire, patting and coaxing all the way a favourite little dog. Coming at length towards the gentleman, he took up the dog, still continuing to pat him, and addressed the young fellow—"Sir, this would be the prettiest little animal in the world, had he not one disorder!"—"What disorder is that?" replied the young fellow. "Why, sir," said Sterne, "one that always makes him bark when he sees a gentleman in black."—"That is a singular disorder," replied the young fellow; "pray, how long has he had it?"—"Sir," replied Sterne, looking at him with affected gentleness, "ever since he was a puppy!"

352.—A WITNESS was called upon to testify concerning the reputation of another witness for veracity. "Why," said he, "I hardly know what to tell you, M.—sometimes jests and jokes, and then I don't believe him; but when he undertakes to tell anything for a fact, I believe him about as much as I do the *rest of my neighbours*."

353.—A CANTAB, one day observing a *ragamuffin-looking* boy scratching his head at the door of Mr.—, bookseller, in Cambridge, where he was begging, and thinking to pass a joke upon him, said—"So, Jack, you are picking them out, are you?"—"Nah, sar," retorted the urchin, "I *takes* 'em as they come!"

354.—LOUIS XIV. passing through Rheims, in 1666, was harangued by the Mayor, who, presenting to him some bottles of wine and pears, said to him—"Sire, we bring to your Majesty

our wine, our pears, and our hearts; we have nothing better." The king tapped him on the shoulder, saying—" *Such speeches do I like.*"

355.—SAMUEL BALDWIN, a gentleman of Hampshire, had, by his will, in the year 1736, ordered, that, after his decease, his body should be thrown into the sea beyond the Needles, which was accordingly complied with. On making inquiry into his motives for this singular disposal of his remains, it was discovered, that he made it for the purpose of disappointing a young wife, who had frequently assured him, by way of consolation, that she would—*dance upon his grave.*

356.—AN AMIABLE HINDOO, at Bombay, being taken to a veranda overlooking the assembly-room, where a number of ladies and gentlemen were going down a country dance, his conductor asked him how he liked the cheerful amusement; the mild Indian replied—" Master, I do not quite understand this business; but in our caste we say, if we place butter too near the fire, butter will soon melt."

357.—NOT VERY LONG AGO, a gentleman, who sometimes speaks his mind, was dining at the table of a bishop, surrounded by gentlemen who do not always do so—for they were his chaplains. His lordship gave much into the marvellous, to which the inferior clergy bowed assent. " And I remember," cried his lordship, " when the old palace of Ely was pulled down, there was a toad found under the wall, at least eight inches across the back, and twelve in length. The toad was

supposed to be a hundred years old.”—“*Wonderful*,” answered the chaplains. “*Wonderful indeed*,” answered the gentlemen, “for it proves that in those days there were no *toad-eaters*.”

358.—AN IRISH OFFICER in the service of France, having importuned Lewis the Fourteenth in favour of a brother officer, the king interrupted him as he was proceeding, and exclaimed, “Your countrymen are troublesome.”—“Your Majesty’s enemies say the same thing,” returned the officer; which put his Majesty in such a good humour, that he immediately granted the request.

359.—AN OLD WOMAN received a letter from the post-office, at New York. Not knowing how to read, and being anxious to know the contents, supposing it to be from one of her absent sons, she called on a person near to read the letter to her. He accordingly began and read—“Charleston, June 23, 1826. Dear mother,” then making a stop to find out what followed (as the writing was rather bad), the old lady exclaimed—“*Oh, ’tis my poor Jerry, he always stuttered!*”

360.—WHEN KLEBER WAS IN EGYPT, he sustained, during five hours, with only two thousand men, the united efforts of twenty thousand. He was nearly surrounded, was wounded, and had only a narrow defile by which to escape. In this extremity, he called to him a chef de bataillon, named Chevardin, for whom he had a particular regard. “Take,” said he to him, “a company of grenadiers, and stop the enemy at the ravine. You will be killed, but you will save your com-

rades.”—“Yes, my general,” replied Chevardin. He gave his watch and his pocketbook to his servant, executed the order, and his death, in fact, arrested the enemy, and saved the French.

361.—*A Nocturnal Sketch.*

EVEN is come; and from the dark Park, hark,  
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!  
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time  
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain,—  
Or hear Othello’s jealous doubt spout out,—  
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,  
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;—  
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride  
Four horses as no other man can span;  
Or, in the small Olympic Pit, sit split  
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.  
Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings things  
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung:  
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,  
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,  
About the streets and take up Pall-Mall Sal,  
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,  
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep, sleep, creep,  
But frighten’d by Police B. 3, flee,  
And while they’re going, whisper low, “No go!”  
Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,  
And sleepers waking, grumble—“drat that cat!”  
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls  
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.  
Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise  
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor  
Georgy, or Charles, or Billy, willy nilly;—  
But nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-press’d,  
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,  
And that she hears—what faith is man’s—Ann’s banns  
And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice;  
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,  
That upwards goes, shews Rose knows those bows  
woes!



362.—WHEN the British ships under Lord Nelson was bearing down to attack Trafalgar, the first lieutenant of the *Revenge*, on going round to see that all hands were at quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun. So very unusual an attitude in an English sailor exciting his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked the man if he was afraid. "Afraid!" answered the honest tar, "no! I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as prize-money—the greatest part among the officers."

363.—"INDEED, indeed, friend Tom," said one citizen to another, "you have spoiled the look of your nag by cropping his ears too close; what could be your reason for it?"—"Why, friend Turtle, I will tell you—my horse had a strange knack of being frightened, and on very trifling occasions would prick up his ears as if he had seen the devil, and so, to cure him, I cropt him."

364.—A PEDANTIC COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER asked a sailor what was the third and half third of ten-pence. The sailor, who was illiterate, but unwilling to confess his ignorance, evaded giving an answer by saying, that he did not choose to give that knowledge for nothing, which had cost him much trouble and expense to acquire: adding, that he could propose a much harder question than that. The pedagogue, peaked at this, exclaimed—"What is that!"—"Why," said the tar, "if a pound of cheese costs fourpence, what will a cartload of turnips amount to."

365.—ABOUT HALF A CENTURY AGO, when it was more the fashion to drink ale at Oxford than at present, a humorous fellow, of punning memory, established an alehouse near the pound, and wrote over his door, "Ale sold by the pound." As his ale was as good as his jokes, the Oxonians resorted to his house in great numbers, and sometimes stayed there beyond the college hours. This was made a matter of complaint to the Vice-Chancellor, who was desired to take away his license, by one of the Proctors of the University. Boniface was summoned to attend, and when he came into the Vice-Chancellor's presence, he began hawking and spitting about the room; this the Chancellor observed, and asked what he meant by it?—"Please your worship," said he, "I came here on purpose to clear myself." The Vice-Chancellor imagined that he actually weighed his ale, and sold it in that manner; he therefore said to him—"They tell me you sell your ale by the pound; is that true?"—"No, an't please your worship," replied the wit. "How do you, then?" said the Chancellor. "Very well, I thank you, Sir," replied the wit; "how do you do?" The Chancellor laughed, and said—"Get away for a rascal, I will say no more to you." The fellow departed, and crossing the quadrangle, met the Proctor who laid the information; "Sir," said he, "the Vice-Chancellor wants to speak with you;" and returned with him. "Here, Sir," said he, "here he is."—"Who?" said the Chancellor. "Why, Sir," said he, "you sent me for

a rascal, and I have brought you the greatest that I know of."

366.—A LAWYER, upon a circuit in Ireland, who was pleading the cause of an infant plaintiff, took the child up in his arms, and presented it to the jury, suffused with tears. This had a great effect, until the opposite lawyer asked the child—"What made him cry?"—"He pinched me!" answered the little innocent. The whole court was convulsed with laughter.

367.—DR. STUKELEY waited upon Sir Isaac Newton a little before dinner-time; but he had given orders not to be called down to anybody, till his dinner was upon the table; at length a boiled chicken was brought in, and Stukeley waited till it was nearly cold, when, being very hungry, he ate it up, and ordered another to be dressed for Sir Isaac, who came down before the second was ready, and seeing the dish and cover of the first, which had not been removed, he lifted up the latter, and, turning to Dr. Stukeley, said—"What strange folks we studious people are! I really forgot that I had dined."

368.—THE HON. MR. RIGBY, being one evening at hazard, in a public place, was very successful; and having won a considerable sum, he was putting it in his purse, when a person behind him said, in a low voice to himself—"Had I that sum, what a happy man I should be!" Mr. R. without looking back, put the purse over his shoulder, saying—"Take it, my friend, and be happy." The stranger made no reply, but ac-

cepted it, and retired. Every one present was astonished at Mr. Rigby's uncommon beneficence, whilst he received additional pleasure, on being informed that the person who had received the benefit was a half-pay officer in great distress. Some years after, a gentleman waited upon him, and, being introduced to Mr. R., acquainted him that he came to acquit a debt he had contracted with him in Dublin. Mr. R. was greatly surprised at this declaration, as he was an entire stranger. "Yes, Sir," continued the visitor, "you assisted me with above a hundred pounds, at a time that I was in the utmost indigence, without knowing or even seeing me;" and then related the affair of the gaming-table. "With that money," continued the stranger, "I was enabled to pay some debts, and fit myself out for India, where I have been so fortunate as to make an ample fortune." Mr. Rigby declined taking the money, but, through the pressing solicitation of the gentleman, accepted a valuable diamond ring.

369.—THE LATE DUKE OF GRAFTON, when hunting, was thrown into a ditch; at the same time a young curate, calling out, "Lie still, my lord," leaped over him, and pursued his sport. Such apparent want of feeling, we may presume, was properly resented. No such thing. On being helped out by his attendants, his Grace said—"that man shall have the first good living that falls to my disposal—had he stopped to have taken care of me, I never would have given him

anything: "being delighted with an ardour similar to his own, or with a spirit that would not stoop to flatter.

370.—DR. HENNIKER, being engaged in private conversation with the great Earl of Chatham, his lordship asked him how he defined wit. "My lord," said the doctor, "wit is like what a pension would be, given by your lordship to your humble servant, *a good thing well applied.*"

371.—SIR WILLIAM B. being at a parish meeting, made some proposals that were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, "Sir," says he to the farmer, "do you know that I have been to two universities, and at two colleges in each university?"—"Well, Sir," said the farmer, "what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, that the more he sucked the greater calf he grew."

372.—SIR W. CURTIS was once present at a public dinner where the Dukes of York and Clarence formed part of the company. The President gave as a toast, "*The Adelphi*" (the Greek word for "The Brothers"). When it came to the worthy baronet's turn to give a toast, he said, "Mr. President, as you seem inclined to give *public buildings*, I beg leave to propose *Somerset House.*"

373.—ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S FRIGATES, being at anchor on a winter's night in a tremendous gale of wind, the ground broke, and she began to drive. The lieutenant of the watch ran down to the captain, awoke him from his sleep,



and told him the anchor had come home. "Well," said the captain, rubbing his eyes, "I think our anchor is perfectly right, for who would stay out such a night as this?"

374.—WHEN Johnson had completed his Dictionary, the delay of which had quite exhausted the patience of Millar, the bookseller, the latter acknowledged the receipt of the last sheet in the following terms:

"Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the Dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him."

To this uncourteous intimation, the doctor replied in this smart retort:

"Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find (as he does by his note) that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for anything."

375.—A GENTLEMAN, travelling on a journey, having a light guinea which he could not pass, gave it to his Irish servant, and desired him to pass it upon the road. At night he asked him if he had passed the guinea. "Yes, Sir," replied Teague, "but I was forced to be very sly; the people refused it at breakfast and at dinner; so, at a turnpike, where I had fourpence to pay, I whipped it in between two half-pence, and the man put it into his pocket, and never saw it."

376.—A LITTLE BOY having been much praised for his quickness of reply, a gentleman present observed, that when children were keen

in their youth, they were generally stupid and dull when they advanced in years, and *vice versa*. "What a *very sensible boy*, Sir, *you* must have been!" returned the child.

377.—A LADY observing Mr. Jekyll directing some letters, one of which was addressed to Mr. —, Solicitor; and another to Mr. —, Attorney; inquired what was the difference between an Attorney and a Solicitor. "Much the same, my dear madam," replied the wit, "as there is between a *Crocodile* and an *Alligator*."

378.—ALDERMAN FAULKNER, of Dublin, in his Journal, announced the accouchement of "*her* grace the Duke of Dorset." Next day it was thus corrected:—"For *her* grace the *Duke* of Dorset, read *his* grace the *Duchess* of Dorset."

379.—ONE EVENING, Tom Sheridan, after sitting with his father over a bottle, was complaining of the emptiness of his pocket. The right honourable manager told him, jocularly, to go on the highway. "I have tried that already," said he, "but without success."—"Ay! how?" replied the father.—"Why," resumed he, "I stopped a caravan full of passengers, who assured me they had not a farthing, as they all belonged to Drury Lane Theatre and could not get a penny of their salary."

380.—WHEN Lucy Cowper was once examined in a court of justice, one of the counsellors asked her if she came there in the character of a modest woman? "No, Sir," replied she, "I do not;

that which has been the ruin of me, has been the making of you—I mean impudence.”

381.—DR. CHEYNE, of Bath, and a Mr. Tantley, were deemed the two fattest men in Somersetshire. When they were once sitting together after dinner, Cheyne asked the other what made him look so melancholy? “Faith,” replied he, “I was thinking how it will be possible for the people to get either you or me to the grave after we, die.”—“Why, as to me,” replied Cheyne “six or eight stout fellows will do the business, but you must be taken at twice.”

382.—A YOUNG MAN, boasting of his health and constitutional stamina, very lately, in the hearing of Wewitzer, the player, was asked to what he chiefly attributed so great a happiness—“To what, Sir?—To laying in a good foundation, to be sure. I make a point, Sir, to eat a great *deal* every morning.”—“Then I presume, Sir,” remarked Wewitzer, “you usually breakfast in a *timber-yard*.”

383.—A CROOKED GENTLEMAN, on his arrival at Bath, was asked by another, what place he had travelled from? “I came *straight* from London,” replied he.—“Did you so?” said the other, “then you have been terribly *warped by the way*.”

384.—AS A CERTAIN MUSICIAN, who had a very bad voice, was singing one day, he took notice of a gentlewoman who fell a-crying; when, imagining that the sweetness of his melody awaked some passion in her breast, he began to sing louder, and she to weep more bitterly. He

had no sooner ended the song, but going to the lady he asked her why she cried—"Oh!" she said, "I am the unfortunate woman, whose ass the wolves devoured yesterday, and no sooner did I hear you sing, but I thought on my poor ass, for surely never were voices so much alike."

385.—A SPARK being brought before a magistrate on a charge of horse-stealing, the moment he saw him, exclaimed—"giving villain in your countenance."—"It is d to his time," said the prisoner, very coolly, " & the knew my countenance was a *looking-glass*."

386.—AN EVIDENCE in a court speaking in a very harsh and loud voice, the lawyer employed on the other side exclaimed—"Fellow, why dost thou *bark* so furiously?"—"Because," replied the rustic, "I think I see a *thief*."

387.—A COUNTRYMAN, on a trial respecting a fishery, at the late Lancaster assizes, was cross-examined by Sergeant Cockel, who, among many other questions, asked the witness—"Dost thou love fish?"—"Yes," said the poor fellow, with a look of native simplicity, "but I donna like *Cockle* sauce with it." A roar of laughter followed, in which the sergeant joined, with his usual good humour.

388.—THERE are three things which a good wife should resemble, and yet those three things she should not resemble. She should be like a town clock—keep time and regularity. She should not be like a town clock—speak so loud that all the town may hear her. She should be

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like a snail—prudent, and keep within her own house. She should not be like a snail—carry all she has upon her back. She should be like an echo—speak when spoken to. She should not be like an echo—determined always to have the last word.

380.—A FORWARD YOUNG LADY was walking. I was talking on the Steyne at Brighton, when she people told me a facetious friend. “You see, Mr. we, die,” said she, “I am come out to get a “six sun and air.”—“I think, madam, you had better get a little husband first,” was the reply.

390.—A CAPTAIN IN THE NAVY, meeting a friend as he landed at Portsmouth, boasted that he had left his whole ship’s company the happiest fellows in the world. “How so?” asked his friend. “Why I have just flogged seventeen, and they are happy it is over; and all the rest are happy that they have escaped.”

391.—THE LATE SIR SAMUEL HOOD, who died when commander-in-chief on the East India station, had a lieutenant on board, named Roby, supposed to be a natural son of his. One night, when Roby had the watch, a squall of wind split the main-top sail. Old Hood ran out of his cabin in a passion, and exclaimed—“It is all your fault, Roby, you are the greatest lubber in the British navy.”—“Now,” said Roby, “I believe what all the ship’s company say to be true.”—“And what do the ship’s company say, Sir,” thundered out the commodore. “Why, that I



am the picture of you in everything." Hood laughed at the sarcasm, and they were better friends than ever.

392.—A FELLOW stole Lord Chatham's large gouty shoes; his servant not finding them, began to curse the thief. "Never mind," said his lordship, "all the harm I wish the rogue is, that the shoes may *fit him!*"

393.—WHEN MR. CANNING was about giving up Gloucester Lodge, Brompton, he said to his gardener, as he took a farewell look of the grounds—"I am sorry, Fraser, to leave this *old* place."—"Psha, Sir," said George, "don't fret; when you had this *old* place, you were *out* of place; now you are *in place*, you can get both *yourself and me a better place.*" The hint was taken, and old George provided for.

394.—A PARTY who had been rather overdone by the *potentiality* of their beverage in a tavern in Leadenhall street, staggered out of the house while the watchman was crying past three o'clock. This so much offended one of the company that he insisted on the poor fellow's altering his tone, and announcing it to be past eleven o'clock. The watchman immediately complied, but being at some loss how to finish his sentence, said, "Pray, gentlemen, what *sort of weather* would you choose to have?"

395.—AS MR. REYNELL, a man of some fortune in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, was one day taking his ride, and being, according to his own idea, a person of no small consequence,

he thought proper to shew it by riding on the footpath. Meeting a plain farmer-looking man, he ordered him imperiously to get out of his way. "Sir," said the other, "I don't understand this: I am upon the footpath, where I certainly have a right to walk."—"Do you know, Sir," said Mr. Reynell, "to whom you speak?"—"I do not, indeed."—"Sir, I am Mr. Reynell, of Edinburgh."—"Well, Sir, but that certainly does not entitle you to ride on a footpath, and to drive a humble pedestrian off it."—"Why, Sir, I am a trustee of this road."—"If you are, you are a very bad one."—"You are a very impudent fellow—who are you, Sir?"—"I am John, Duke of Montague." It is almost unnecessary to add that the haughty Laird, after a very awkward apology, went off into the main road.

396.—AN ARCH BOY belonging to one of the ships of war at Portsmouth, had purchased of his playfellows a magpie, which he carried to his father's house: and was at the door feeding it, when a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had an impediment in his speech, coming up—"T—T—T—Tom," says the gentleman, "can your mag t—t—t—talk yet?"—"Ay, Sir," says the boy, "*better than you, or I'd wring his head off!*"

397.—TWO SPORTING MEN discoursing about a horse that had lost a race, one of them, by way of apology, observed—"That the cause of it was an accident, his running against a *waggon*;" to which the other, who affected not to understand

him, archly replied,—“ Why, what else was he fit to run *against*? ”

398.—AN OPULENT FARMER applied to an attorney about a law-suit, but was told he could not undertake it, being already engaged on the other side; at the same time he said, that he would give him a letter of recommendation to a professional friend, which he did; and the farmer, out of curiosity, opened it, and read as follows:—

“ Here are two fat wethers fallen out together,  
If you'll fleece one, I'll fleece the other,  
And make 'em agree like brother and brother.”

The perusal of this epistle cured both parties, and terminated the dispute.

399.—A COMMON COUNCILMAN'S LADY paying her daughter a visit at school, and inquiring what progress she had made in her education, the governess answered, “ Pretty good, madam, miss is very attentive: if she wants anything, it is a *capacity*, but for *that* deficiency you know we must not blame *her*.” “ No, madam,” replied the mother, “ but I blame *you* for not having mentioned it before. Her father, thank God, can afford his daughter a *capacity*; and I beg she may have one immediately, cost what it may.”

400.—MR. LOUTHERBOURGH, the famous scene painter, had a fancy that he could cure all diseases, and accordingly prescribed liberally for his friends and others willing to fall under his hands. A person of great faith applied to him for a cure for a very bad cold, and Louther-

bourgh's advice was, "Doo you see, sare, can you like to drink *bran-tea*?"

"*Brandy*," replied the patient, nothing loth to find so palatable a medicine hinted, as he imagined. "Certainly, I have no objection to it whatever."—"Vy, then," said Loutherbourgh, "*bran-tea*, is the very ting for you. Take three, four—ees, four—cups of it as hot as you can soop—good big tea cups, just after breakfast."

"What, Sir," asked the patient, rather amazed, "Without water?"—"Vidout water," said Loutherbourgh, "vat do you mean? No more water than is the *bran-tea* itself ven made. Take it as you get it. Take four large, ver large coops, between breakfast and dinner, and ven you find a change for better or vorse, come to me." The faith of the patient was great, and so was his swallow; for five days he stuck to what he thought was the prescription of the painter—was of course drunk all day—and at the conclusion of his exertions, in this way he came to Loutherbourgh, full of gratitude for his advice—"I am quite cured, Mr. Loutherbourgh," said he, "I never imagined that *brandy* was so complete a cure—I feel quite obliged." "O, yes," said Loutherbourgh, "I was sure it would cure you, you felt quite cool all the time you was taking it."—"Cool," said the patient, "no, not exactly cool, I was rather hot. Zounds, no man can drink a quarts of spirits in the forenoon, and keep cool."

"Spirits," said Loutherbrough, rather astonished, "vy, there is no spirits in tea made of bran."

"*Tea made of bran!*" said his amazed friend, "it was hot *brandy* I drank." An explanation of course followed—the gentleman however was cured.

401.—IN A CAUSE respecting a will, evidence was given to prove the testatrix, an apothecary's widow, a lunatic; amongst other things, it was deposed, that she had swept a quantity of pots, lotions, potions, &c. into the street as rubbish. "I doubt," said the learned judge, "whether sweeping *physic* into the street, be any proof of insanity."—"True, my lord," replied the counsel, "but sweeping the *pots* away, certainly was."

402.—IT IS SAID that the Pope advised Petrarch to marry Laura; but that the poet refused, because he feared that the familiarity of marriage would extinguish his passion. A blunt person, on reading this anecdote, observed, "There is a fool, who won't eat his dinner lest he should spoil his appetite."

403.—SOME SOLDIERS once fell upon a watchman in a small town, in a lonely street, and took away his money and coat. He immediately repaired to the captain of the regiment, to complain of his misfortune.—The captain asked him whether he had on the waistcoat he then wore when he was robbed by the soldiers. "Yes, Sir," replied the poor fellow. "Then, my friend," re-



joined the captain, "I can assure you they do not belong to my company; otherwise they would have left you neither waistcoat nor shirt."

404.—A GENTLEMAN returned from India, inquiring of a person respecting their common acquaintance, who had been *hanged* after he had left England, was told he was dead. "And did he continue in the *grocery line*?" said the former. "Oh, no," replied the other, "he was quite in a *different line* when he died."

405.—IN QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN, the Lord Bateman married three wives, all of whom were his servants. A beggar woman, meeting him one day in the street, made him a very low courtesy: "Ah! God Almighty bless you," said she, "and send you a long life; if you do but live long enough, we shall be all ladies in time."

406.—A TANNER near Swaffham, in Norfolk, invited the supervisor to dine with him, and after pushing the bottle about briskly, the supervisor took his leave; but in passing through the tanyard, he unfortunately fell into a vat, and called lustily for the tanner's assistance to get him out, but to no purpose: "For," said the tanner, "if I draw any hides without giving twelve hours' notice, I shall be exchequered and ruined; but I'll go and inform the exciseman."

407.—A MAN who had been quaffing porter till he was completely drunk, hiccapped out, that porter was both *meat and drink*. Soon after, going home, he tumbled into a ditch; on which, a companion, who was leading him, observed, that

it was not only meat and drink to him, but *washing and lodging too*.

408.—A HIGHWAYMAN meeting a counsellor in his chariot, on the Surrey-road, presented a blunderbuss, and demanded his money, with the usual compliment. The gentleman readily surrendered about sixty guineas, but kindly told the thief, that, for his own safety, he had better put the robbery on the footing of an exchange, by selling him the blunderbuss for what he had just taken from him. "With all my heart," said the highwayman, and gave it to the advocate, who immediately turned the muzzle, and told him, "that if he did not re-deliver his purse, he would shoot him." "That you may do if you can," replied Turpin, "for I promise you it is not loaded," and rode off very coolly with his booty.

409.—A FASHIONABLE COUNTESS, asking a young nobleman which he thought the prettiest flower, *roses* or *tulips*, he replied, with great gallantry, "Your ladyship's *two lips* before all the *roses* in the world."

410.—A GENTLEMAN, who did not live very happy with his wife, on the maid telling him that she was going to give her mistress warning, as she kept scolding her from morning till night—"Happy girl!" said the master, "I wish I could give warning too."

411.—HENRY IV. OF FRANCE, passing through a small town, perceived the inhabitants assembled to congratulate him on his arrival. Just as the principal magistrate had commenced

a tedious oration, an ass began to bray ; on which the king, turning towards the place where the noisy animal was, said gravely, " Gentlemen, one at a time, if you please."

412.—HENRY IV. to an excellent wit, added most amiable manners, and a most captivating address. On General Armand de Biron coming into his presence, when he was surrounded by some foreign ambassadors, the king immediately took Biron by the hand, and said, " Gentlemen, this is Marshal Biron, whom I present with equal pleasure and confidence to my friends as well as my enemies."

413.—CHARLOTTE SMITH was walking along Piccadilly a few days ago, when the tray of a butcher's boy came in sudden contact with her shoulder, and dirtied her dress. " The deuce take the tray," exclaimed she, in a pet. "*Ah, but the deuce can't take the tray,*" replied young rumpsteak, with the greatest gravity.

414.—A FEW DAYS AFTER THE RYE-HOUSE PLOT, Charles II. was walking in St. James's Park, without guards or attendants of any kind. The Duke of York afterwards remonstrated with his royal brother on the imprudence, nay, absurdity of such conduct. Charles, a little nettled to be so reproved, answered quickly, " Brother James, take care of yourself, for no man will kill me to make you king."

415.—WHEN GARRICK shewed Dr. Johnson his fine house, gardens, statues, &c., at Hampton Court, what ideas did it awaken in the mind of

that great and good man! Instead of a flattering compliment, which was expected, "Ah! David, David, David," said the Doctor (clapping his hand upon the little man's shoulder), "these are the things, David, which make a *death-bed terrible!*"

416.—GEORGE THE SECOND, who was fond of Whiston the philosopher, one day, during his persecution, said to him, that however right he might be in his opinions, he had better suppress them. "Had Martin Luther done so," replied the philosopher, "your majesty would not have been on the throne of England."

417.—"As you do not belong to my parish," said a clergyman to a begging sailor, with a wooden leg, "you cannot expect that I should relieve you."—"Sir," said the sailor, with a noble air, "I lost my leg fighting for *all parishes.*"

418.—A DANCER said to a Spartan—"You cannot stand so long upon one leg as I can."—"True," answered the Spartan, "but any *goose* can."

419.—A BLIND MAN who goes about the streets of London, whining out a long story about his misfortune, has, amongst other prayers for the charitable and humane, the following curious wish—"May you never *see the darkness which I now see.*"

420.—DEMONAX, hearing one declaim miserably, said—"You should practice more." The orator answering—"I am always declaiming to

myself," he replied—" *No wonder you do not improve, having so foolish an audience.*"

421.—A HIGHLANDER, who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop, in Glasgow, to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and, after having shaved him, asked the price of it. "Tip-pence," said the highlander. "No, no," said the shaver; "I'll give you a penny, and if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again." The highlander took it, and asked what he had to pay. "A penny," says Strap. "I'll gie ye a baubee," says Duncan, "and if that dinna satisfy ye, pit on my beard again."

422.—A LADY asking a gentleman, how it was most medical men dressed in black, he replied—"The meaning is very obvious, as they are chiefly occupied in preparing *grave* subjects."

423.—A WEALTHY MERCHANT of Fenchurch street, lamenting to a confidential friend, that his daughter had eloped with one of his footmen, concluded, by saying—"Yet I wish to forgive the girl, and receive her husband, as it is now too late to part them. But then, his condition; how can I introduce him?"—"Nonsense," replied his companion; "introduce him as a *Liveryman* of the *City of London*. What is more honourable?"

424.—IN A DISPUTE a Spartan was told he lied. He answered—" *After I had told you so, I would whip you.*" For in Sparta lying slaves were whipped; and this retort was equal to call-



ing the other a slave. *Our point of honour* was unknown to the ancients, who thought the infamy lay in *lying*, not in *being told of it*.

425.—THERE is a story related of Sir Isaac Newton, the celebrated astronomer, that, being one day in the country, he saw a shepherd tending his flock, and inquired of him how far it was to the next town. The shepherd replied—"About a mile," and added—"but unless you make haste, you will be wetted through before you get there." Sir Isaac proceeded; and as the day was uncommonly fine, disregarded the shepherd's caution, till drops of rain began to fall. He then quickened his pace; but before he could reach the inn, he was thoroughly wetted. Struck with the circumstance, when the rain abated, he returned to ask the shepherd how he came to know that there would be rain, when no signs thereof were apparent. The shepherd declined explanation. Sir Isaac offered him a guinea, and afterwards five; but still the shepherd refused to reveal the secret. At length, Sir Isaac offered him *twenty* guineas; he then consented, on condition that he should have the money in hand before he spoke. Sir Isaac complied. The shepherd then said—"You see that black ram?" "Yes," said Sir Isaac; "but what has that to do with the question?"—"Why," said the shepherd, "whenever that ram makes for shelter, and thrusts his rump into the hedge, I always know that rain will fall within a quarter of an hour."

426.—DURING the recent unpleasant situation of affairs in Ireland, a watch-word was required of every passenger after a certain hour, with liberty for the sentinel to interrogate at will. A poor harmless Irishman, travelling from Kilmamey to Kilmore, being asked concerning his place of departure, and place of destination, answered, to the astonishment of the inquirer, “I have been to kill-many, and am going to kill-more.”—“That you shall not,” said the sentinel, and immediately ran him through with his bayonet.

427.—AN IRISHMAN, having bought a sheep’s head, had been to a friend for a direction to dress it. As he was returning, repeating the method, and holding his purchase under his arm, a dog snatched it, and ran away. “Now, my dear joy,” said the Irishman, “what a fool you make of yourself! what use will it be to you, as you don’t know how it is to be dressed?”

428.—AN IRISHMAN meeting an acquaintance, thus accosted him: “Ah, my dear, who do you think I have just been speaking to? your old friend Patrick; faith, and he is grown so thin, I hardly knew him; to be sure, you are thin, and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together.”

429.—AN IRISHMAN seeing a large quantity of potatoes standing in a market-place, observed to a bystander, “what a fine show of potatoes.” “Yes, they are,” replied he, “very fine potatoes; I see you have the name quite pat; how do you

call them in your country?"—"Ah, faith!" returned the Irishman, "we never call 'em; when we want any, we go and dig them."

430.—ENGLISHMEN who sojourn, even for a short time, in Ireland, speedily lose all their prejudices against the country, and blend in all the convivial eccentricities of the place. So seductive is example and so epidemical the infection of good humour. A Briton named Moore, who settled as a wholesale cheesemonger in Dublin, was fascinated by the social habits of his Hibernian acquaintance, and interchanged with them all the cheap hospitalities of beef, turkeys, and whiskey punch. Having removed to a new habitation, and given, what is called a jovial housewarming to a numerous company, the cheerful jug went around with ceaseless motion, occasionally replenished from a large china jar of ten gallons dimension, which was Moore's favourite urn on similar occasions, and upon which, when tipsey, he never failed to launch out in high encomiums. An arch wag in the room, yclept Charley Shiel, an eminent auctioneer, perceiving that his host was far gone when he mounted his favourite hobby-horse, the china jar, joined in the praises of this extraordinary vessel, adding, that there were but two of them came from China in three ships; that he had sold one fellow of it to Lord Howth five years before for twenty guineas, and that the noble lord would cheerfully give three hundred for this, if he knew where to find it. "Oh! come, Charley," said

Moore, who smelled a hoax, "you are *flinging the hatchet* quite too far, it only cost me a guinea and a half, and I would sell it for ten." Shiel, mustering all his gravity, rejoined, "My dear Moore, you don't know the value of that jar; it is the true *Whang Tong malleable china*, and I'd lay you any wager that the strongest porter you can find would not be able to break it with a dozen strokes of your largest kitchen poker."—"Done," said Moore, "that I will do it myself in half a dozen strokes."—"Done with you," said Shiel, "for a gallon of porter that you don't." The wager thus settled, Moore called for the large kitchen poker, and stripping off his coat to remove all impediments to his strength, dealt with all his might an Herculean blow upon the jar, which, wonderful to relate, was smashed in a thousand pieces.—Shiel, without moving a muscle of his countenance, gravely acknowledged that Mr. Moore had certainly won the wager, and threw down his shilling to pay the bet, observing, that this was the first time in his life he ever saw such a jar broke in the same manner.—Moore, like an Arabian seer, stood for some time astounded by the effects of this rash stroke upon his favourite *talisman*, but recovering a little and perceiving the hoax by which he had been deluded, fury kindled in his eye, and he was looking out anxiously for some favourable spot on the head of the hoaxer, whereon to bestow the next stroke of the poker; but the insidious Shiel, seeing the storm rising, thought fit

to decamp, laughing in his sleeve at the success of his mischievous joke.

431.—AN IRISH GENTLEMAN meeting an Englishman, thus addressed him: "Ah, my dear, is it you? when I saw you at the other end of the street, I thought you were your cousin; as you came nearer, I thought you were yourself; and now I see you are your brother."

432.—A CULPRIT asked Jack Ketch, if he had any commands to the other world? "Why, said Jack, "not many; I'll only," added he, as he had adjusted the knot under his left ear, "just trouble you with a *line*."

433.—DEAN SWIFT once dining with the mayor of Dublin, was served with a part of duck, and asking for apple-sauce, was told by the mayor that there was none; upon which he cut an apple-pie, and put a spoonful of the apples on his plate. The mayor exclaimed, "Why, doctor, you eat *duck* like a *goose*."

434.—PRIVATE THEATRICALS are a very great nuisance, and ought to be entirely suppressed. The number of illiterate coxcombs who nightly murder Shakspeare, and the unfortunate females who are hurried into these receptacles of vice, if not under parental control, ought to be rescued by the police from the misery that awaits them. Some time ago a *tailor's apprentice* was exhibiting Macbeth at one of these theatres, and having exclaimed—

"I have done the deed!"



a respectable man stood up in the pit, and called out, "That's not true—you hav'n't mended Mr. Smith's breeches, for which your back shall smart severely when you get home."

435.—A CLODHOOPER, of the real Sussex breed, underwent a sharp cross-examination by a learned counsel, on a late trial, in the course of which he was asked, who his sleeping partner in business was. "My sleeping partner?" replied Hodge, scratching his head, and giving his hat which he held by the band in his other hand another turn, and staring at the same time at the counsellor, as much as to say, "I'se wonder what the devil's coming next—my sleeping partner? Dang it, I'se got noa sleeping partner but Mary." The court was convulsed with laughter; when it had somewhat subsided, the counsel resumed—"You say your sleeping partner is Mary—pray, who is Mary?"—"Why doesn't thee know Mary?" rejoined Hodge, grinning till his fat red cheeks almost closed his eyes—"why she's my wife to be sure."

436.—A YOUNG COUPLE, at Paris, lately going to the mayor, to have the civil ceremony of marriage performed, the young lady, in stepping out of the carriage, entangled her lace dress in the step, and tore it. "*How stupid*," exclaimed the gentleman. The lady took no notice of this ungallant expression, and the party went into the hotel of the mayor. But upon being asked whether she consented to take the gentleman present for her husband, she replied, "*Not*

*so stupid;*" which was the only answer that could be obtained from her.

437.—DR. SOUTH, once preaching before Charles II. (who was not very often in a church), observing that the monarch, and all his attendants, began to nod, and, as nobles are common men when they are asleep, some of them soon after snored, on which he broke off his sermon, and called—"Lord Lauderdale, let me entreat you to rouse yourself; you snore so loud that you will wake the king."

438.—THE BENEVOLENT DR. WILSON once discovered a clergyman at Bath, who he was informed was sick, poor, and had a numerous family. In the evening, he gave a friend fifty pounds, requesting he would deliver it in the most delicate manner, and as from an unknown person. The friend replied, "I will wait upon him early in the morning."—"You will oblige me by calling directly. Think, Sir, of what importance a good night's rest may be to that poor man."

439.—IN A LAW SUIT respecting boundaries, the counsel on both sides explained their claims on a plan—"My lord," said one, "we *lie* on this side;" and the other said, "My lord, we *lie* on this side."—"Nay," said the judge, "if you *lie* on both sides, I can believe neither of you."

440.—LORD M——, with no very large portion of either wit or wisdom, had a very exalted opinion of his own powers. When once in

a large company, and expatiating about himself, he made the following pointed remark: "When I happen to say a foolish thing, I always burst out *laughing!*"—"I envy you your happiness, my lord, then," said Charles Townsend, "for you must certainly live the merriest life of any man in Europe."

441.—A GENTLEMAN said he had travelled over the four quarters of the world; and among the curiosities he had remarked, there was one of which no author had taken notice. This wonder, according to him, was a cabbage, so large, and so high, that under each of its leaves fifty armed horsemen could put themselves into battle array, and perform the manual exercise, without hindering one another. Somebody that listened to him, did not amuse himself with refuting that story, but very seriously told that he had also travelled, and had been as far as Japan, where he was amazed to see more than three hundred workmen, who were busy fabricating a copper; a hundred and fifty were employed inside in the polishing of it. "To what use could be this enormous vessel?" said the traveller. "No doubt it was," answered he immediately, "to boil the cabbage you have just spoken of."

442.—LORD NORBURY was asking the reason of the delay that happened in a cause, and he was answered, it was because Mr. Sergeant *Joy*, who was to lead, was absent, but Mr. *Hope*, the solicitor, had said that he would return im-

mediately; when his lordship humourously repeated the well-known lines—

“*Hope* told a flattering tale,  
That *Joy* would soon return.”

443.—A LABOURER'S DAUGHTER, who had been in service from her childhood, when weary, would be frequently wishing to be married, that, as she emphatically termed it, she might *rest* her bones. Hymen at last listened to her prayers, and a neighbouring clodhopper led her to the altar, *nothing loth*. Some time afterwards her late mistress, meeting her, asked her, “Well, Mary, have you rested your bones yet?” “Yes, indeed,” replied she, with a sigh, “*I have rested my jaw-bones.*”

444.—A NOBLE LORD, not over-courageous, was once so far engaged in an affair of honour, as to be drawn to Hyde Park to fight a duel. But just as he came to the Porter's Lodge, an empty hearse came by; on which his lordship's antagonist, who was a droll officer, well known, called out to the driver, “Stop here, my good fellow, a few minutes, and I'll send you a fare.” This operated so strongly on his lordship's nerves, that he begged the officer's pardon, and returned home in a whole skin.

445.—“I CAN'T CONCEIVE,” said one nobleman to another, “how it is that you manage. I am convinced that you are not of a temper to spend more than your income; and yet, though your estate is less than mine, I could not afford

to live at the rate you do.”—“ My lord,” said the other, “ I have a place.”—“ A place? you amaze me, I never heard of it till now—pray what place? ”—“ *I am my own steward.*”

446.—THE CELEBRATED DUCHESS OF GRAMMONT, on being brought before the revolutionary tribunal, was asked by Fonquier Tinville, the public accuser, if it was not true that she had sent money to her emigrant children? “ I was about to say, no,” replied she; “ but my life is not worth saving by a falsehood.”

447.—LORD ELDON tells with pleasure the difficulties with which, in his early days, he was surrounded and over which he triumphed—We give an account of his early successes, as he related it himself at table to a friend:—“ Yes,” said the Chancellor, “ and I borrowed thirty pounds to go the northern circuit, but *I got no briefs*. And, Sir, I borrowed another thirty, but met with no return. After some time at this game, I had determined to borrow no more; when I was prevailed on by a friend to try again, and did so. At York, I had a junior brief, and Davenport, then a leading counsel on the circuit, was to state the case to the jury. The cause was called on in the morning, and Davenport was engaged in the Crown Court: “ I,” said the Chancellor, “ begged the judge to postpone it; but he replied, ‘ You must lead, Mr. Scott,’ and I did so; it was an action for an assault; two Yorkshire ladies had quarrelled at cards; a



scuffle ensued; and one of them turned off her chair on the ground; this was the nature of the assault. It happened," proceeded the Chancellor, "that I set the court in a roar of laughter, and succeeded for my client; retainers began to flow in, and the prospect brightened. On proceeding to Carlisle, a fortunate circumstance occurred. I had retired early to bed the night before the assizes, when I was aroused by a knock at my door; on getting up, I found Mr.—, the solicitor, with a large brief in his hand; he observed that a cause was coming on in the morning, and the leading counsel were all too much engaged to read so large a brief—"You must take it, Mr. Scott;" I hesitated, as Davenport and others had declined it, and expressed my doubt of being able to accomplish the task. He pressed me, and by the little light, as the attorney put the brief (it was a thick brief) into my hand, I saw written on it, 'Mr. Scott, twenty guineas,' This was not to be refused, and I said, "Well, I promise to read your brief, and state its substance."—"That's all we want," replied the solicitor; so I dressed myself and read it. The next day I succeeded in the cause, and never wanted briefs again."

448.—THEOPHILUS CIBBER, who was very extravagant, one day asked his father for a hundred pounds. "Zounds, Sir," said Colly, "can't you live upon your salary? When I was your age, I never spent a farthing of my father's

money.”—“But you have spent a great deal of my father’s,” replied Theophilus. This retort had the desired effect.

449.—BISHOP HALL RELATES, that there was a certain nobleman of his day, who kept a fool, to whom he one day gave a staff (a thing commonly used in walking at that time by all pedestrians, whether rich or poor), with a charge to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself. Not many years after, the nobleman fell sick even unto death. The fool came to see him; his sick lord said to him—“I must shortly leave you.”—“And whither are you going?” asked the fool. “Into another world,” replied his lordship. “And when will you come back again? Within a month?”—“No.”—“Within a year?”—“No.”—“When then?”—“Never.”—“Never!” echoed the fool, “and what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there whither thou goest?”—“None at all.”—“No,” exclaimed the fool, “none at all! Here, then, take my staff; for, with all my folly, I am not guilty of any such folly as this.”

450.—QUEEN CAROLINE, consort of George the Second, was remarkable for having the largest feet of any female in the kingdom. One morning as her majesty was walking on the banks of the river near Richmond, attended only by one lady, venturing too far on the sand, from which the water had recently ebbed, she sunk in up to her ancles, and in endeavouring to extricate her-

self, lost one of her *galloches*; at that instant, the lady observing a waterman rowing by, requested he would land, and recover the queen's *slipper*. The request was instantly complied with, and whilst the son of Old Thames was, with evident marks of astonishment in his countenance, examining its extraordinary size, turning to her majesty, he inquired if that was her slipper. On being answered in the affirmative, he bluntly replied—"Then, I am out of my *reckoning*, for I mistook it for a *child's cradle*."

451.—AT the commencement of a public dinner at Guildhall, on Lord Mayor's Day, Mr. Chamberlain Wilkes lisped out—"Mr. Alderman Burnell, shall I help you to a plate of turtle, or a slice of the haunch? I am within reach of both."—"Neither one nor t'other, I thank you, Sir," replied the alderman; "I think I shall dine on the beans and bacon, which are at this end of the table."—"Mr. Alderman A——n, which would you choose, Sir?" continued the chamberlain. "Sir, I will not trouble you for either, for I believe I shall follow the example of my brother Burnell, and dine on the beans and bacon," was the reply. On this second refusal, the old chamberlain rose from his seat, and with every mark of astonishment in his countenance, curled up the corners of his mouth, cast his eyes around the table, and in a voice as loud and articulate as he was able, called—"Silence;" which being obtained, he then addressed the Prætorian Magistrate, who sat in the chair:—"My Lord

Mayor, the wicked have accused us of intemperance, and branded us with the imputation of *gluttony*; that they may be put to open shame, and their profane tongues be from this day silenced, I humbly move that your lordship command the proper officer to record in our annals—*that two Aldermen of the City of London, prefer beans and bacon to either venison or turtle soup.*”

452.—TWO CITY MERCHANTS conversing upon business at the door of the New York Coffee house, one of them made some remarks on the badness of the times; and perceiving at the moment, a flight of pigeons passing over their heads, he exclaimed—“How happy are these pigeons! they have no acceptances to provide for.” To which the other replied—“You are rather in error, my friend, for *they* have their *bills to provide* for as well as we!”

453.—AN IRISHMAN having lost an eye, a friend of his recommended him to one of our famous oculists, with whom he had agreed to give ten guineas for a beautiful one shown him among the rest. He actually called the next day to abuse him for having sold him an eye with which he could not see.

454.—A TRAVELLER coming into the kitchen of an inn, in a very cold night, stood so close to the fire that he burnt his boots. An arch rogue, who sat in the chimney-corner, cried out to him, “Sir, you’ll burn your spurs presently.”—“My boots, you mean, I suppose,” said the gentleman.

—"No, Sir," replied the other, "they are burnt already."

455.—AN IRISH BOOKSELLER, previous to a trial in which he was the defendant, was informed by his counsel, that if there were any of the jury to whom he had any personal objections, he might legally *challenge* them. "Faith, and so I will," replied he, "if they do not bring me off handsomely, I will *challenge* every man of them."

456.—A FOOLISH FELLOW went off to the parish priest, and told him, with a very long face, that he had seen a ghost. "When and where?" said the pastor.—"Last night," replied the timid man, "I was passing by the church, and up against the wall of it did I behold the spectre."—"In what shape did it appear?" replied the priest.—"It appeared in the shape of a great ass."—"Go home, and hold your tongue about it," rejoined the pastor, "you are a very timid man, and have been frightened by your own shadow."

457.—AFTER a certain military company had dined, and their commander thought a longer circulation of the glass might tend to prevent the regularity of their return, he exclaimed jocosely, "Attention! charge bayonets!" to which one of the company cleverly replied, "As we are in the rear rank, if you please, we will *remain at port*."

458.—AN IRISHMAN carrying a cradle was stopped by an old woman and thus accosted: "So, Sir, you have got some of the fruits of mat-



rimony.”—“Softly, softly, old lady,” said he, “you mistake, this is merely the fruit basket.”

459.—A COWARDLY FELLOW, much given to apparent courage, or boasting (as most cowards are), having spoken impertinently to a gentleman, received a violent box on the ear. Summoning his most authoritative tone, he demanded, whether that was meant in *earnest*. “Yes, Sir,” replied the other, without hesitation. The coward, thinking he should have frightened him, now turned away, saying, “I am glad of it, Sir, for I do not like such *jests*.”

460.—AN IRISH GENTLEMAN, meeting his nephew who told him he had just entered college, replied, “I am extremely happy to hear it; make the most of your time and abilities, and I hope I shall *live* to hear you preach my *funeral sermon*.”

461.—AN OLD GENTLEMAN, who used to frequent one of the coffee-houses in Dublin, being unwell, thought he might make so free as to steal an opinion concerning his case; accordingly, one day he took the opportunity of asking one of the faculty, who sat in the same box with him, what he should take for such a complaint? “I’ll tell you,” said the doctor, “you should take advice.”

462.—AS A CLERGYMAN was burying a corpse, a poor woman came, and pulled him by the sleeve in the middle of the service. “Sir, Sir, I want to speak with you.”—“Prithee wait, woman, till I have done.”—“No, Sir, I must speak to you immediately.”—“Well, then, what is the mat-

ter?"—"Why, Sir, you are going to bury a man who died of the small-pox, near my poor husband, who never had it."

463.—WHEN MRS. GLYNN made her entrée as Lady Townly, some years since, in Dublin, three high-bred women of fashion, in the stage-box, grossly insulted her, by talking loud, coughing, &c. The actress, greatly distressed, stopped, burst into tears, and retired. The ladies, unabashed, for a moment enjoyed their triumph, when a great uproar ensued, and "Go on, go on," was heard from all parts of the house. A young collegian then suddenly jumped on one of the benches in the middle of the pit, and exclaimed to the audience, "My friends, who sit about me are determined the play shall not go on, till those *drunken men* in women's clothes leave the stage-box." This address was universally applauded, and being followed by a shower of oranges and apples from both galleries, the Amazons retired in the utmost confusion, amidst the hisses of the spectators.

464.—SEVERAL YEARS AGO, two brothers went to Jamaica: they were, by trade, blacksmiths. Finding, soon after their arrival, they could do nothing without a little money to begin with, but that with sixty or seventy pounds, they might be able, with industry, to get on a little, they hit upon the following novel and ingenious expedient. One of them stripped the other naked, shaved him close, and blacked him from head to foot. This being done, he took him to

one of the negro-dealers, who, after viewing and approving his stout athletic appearance, advanced eighty pounds currency upon the bill of sale, and prided himself upon the purchase, supposing him to be one of the finest negroes on the island. The same evening, this new-manufactured negro made his escape to his brother, washed himself clean, and resumed his former appearance. Rewards were in vain offered in handbills, pursuit was eluded, and discovery, by care and precaution, rendered impracticable. The brothers with the money commenced business, and actually returned to England, with a fortune of several thousand pounds. Previous, however, to their departure from the island, they waited upon the gentleman from whom they had received the money, and recalling the circumstance of the negro to his recollection, paid him both principal and interest, with thanks.

465.—THE LATE COUNSELLOR EGAN, Chairman of the Quarter Sessions for Dublin, was so remarkable for his lenity to female culprits, that a woman was seldom convicted when he presided. On one occasion, when this humane barrister was not in the chair, a prim looking woman was put to the bar of the Commission court, at which presided the equally humane, but perhaps not so gallant, Baron L——. She was indicted for uttering forged bank notes. According to usual form of law, the clerk of the Crown asked the prisoner if she was ready to take her trial? With becoming disdain, she answered, “No!” She was told

by the clerk, she must give her reasons why. As if scorning to hold conversation with the fellow, she thus addressed his lordship, "My lord, I won't be tried here at all, I'll be tried by my lord Egan." The simplicity of the woman, coupled with the well-known character of Egan, caused a roar of laughter in the court, which even the bench could not resist. Baron L——, with his usual mildness, endeavoured to explain the impossibility of her being tried by the popular judge, and said, "He can't try you," when the woman stopped him short, and exclaimed, "Can't try me! I beg your pardon, my lord, he has tried me twice before." She was tried, however, and for the third time acquitted.

466.—A GENTLEMAN on a stage-coach, passing through the city of Bath, and observing a handsome edifice, inquired of the driver what building it was? The driver replied, "It is the Unitarian Church."—"Unitarian!" said the gentleman, "and what is that?"—"I don't know," said Jehu, "but I believe it is in the *opposition line*."

467.—A FARMER in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, was thus accosted by his landlord:—"John, I am going to raise your rent." John replied, "Sir, I am very much obliged to you, for I cannot *raise* it myself."

468.—GEORGE I., on a journey to Hanover, stopped at a village in Holland, and while the horses were getting ready, he asked for two or three eggs, which were brought him, and charged

two hundred florins. "How is this?" said his majesty, "eggs must be very scarce in this place."—"Pardon me," said the host, "eggs are plenty enough, but kings are scarce." The king smiled, and ordered the money to be paid.

469.—A DISPUTE about precedence once arose between a Bishop and a Judge, and, after some altercation, the latter thought he should quite confound his opponent by quoting the following passage:—"For on these two hang all the law and the prophets."—"Do you not see," said the lawyer, in triumph, "that even in this passage of scripture, *we* are mentioned first?"—"I grant you," said the bishop, "*you* hang first."

470.—WHEN the first edition of Thomson's Seasons came out, the poet sent a copy, handsomely bound, to Sir Gilbert Elliott, of Minto, afterwards Lord Justice Clerk, who had shewn him great kindness. Sir Gilbert shewed the book to his gardener, a relation of Thomson, who took the book into his hands, and turning it over and over, and gazing on it with admiration, Sir Gilbert said to him, "Well, David, what do you think of James Thomson now? there's a book will make him famous all the world over, and immortalize his name." David, looking now at Sir Gilbert, then at the book, said, "In troth, Sir, it is a grand book! I did not think the lad had ingenuity enow to ha' done sic a neat piece of handicraft."

471.—Two bucks riding on the western road on a Sunday morning, met a lad driving a flock



of sheep towards the metropolis; when one of them accosted him with "Pr'ythee, Jack, which is the way to Windsor?"—"How did you know my name was Jack?" said the boy, staring in their faces. "We are conjurors, young Hobnail," said the gentlemen, laughing. "Oh! you be! then you don't want I to show you the way to Windsor," replied the lad, pursuing his journey.

472.—A NEGRO from Montserrat, where the Hiberno-Celtic is spoken by all classes, happened to be on the wharf at Philadelphia when a number of Irish emigrants were landed; and seeing one of them with a wife and four children, he stepped forward to assist the family on shore. The Irishman, in his native tongue, expressed his surprise at the civility of the negro; who, understanding what had been said, replied, in Irish, that he need not be astonished, for he was a bit of an Irishman himself. The Irishman, surprised to hear a black man speak his dialect, it entered his mind, with the usual rapidity of the Irish fancy, that he really was an Irishman, but that the climate had, no doubt, changed his complexion. "If I may be so bold, Sir," said he, "may I ask you how long you have been in this country?" The negro-man, who had only come hither on a voyage, said he had been in Philadelphia only about four months. Poor Patrick turned round to his wife and children, and, looking as if for the last time on their rosy cheeks, concluding that in four

months they must also change their complexions, exclaimed, "O Merciful Powers!—Judy, did you hear that? he has not been more than four months in this country, and he is already almost as black as jet."

473.—WHEN WHITFIELD preached before the seamen at New York, he had the following bold apostrophe in his sermon:—"Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the Heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! Don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves rise and dash against the ship! The air is dark; The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends! What next?"—It is said that the unsuspecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of magic, arose, with united voices and minds, and exclaimed, "Take to the long boat!"

474.—A DASHING BUCK, having just mounted a fashionable great coat, trimmed with a profusion of fur, lately asked an old gentleman how he liked his new kick? "Upon my word, Sir," said he, "I like it extremely, for it reminds me of a very excellent fable."—"What is that?" returned the interrogator.—"The Ass in the Lion's Skin," was the answer.

475.—AN IRISH SOLDIER passing through a meadow near Cork, a large mastiff ran at him, and he stabbed the dog with a spear that he had in his hand. The master of the dog brought him before the magistrate, who asked him why he had not rather struck the dog with the butt end of his weapon. "So I should," said the soldier, "if he had run at me with his tail."

476.—AT THE SIEGE OF TORTONA, the commander of the army which lay before the town, ordered Carew, an Irish officer in the service of Naples, to advance with a detachment to a particular post. Having given his orders, he whispered to Carew, "Sir, I know you to be a gallant man; I have therefore put you upon this duty. I tell you in confidence, it is certain death for you all. I place you there to make the enemy spring a mine below you." Carew made a bow to the general, and led on his men in silence to the dreadful post. He there stood with an undaunted countenance, and having called to one of the soldiers for a draught of wine, "Here," said he, "I drink to all those who bravely fall in battle." Fortunately at that instant Tortona capitulated, and Carew escaped. But he had thus a full opportunity of displaying a rare instance of determined intrepidity.

477.—MR. JEREMY WHITE, one of Oliver Cromwell's domestic chaplains, a sprightly man, and one of the chief wits of the court, was so ambitious as to make his addresses to Oliver's youngest daughter, the Lady Frances The

young lady did not discourage him; but in so religious a court this gallantry could not be carried on without being taken notice of. The Protector was told of it and was much concerned thereat; he ordered the person who told him to keep a strict lookout, promising if he could give him any substantial proofs, he should be well rewarded, and White severely punished.

The spy followed his business so close, that in a little time he dogged Jerry White, as he was generally called, to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector, to acquaint him that they were together.

Oliver, in a rage, hastened to the chamber, and, going in hastily, found Jerry on his knees, either kissing the lady's hand, or having just kissed it. Cromwell, in a fury, asked what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter Frances? White, with a great deal of presence of mind, said, "May it please your highness, I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail; I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me."

The Protector, turning to the young woman, cried, "What's the meaning of this, hussy; why do you refuse the honour Mr. White would do you? he is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such." My lady's woman, who desired nothing more, with a very low curtesy, replied, "If Mr. White intends me that honour, I shall not be against him."—"Sayest thou so, my

lass?" cried Cromwell, "call Goodwyn; this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room."

Mr. White was gone too far to go back; his brother parson came; Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the presence of the Protector, who gave her five hundred pounds for her portion, which, with what she had saved before, made Mr. White easy in his circumstances, except that he never loved his wife, nor she him, though they lived together near fifty years afterwards.

478.—LADY W—— is celebrated in Ireland for wit and beauty. Happening to be at an assembly in Dublin, a young gentleman, the son of his majesty's printer, who had the patent for publishing Bibles, made his appearance, dressed in green and gold. Being a new face, and extremely elegant, he attracted the attention of the whole company. A general murmur prevailed in the room, to learn who he was; Lady W—— instantly made answer, loud enough to be heard, "Oh! don't you know him? It is young Bible, bound in calf and gilt, but not letter'd."

479.—A VERY HARMLESS IRISHMAN eating an apple pie with some quinces in it; "Arrah, dear honey," said he, "if a few of these quinces gave such a flavour, how would an apple pie taste made of all quinces?"

480.—A BRAVE TAR, with a wooden leg, who was on board Admiral Duncan's fleet in the engagement with the Dutch, having the misfortune to have the other shot off, as his comrades



were conveying him to the surgeon, notwithstanding the poignancy of his agonies, could not suppress his joke, saying, "It was high time for him to leave off play when his last pin was bowled down."

481.—It is a superstition with some surgeons who beg the bodies of condemned malefactors, to go to the jail, and bargain for the carcass with the criminal himself. An honest gentleman did so last sessions, and was admitted to the condemned men on the morning wherein they died. The surgeon communicated his business, and fell into discourse with a little fellow who refused twelve shillings, and insisted upon fifteen for his body. The fellow who killed the officer of Newgate, very forwardly, and like a man who was willing to deal, said, "Look you, Mr. Surgeon, that little dry fellow, who has been half-starved all his life, and is now half dead with fear, cannot answer your purpose. I have ever lived highly and freely, my veins are full, I have not pined in imprisonment; you see my crest swells to your knife, and after Jack Ketch has done, upon my honour you'll find me as sound as e'er a bullock in any of the markets. Come, for twenty shillings I am your man." Says the surgeon, "Done, there's a guinea." The witty rogue took the money, and as soon as he had it in his fist, cries, "*Bite, I'm to be hanged in chains.*"

482.—IN A COMPANY, consisting of naval officers, the discourse happened to turn on the fe-

rocity of small animals ; when an Irish gentleman present stated his opinion to be, that a Kilkenny cat, of all animals, was the most ferocious ; and added, “ I can prove my asertion by a fact within my own knowledge :—I once,” said he, “ saw two of these animals fighting in a timber yard, and willing to see the result of a long battle, I drove them into a deep saw-pit, and placing some boards over the mouth, left them to their amusement. Next morning I went to see the conclusion of the fight, and what d’ ye thing I saw ? ”—“ One of the cats dead, probably,” replied one of the company. “ No, by St. Patrick, there was nothing left in the pit, *but the two tails, and a bit of flue !* ”

483.—WHEN CAPTAIN GROSE first went over to Ireland his curiosity led him to see everything in the capital worth seeing : in the course of his perambulation, he one evening strolled into the principal meat market of Dublin, when the butchers, as usual set up the constant cry of “ What do you buy, master ? ” Brose parried this for some time by saying, “ he wanted nothing ; ” at last a butcher starts from his stall, and eyeing Grose’s figure from top to bottom, which was something like Dr. Slop’s, in *Tristram Shandy*, exclaimed, “ Well, Sir, though you don’t want any thing at present, only *say* you buy your meat of me, and you’ll make my fortune.”

484.—THE WIFE OF A SCOTCH LAIRD being suddenly taken very ill, the husband ordered a servant to get a horse ready to go to the next

town for the doctor. By the time, however, the horse was ready, and his letter to the doctor written, the lady recovered, on which he added the following postscript, and sent off the messenger: "My wife being recovered, you need not come."

485.—LORD TOWNSHEND'S BUTLER, in preparing the cloth for a choice festival, was unlucky enough to break a dozen of china plates, of a rare and beautiful design. "You block-head," cries his lordship, meeting him presently after, with another dozen in his hand, "how did you do it?"—"Upon my soul, my lord, they happened to fall just so," replied the fellow, and instantly dashed them also upon the marble hearth into a thousand pieces.

486.—A NOBLEMAN, of the thick blood of the Irish nation, paid his addresses to the daughter of a friend, who valued money more than ancestry: the old gentleman hinted to his lordship, that he supposed his fortune was equivalent to his daughter's? "Why no, Sir," replied his lordship, "I cannot say 'tis altogether so considerable? but then you know, Sir, there is my blood."—"Your blood?" returns the gentleman; "if you squander my daughter's fortune away, she must not depend on your blood for a subsistence: a hog's blood would be of more service then, and would make much better puddings."

487.—IN A CONVIVIAL ASSEMBLY, some of the company questioning, whether the hamlet of Auburn, in the county of Westmeath, was really the subject of Dr. Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*,

and a doubt arising from the circumstance of the doctor's not having been actually on the spot when he composed that pathetic piece, an old Irish gentleman present, with the zeal of a warm defender of his country's rightful honour, exclaimed, "Why, gentlemen, was Milton actually in *hell* when he wrote his *Paradise Lost*?"

488.—A LADY OF QUALITY sending her Irish footman to fetch home a pair of new stays, strictly charged him to take a coach if it rained, for fear of wetting them; but a great shower of rain falling, the fellow returned with the stays dripping wet, and being severely reprimanded for not doing as he was ordered, he said, he had obeyed his orders. "How then," answered the lady, "could the stays be wet, if you took them into the coach with you?"—"No, no," replied the man, "I know my place better. I did not go into the coach, but *rode behind*, as I always do."

489.—AN IRISHMAN, going down the High-street of Glasgow, met a person whom he thought he knew; but Pat, finding his mistake, "I beg your pardon," says he, "I thought it was you, and you thought it was me, but by St. Patrick it is *none of us*."

490.—BY THE LORD LIEUTENANT AND  
COUNCIL OF IRELAND.

"A proclamation.—Whereas the greatest economy is necessary in *all species of grain*, and *especially* in the consumption of *potatoes*."

491.—AN IRISH BOY saw a train of his companions loaded with kishes, or baskets, of turf

coming towards his father's cabin. His father had no turf, and how to get some was the question; "to dig he was unwilling, and to beg he was ashamed." He took up a turf which had fallen from a cart the preceding day, and stuck it on a pole. When the lads passed, he appeared throwing turf at the mark. "Boys," cried he, "who can hit it?" Each kish boy, in passing, tried, perhaps several throws, and when the whole had passed, there was a heap left sufficient to reward the ingenuity of the arch rogue.

492.—SWIFT riding out one day, met a parishioner capitally mounted, and began to pay him compliments on his horse. "Mr. Dean," said the other, "he is very well, but still not equal to yours."—"To mine," returned Swift, "why this is a mere pad."—"Aye," replied the other, "but he carries the best head of any horse in Ireland."

493.—IN ONE of the late revolutionary battles in Ireland, a rebel hair-dresser ran up to the muzzle of a cannon, to which an artilleryman was just applying the match, and thrusting his head into its mouth, exclaimed, the moment before he was blown to atoms, "By Jasus, I have stopped your mouth, my honey, for this time."

494.—TWO GENTLEMEN passing a blackberry bush when the fruit was unripe, one said it was ridiculous to call them *black* berries, when they were *red*.—"Don't you know," said his friend, "that blackberries are always *red* when they are *green*."

495.—AN ATTORNEY brought an action



against a farmer for having called him a rascally lawyer. An old husbandman being a witness, was asked if he had heard the man call him a lawyer—"I did," was the reply. "Pray," says the judge, "what is your opinion of the import of the word?"—"There can be no doubt of that," replied the fellow. "Why, good man," said the judge: "there is no dishonour in the name, is there?"—"I know nothing about that," answered he, "but this I know, if any man called me a lawyer I'd knock him down."—"Why, Sir," said the judge, pointing to one of the counsel, "that gentleman is a lawyer, and that, and I too am a lawyer."—"No, no," replied the fellow; "no, my lord: you are a judge, I know; but I'm sure you are *no lawyer*."

496.—SHORTLY after a change in the ministry in the late reign, the king having remarked that his shirt was not made up in the usual way, and finding, upon inquiry, that the old laundress, with whom he was very well satisfied, had been dismissed from her situation, complained of the latter circumstance to the Lord Chamberlain; upon which his lordship replied, that when he came into office he had, as was usual, exercised his patronage, by appointing a new laundress. The king continued dissatisfied with the manner in which his linen was got up, complained again, and was again told by the Lord Chamberlain, that the change of laundress was only in the due exercise of his patronage. "Then," replied George III., somewhat ruffled, "I am to under-

stand that I cannot change my laundress." His lordship respectfully bowed assent. "But," his Majesty resuming, "if I cannot change my laundress, may I not be allowed to change my Lord Chamberlain?" — "Oh! certainly," answered the latter; and here the conversation ended. On the next day, however, the old laundress was reinstated in office.

497.—MR. FOX in the course of a speech, said — "If anything on my part, or on the part of those with whom I acted, was an obstruction to peace, I could not lie on my pillow with ease." George Tierney (then in the administration) whispered to his neighbour—"If he could not *lie* on his pillow with ease, he can *lie* in this house with ease."

498.—"WHO IS THAT LOVELY GIRL?" exclaimed Lord Norbury, riding in company with his friend, Counsellor Grahaarty. "Miss Glass," replied the barrister. "Glass," reiterated the facetious judge; "by the love which man bears to woman, I should often become intoxicated, could I press such a *glass to my lips*."

499.—A GENTLEMAN on circuit narrating to his lordship some extravagant feat in sporting, mentioned that he had lately shot thirty-three hares before breakfast.—"Thirty-three *hairs*!" exclaimed Lord Norbury: "zounds, Sir! then you must have been firing at a *wig*."

500.—PRINCE MAURICE, in an engagement with the Spaniards, took twenty-four prisoners, one of whom was an Englishman. He ordered

eight of these to be hanged to retaliate a like sentence passed by Archduke Albert, upon the same number of Hollanders. The fate of the unhappy victims was to be determined by drawing lots. The Englishman, who had the good fortune to escape, seeing a Spaniard express the strongest symptoms of horror when it came to his turn to put his hand into the helmet, offered for twelve crowns to stand his chance. The offer was accepted, and he was so fortunate as to escape a second time. Upon being called a fool for so presumptuously tempting his fate, he said—"He thought he acted very prudently, for, as he daily hazarded his life for sixpence, he must have made a good bargain in venturing it for twelve crowns."

501.—MR. GARRICK was once present with Dr. Johnson, at the table of a nobleman, where, amongst other guests, was one, of whose near connexions some disgraceful anecdote was then in circulation. It had reached the ears of Johnson, who, after dinner, took an opportunity of relating it in his most acrimonious manner. Garrick, who sat next to him, pinched his arm, and trod upon his toe, and made use of other means to interrupt the thread of his narration, but all was in vain. The doctor proceeded, and when he had finished his story, he turned gravely round to Garrick, of whom before he had taken no notice whatever—"Thrice," said he, "Davy, have you trod upon my toe; thrice have you pinched my arm; and now, if what I have related be a

falsehood, convict me before this company." Garrick replied not a word, but frequently declared afterwards, that he never felt half so much perturbation, even when he met "his father's ghost."

502.—DURING the contested election for Devon, between Mr. Bastard and Lord Ebrington, Mrs. \*\*\*\*\* and her daughter were walking in the Castle-yard, at Exeter, when miss having slily mounted a little bit of blue, in opposition to the vote and interest of papa, was accosted by a young friend, with "Dear me! you are not a *Bastard*, are you?" When the former replied—"Indeed, miss, I am, ask mamma if I ain't."—"Yes, my dear," replied mamma, "I believe you are, but papa must not know it."

503.—A LITTLE GIRL, who knew very well the painful anxiety which her mother had long suffered, during a tedious course of litigation, hearing that she had at last lost her law-suit, innocently cried out—"O, my dear mamma! how glad I am that you have *lost* that nasty *law-suit*, which used to give you so much trouble and uneasiness."

504.—WHEN MR. HANKEY was in vogue as a great banker, a sailor had as part of his pay, a draft on him for fifty pounds. This the sailor thought an immense sum, and calling at the house, insisted upon seeing the master in private. This was at length acceded to; and when the banker and the sailor met together, the following conversation ensued—Sailor. "Mr. Hankey,

I've got a tickler for you—didn't like to expose you before the lads."—Hankey. "That was kind. Pray, what's the tickler?"—Sailor. "Never mind, don't be afraid, I won't hurt you; 'tis a fifty."—Hankey. "Ah! that's a tickler, indeed."—Sailor. "Don't fret; give me five pounds now and the rest at so much a week, I shan't mention it to anybody."

505.—A CONCEITED COXCOMB once said to a barber's boy, "Did you ever shave a monkey?"—"Why no, Sir," replied the boy, "never; but if you will please to sit down, I will try."

506.—AN IRISHMAN, a short time since, bade an extraordinary price for an alarm clock, and gave as a reason—"That, as he loved to rise early, he had nothing to do but to pull the string, and he could wake himself."

507.—A GENTLEMAN being asked to give a definition of nonsense, replied, in a Johnsonian style—"Sir, it is nonsense to bolt a door with a boiled carrot."

508.—WHEN ISAIAH THOMAS, the printer of Massachusetts, was printing his almanack for 1788, one of his boys asked him what he should put opposite July 13th. Mr. Thomas being engaged, replied—"any thing he liked." The boy returned to the office, and set hail, rain, and snow. The country was all amazement, the day arrived, when it actually rained, hailed, and snowed violently; from that time Thomas's almanacks were in great demand.

509.—"HAVE you any thing else old?" said



an English lady at Rome to a boy, of whom she had bought some modern antiques. "Yes," said the young urchin, thrusting forward his hat, which had seen some dozen summers, "*my hat is old.*" The lady rewarded his wit.

510.—A COUNTRY JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, when upwards of seventy years of age, married a girl about nineteen, and being well aware that he was likely to be rallied on the subject, he resolved to be prepared. Accordingly, when any of his intimate friends called upon him, after the first salutations were passed, he was sure to begin the conversation, by saying, he believed he could tell them news. "Why," says he, "I have married my tailor's daughter." If he was asked why he did so? the old gentleman replied, "Why, the father *suit*ed me so well for forty years past, that I thought the daughter might *suit* me for *forty years to come.*"

511.—A VETERAN HIGHLANDER, between whose family and that of a neighbouring chieftain had existed a long hereditary feud, being on the death-bed, was reminded that this was the time to forgive all his enemies, even he who had most injured him. "Well, be it so," said the old highlander, after a short pause, "be it so! go tell Kenmure I forgive him—but my curse rest on my son if *ever he does.*"

512.—"WHEN I was very young," said Mr. Munden (rehearsing anecdotes of his past life), "and looking still younger, I performed the part of Old Philpot, in the Citizen, to a respect-

able audience at Brighton, with great success; and it chanced, on the next evening being disengaged from any professional duty, I was introduced, by the gentleman who principally patronized me, as Mr. *Munden*, into a club-room full of company. On hearing my name announced, a nice snug looking good humoured personage laid down his pipe, and taking up his glass, said—"Here is to your health, young sir, and to *your father's health*, I saw him perform last night, and a very nice clever old gentleman he is."

513.—AN IRISH JACK KETCH, upon asking a criminal, on the point of execution, for the accustomed fee of his office, received something more than the usual sum, on which he exclaimed, in great glee—"Long life, and good luck to your honour," and instantly let the drop fall.

514.—A BLACK MAN proceeding along one of the fashionable streets at the west end of the town, was saluted with the sound of—"How d'ye do, blackee—how do, Snowball?" He turned round in anger, but on perceiving the parrot, he said—"Ah! ah! you rogue, you grow rich now, have a fine golden house of your own, insult poor man, but I know your fader when he lived in a bush—mind dat, and keep civil tongue."

515.—AN APOTHECARY, one of the Friends, meeting Dr. *Fothergill* in the street, accosted him in the following manner. "Friend *Fothergill*, I intend dining with thee to-day."—"I shall be glad to see thee," replied the doctor. "I

intend bringing my family with me," says the apothecary. "So much the better," quoth the doctor. "But pray, friend, hast thou not some joke?" "No joke, indeed," replied the apothecary, "but a very serious matter. Thou hast attended friend *Ephraim* these three days, and ordered him no medicine. I cannot live at this rate in my own house, and I must therefore live in thine." The doctor took the hint, and prescribed handsomely for his friend *Ephraim*, and *his friend Leech, the apothecary*.

516.—A YOUNG MAN visiting his mistress, met a rival who was somewhat advanced in years, and wishing to rally him, inquired how old he was? "I can't exactly tell," replied the other; "but I can inform you that an ass is older at twenty, than a man of sixty!"

517.—WHEN AMEER, who had conquered Persia and Tartary, was defeated by Ismail, and taken prisoner, he sat on the ground, and a soldier prepared a coarse meal to appease his hunger. As this was boiling in one of the pots used for the food of the horses, a dog put his head into it; but from the mouth of the vessel being too small, he could not draw it out again, and ran away with both the pot and the meat. The captive monarch burst into a fit of laughter; and, on one of his guards demanding what cause upon earth could induce a person in his situation to laugh, he replied—"It was but this morning the steward of my household complained that three hundred camels were not enough to carry my

kitchen furniture; how easily it is now borne by that dog, who hath carried away my cooking instruments and dinner?"

518.—DEAN SWIFT once preached a charity sermon at St. Patrick's, Dublin, the length of which disgusted many of his auditors; which coming to his knowledge, and it falling to his lot soon after to preach another sermon of the like kind in the same place, they took special care to avoid falling into the former error. His text was—"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given, will he pay him again." The dean, after repeating his text in a very emphatical tone, added—"Now, my beloved brethren, you hear the terms of this loan; if you like the security, down with the dust." It is worthy of remark, that the quaintness and brevity of this sermon produced a very large contribution.

519.—THE following admonition was addressed by a Quaker to a man who was pouring forth a volley of ill language against him—"Have a care, friend, thou mayest run thy face against my fist."

520.—A FELLOW boasting in company of his family declared even his own father died in an exalted situation. Some of the company looking incredulous, another observed—"I can bear testimony of the gentleman's veracity, as my father was sheriff for the county when his was hanged for horse-stealing."

521.—A LATE GREAT PERSONAGE, when

masquerades were frequently allowed in this country being present at one of these entertainments, he was struck with the form of a lady. After some conversation with her, he laid his hand upon her bosom, the softness of which he greatly commended. "I could," replied the lady, "put your hand upon a softer place," and upon his requesting her to do so, she immediately put his hand upon his own head, and directly mingled with the crowd.

522.—A SECRETARY OF WAR, being at a corporation feast, when the dinner was over, and the glass went merrily round, one of the aldermen addressed himself to his lordship as follows:—"My lord, I wonder, amongst the various changes of ins and outs in the administration, I have always observed your lordship in constant employ." This was repeated several times, as his lordship endeavoured to evade giving a direct answer; however, at last, on the observation being repeated, his lordship made this laconic reply:—"Mr. Alderman, I look on the state as a large plum-pudding, and whilst there is a bit of it left, I am determined to have a part of it."

523.—SWIFT, in his lunacy, had intervals of sense, at which time his physicians took him out for the air. When they came to the park, Swift remarked a new building, and asked what it was designed for, to which Dr. Kingsbury answered, "That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder for the security of the city."—"Oh!"



said the dean, pulling out his pocket-book, "let me take an item of that; this is worth remarking; *my tablets*, as Hamlet says, *my tablets*; memory, put down that;" on which he wrote the following lines, which were the last he ever wrote:

"Behold a proof of Irish sense,  
Here Irish wit is seen;  
When nothing's left that's worth defence,  
We build a magazine."

and then put up his pocket-book, laughing heartily at the conceit, and finishing it with these words: "After the steed is stolen, shut the stable door." After which he never said a sensible word, so that these lines may be said to be the last speech and dying words of his wit.

524.—WHEN GENERAL V—— was quartered in a small town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly besieged as they got into their carriage by an old beggar-woman, who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh importunities. Their charity and patience became exhausted; not so the petitioner's perseverance. One morning, as Mrs. V. stepped into the carriage, our oratrix began—"Oh, my lady! success to your ladyship, and success to your honour's honour, this morning of all the days in the year: for sure I did not *dream* last night that her ladyship gave me a pound of tea, and your honour gave me a pound of tobacco."—"But my good woman," said the general, "don't you know that dreams go by the rule of contrary?"—"Do they so?" rejoined the old woman; "then it must

mean, that your honour will give me the tea, and her ladyship the tobacco."

525.—AN OFFICER just returned from the West Indies, was invited to dine with Dr. Harvey, at Dublin, where several of the medical tribe were present. The conversation turned upon tropical climates, and the officer whose opinion was asked about that of the West Indies, said, "it was an infernal place; and that if he had lived there until that day he would have been dead of the yellow fever two years ago." Another of the physicians, without observing the bull, gravely added, "that the climate was certainly very unwholesome, and that vast numbers had died there." "Very true," said Dr. O'Donnel, "but if you'll tell me of any country where people *don't die*, *I will go and end my days there.*"

526.—OF that species of trope in Irish rhetoric called a bull, the Irish themselves are decidedly superior to all the British wits who have attempted to coin for them. A Dublin chairman named Darby Logan, eminent for this class of composition, kept an alehouse in the neighbourhood of Smock-alley Theatre, which was a good deal resorted to by all the wags of that city. Some of these customers one night knocked at his door at a late hour to get in, long after the family were gone to rest. After some considerable time, Darby opened the door, shivering in his shirt, and answered the customers by saying, "*Blur and ounds*, gentlemen, sure I can't let

you in, don't you see that I'm in bed these two hours." They, however, prevailed on the good-natured host to admit them, and after obtaining some drink, begged hard to get some supper. Darby expressed his sorrow for not being able to accommodate them, adding, that he had bought a very fine *quarter of pork* the day before, but that a parcel of blackguard chairmen came in the evening while he was out, cut it up into *mutton chops*, and dressed it for their suppers.

527.—THE SAME GENIUS was one evening sent out to inquire the play of the night, by a party of his brother chairmen, in order to form some judgment of the probable crowd of the theatre, as particularly interesting to their professional views. Darby went forth leaving his friends to indulge in their favourite beverage orange ale, while he looked out for the next posting bill, and prevailed upon some person he met to read the title of the play, which was *Orang Zebe, or the Great Mogul*. Darby returned with great glee to his friends, who put the question, "Well, Darby, what's the play?"—"By St. Patrick," answered Darby, "you have it before you; 'tis *Orange Ale, and the Great Mug Full*."

528.—THE FATHER OF AN IRISH STUDENT seeing his son doing untowardly, "*Why, Sirrah,*" says he, "*did you ever see me do so when I was a boy?*"

529.—THE LATE COUNTESS OF KENMARE, who was a devout Catholic, passing one day from

her devotions at a chapel in Dublin, through a lane of beggars, who are there certainly the best actors in Europe in the display of counterfeit misery. Her ladyship's notice was particularly attracted by one fellow apparently more wretched than all the rest, and she asked him, "Pray, my good man, what's the matter with you?" the fellow, who well knew her simplicity and benevolence, answered, "Oh! my lady, I'm deaf and dumb." — "Poor man," replied the innocent lady, "how long have you been so?" — "Ever since I had the *faver* last Christmas." The poor lady presented him with a half crown, and went away piously commiserating his misfortunes.

530.—ONE of those Hibernian lapidaries to whose skill the London pavements are so highly indebted, was tried at the Old Bailey one day for biting off the nose of a Welshman, a brother paviour, in a quarrel, at their work.—The unfortunate Cambrian appeared in court with his noseless countenance, and swore the fact against the prisoner; but Dennis stoutly denied it, and called his gossip, another Hibernian paviour, to give evidence in his defence. This witness with great apparent simplicity, stated, "That to be sure his gossip and the other man had a little bit of a *scrimmage*, and both fell together, that the Welshman made several attempts to bite his gossip's face, and at last he made a twist of his mouth, and *bit off his own nose in a mistake*."

531.—COUNSELLOR CRIPS, of Cork, being on a party at Castle Martyr, the seat of the Earl of

Shannon, in Ireland, one of the company, who was a physician, strolled out before dinner into the church-yard. Dinner being served up, and the doctor not returned, some of the company were expressing their surprise where he could be gone to. "Oh," says the counsellor, "he is but just stept out to pay a visit to some of his old patients."

532.—SIR JOHN DAVIS, a Welshman, in the reign of King James I., wrote a letter to the king in these words: "Most mighty Prince! the *gold* mine that was lately discovered in Ballycurry turns out to be a *lead* one."

533.—AN IRISH GENTLEMAN in company, seeing that the lights were so dim as only to render the darkness visible, called out lustily, "Here, waiter, let me have a couple of *daycent* candles, just that I may *see* how these others *burn*."

534.—A LETTER received on Friday, 6th of Feb. 1807, by a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Brighton, from an officer lately restored to liberty from a French prison, contains the following anecdote: "My confinement in the Temple, with Moreau, Georges, Pichegru, and Captain Wright, made me a witness of scenes which still haunt my imagination, and some day, when we have the happiness to meet over a clear fire-side, I'll rouse your indignation by a repetition of them: the only time I laughed in France, was at the relation of an incident which occurred to a poor Irishman, who was one of O'Connor's



guides, and considered a clever man in the knowledge of roads in England. Berthier, minister of war, sent for him and began telling him, that the expedition against England would shortly sail, in three divisions, one to Dover, and others to places adjacent; that they would act separately, and that the object of each would be to reach London as soon as possible, when, of course, the country would be conquered: "Now," says Berthier, "how would you recommend me to go to London from Dover; recollect I wish to be there as soon as possible?"—"Och, my dear," says O'Leary, "take the mail-coach." 'Tis needless to add, that poor O'Leary was disgraced.

535.—WHEN the once celebrated Dr. Shebbeare was pilloried for a libel, a little ashamed of his elevation, he hired an Irish chairman to hold an umbrella over his head during the painful ceremony, and for this service the doctor rewarded him with a guinea. Next day, the chairman called upon him, and hoped his honor was well—began to hum! and ha! as if he had more to say. The doctor, suspecting his drift, said, "My friend, what do you want? I thought I paid you yesterday very handsomely."—"To be sure, now," said Pat, "and so you did for the trouble; but please your honor, consider the *disgrace*."

536.—AN IRISHMAN one day found a light guinea which he was obliged to sell for eighteen shillings. Next day he saw another guinea lying in the street. "No, no," says he, "I'll have

nothing to do with you, I lost three shillings by your brother yesterday."

537.—AN Irishman maintained in company that the sun did not make his revolution round the earth: "But how then," said one to him, "is it possible, that reaching the west, where he sets, he be seen to rise in the east, if he did not pass underneath the globe?"—"How puzzled you are," replied this obstinate, ignorant man, "he returns the same way; and if it be not perceived, it is on account of his coming back by night."

538.—ROCK, the comedian, when at Covent-Garden, advised one of the scene-shifters, who had met with an accident, to the plan of a subscription; and a few days afterwards he asked for the list of names, which, when he had read it over, he returned. "Why, Rock," says the poor fellow, "won't you give me something?"—"Zounds, man," replied the other, "didn't I give you the *hint*?"

539.—THE celebrated bull of the Irish gentleman who abused a woman for having *changed* him at nurse is not original. Sancho Panza makes one perfectly similar. "Pray tell me, squire," says the duchess, "is not your master the person whose history is printed under the name of the Sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha?"—"The very same, my lady," answered Sancho, "and I myself am the very squire of his, who is mentioned, or ought to be mentioned, in that history, *unless they have changed me in the cradle.*"

540.—DR. HUNTER, in his translation of Sonnini's Travels in Egypt, informs his readers that "at Malta, the *ridges* of the houses are flat *terraces*;" that, "at Rosetta, the inhabitants *cut the throats* of their ducks, and in that situation *keep them alive with their wings broken*." And lastly, that "the Orientals never take a *walk* but on *horseback*."

541.—AN IRISHMAN, angling in the rain, was observed to keep his line under the arch of a bridge; upon being asked the reason he gave the following answer: "To be sure, the fishes will be after crowding there, in order to keep out of the wet."

542.—THE very ingenious and amiable Bishop Berkeley, of Cloyne, in Ireland, was so entirely contented within his income in that diocese, that when offered by the late Earl of Chesterfield (then Lord-lieutenant) a bishoprick much more beneficial than that he possessed, he declined it with these words: "I love my neighbors, and they love me; why then should I begin, in my old days, to form new connexions, and tear myself from those friends whose kindness is to me the greatest happiness I can enjoy." Acting in this instance like the celebrated Plutarch, who being asked why he resided in his native city, so obscure and so little, "I stay in it," cried he, "lest it should grow less."

543.—A GENTLEMAN passing through Holborn lost his watch, and advertised it, with a reward of three guineas to the person who would

bring it to him. Immediately after the appearance of the advertisement, a tradesman, in the neighbourhood of Holborn, came to the place to which the finder had been directed, and gave the following account of his getting the watch:—He said that one evening, going to the butcher's to buy some meat, the butcher observed a watch hanging by the upper button of the skirt of his coat, and asked him if he used to carry his watch so. At that time he knew nothing of the watch being there, but remembered passing through a crowd in the street that evening. There is no doubt that, in the pressure and scuffle, the ribbon of the watch got entangled on the button.

544.—A MERCHANT in Jamaica, originally from London, having acquired a handsome fortune in that island, concluded with himself he could not be happy in the enjoyment of it unless he shared it with a woman of merit; and, knowing no one to his fancy, he resolved to write to a worthy correspondent in London. He knew no other style than that he used in his trade; therefore, treating affairs of love as he did his business, after giving his friend, in a letter, several commissions, and reserving this for the last, he went on thus—“*Item*, Seeing that I have taken a resolution to marry, and that I do not find a suitable match for me here, do not fail to send, by next ship bound hither, a young woman, of the qualifications and form following. As for a portion, I demand none; let her be of an honest family; between twenty and twenty-

five years of age; of a middle stature, and well-proportioned; her face agreeable; her temper mild, her character blameless, her health good, and her constitution strong enough to bear the change of the climate, that there may be no occasion to look out for a second, through lack of the first soon after she comes to hand, which must be provided against as much as possible, considering the great distance, and the dangers of the sea. If she arrives, and conditioned as abovesaid, with the present letter indorsed by you, or at least an attested copy thereof, that there may be no mistake or imposition, I hereby oblige and engage myself to satisfy the said letter by marrying the bearer at fifteen days' sight. In witness whereof I subscribe this, &c."

The London correspondent, who read over and over the odd article, which put the future spouse on the same footing with a bale of goods, could not help admiring the prudent exactness of the merchant, and his laconic style, in enumerating the qualifications which he insisted on; he, however, endeavored to serve him to his mind; and after many inquiries, found a lady fit for his purpose in a young person of a reputable family, but no fortune, of good humour, and of a polite education, well-shaped, and more than tolerably handsome; he made the proposal to her as his friend had directed; and the young gentlewoman, who had no subsistence but from a cross old aunt, who gave her a great deal of uneasiness, accepted it. A ship bound for Jamaica



was then fitting out at Bristol; the gentlewoman went on board the same, together with the bales of goods, being well provided with all necessities, and particularly with a certificate in due form, and indorsed by the correspondent. She was also included in the invoice, the last article of which ran thus—" *Item*: A maid of twenty-one years of age, of the quality, shape, and conditioned as per order; as appears by the affidavits and certificates she has to produce." The writings which were thought necessary to so exact a man as the future husband, were an extract of the parish register; a certificate of her character, signed by the curate; an attestation of her neighbours, setting forth that she had, for the space of three years, lived with an old aunt, who was intolerably peevish, and had not, during all that time, given her said aunt the least occasion of complaint; and, lastly, the goodness of her constitution was certified, after consultation, by four eminent physicians. Before the gentlewoman's departure, the London correspondent sent several letters of advice, by other ships, to his friend; whereby he informed him that, per such a ship, he sent him a young woman, of such an age, character, and condition; in a word, such as he desired to marry. The letters of advice, the bales, and the gentlewoman, came safe to the port; and the merchant, who happened to be one of the foremost on the pier, at the lady's landing, was charmed to see a handsome person, who, having heard him called by his name, thus

addressed him—"Sir, I have a bill of exchange upon you; and you know that it is not usual for people to carry a great deal of money about them in such a long voyage as I have now made; I beg the favour you will be pleased to pay it." At the same time she gave him his correspondent's letter, on the back of which was written, "The bearer of this is the spouse you ordered me to send you."—"Ha, madam!" said the merchant, "I never yet suffered my bills to be protested, and I swear this shall not be the first: I shall reckon myself the most fortunate of all men, if you will allow me to discharge it."—"Yes, sir," replied she; "and the more willingly, since I am apprised of your character. We had several persons of honour on board who knew you very well; and who, during my passage, have answered all the questions I asked them concerning you, in so advantageous a manner, that they have raised in me a perfect esteem for you." This interview was in a few days followed by the nuptials, which were very magnificent. The newly-married couple were satisfied with their happy union, made by a bill of exchange, which turned out one of the most fortunate that had happened in that island for many years.

545.—ATTERBURY, bishop of Rochester, when a certain bill was brought into the House of Lords, said among other things, "that he prophesied last winter this bill would be attempted in the present session and he was sorry to find that he had proved a true prophet." Lord Con-

ingsby, who spoke after the bishop, and always spoke in a passion, desired the house to remark "that his Right Reverend friend had set himself forth as a prophet: but for his part he did not know what prophet to liken him to unless to that furious prophet, Balaam, who was reprov'd by his own Ass." The bishop, in a reply, with great wit and calmness, exposed this rude attack, concluding thus: "since the noble lord had discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my lords, I am at a loss to make out the other part of the parallel; where is the Ass? I am sure I have been reprov'd by nobody *but his lordship*."

546.—A FEW days since, a gentleman in Shropshire observed two sailors very busy in lifting an ass over the wall of a pound, where it was confined. On asking the reason, the tars, with true humanity of character, made the following reply:—"Why, lookee, master, we saw this here animal aground without grub, d'ye see, and so my messmate and I agreed to cut his cable, and set him adrift, because we have known, before now, what it is to be on *short allowance*."

547.—A QUAKER and a Baptist travelling in a stage-coach, the latter took every opportunity of ridiculing the former on account of his religious profession. At length, they came to a heath, where the body of a malefactor, lately executed, was hanging in chains upon a gibbet. "I wonder now," said the Baptist, "what re-

ligion that man was of.”—“Perhaps,” replied the Quaker, coldly, “he was a Baptist, and they have hung him up to dry.”

548.—“LADY RACHEL is put to bed,” said Sir Boyle to a friend. “What has she got?”—“Guess?” “A boy.”—“No; guess again?”—“A girl.”—“Who told you?”

549.—ONE of Sir Boyle Roche’s children asked him one day, “Who was the father of George III.?” “My darling,” he answered, “it was Frederick, Prince of Wales, who would have been George III. if he had lived.”

550.—DEAN SWIFT, having a shoulder of mutton, too much done, brought up for his dinner, sent for the cook, and told her to take the mutton down, and do it less. “Please your honor, I cannot do it less.” “But,” said the dean, “if it had not been done enough, you could have done it more, could you not?”—“Oh, yes, Sir, very easily.”—“Why, then,” said the dean, “for the future, when you commit a fault, let it be such a one as can be mended.”

551.—THE first time that Henderson, the player, rehearsed a part at Drury-lane, George Garrick came into the boxes, saying, as he entered—“I only come as a *Spectator*.” Soon after, he made some objection to Henderson’s playing; and the new actor retorted—“Sir, I thought you were only to be a *Spectator*; you are turning *Tatler*.”—“Never mind him, Sir,” said David Garrick, “never mind him: let him be what he will, I will be the guardian.”

552.—MR. ADDISON, though an elegant writer, was too diffident of himself, ever to shine as a public speaker. At the time of debating the Union Act, in the House of Commons, he rose up, and, addressing himself to the speaker, said—"Mr. Speaker, I conceive"—he could go no farther; then rising again, he said—"Mr. Speaker, I conceive"—still unable to proceed, he sat down again. A third time, he arose, and was still unable to say anything more than—"Mr. Speaker, I conceive"—when a certain young member, who was possessed of more effrontery and volubility, arose, and said—"Mr. Speaker, I am sorry to find that the honourable gentleman over the way has conceived three times, and brought forth nothing."

553.—TWO GENTLEMEN, the other day, conversing together, one asked the other, if ever he had gone through Euclid. The reply was—"I have never been farther from Liverpool than Runcorn, and I don't recollect any place of that name between Liverpool and there."

554.—AT A COURTMARTIAL on board the *Gladiator*, at Portsmouth, a sailor, who was giving his evidence, was asked by the president what religion he was of? He replied—"Please your honour, *I'm a European.*" This was spoken so mumblingly, owing to a quid of tobacco he had in his mouth, that the president, and, indeed, most of the court, understood him to say—"I'm of your opinion;" but the question being repeated, he again answered—"I'm a European!"



The strangeness of this reply convulsed the whole court with laughter.

555.—ADMIRAL DUNCAN's address to the officers who came on board his ship for instructions, previous to the engagement with Admiral de Winter, was both laconic and humorous—"Gentlemen, you see a severe *winter* approaching; I have only to advise you to keep *up a good fire*."

556.—SIEUR BOAS (the sleight of hand man) was accosted in the usual style by a retailer of oranges. "Well, my lad," says the sieur, "how do you sell them?"—"Two-pence a piece, Sir," quoth the man. "High-priced, indeed," rejoined the deceiver; "however, we'll try them." Cutting an orange into four pieces—"Behold," says the sieur (producing a *new guinea* from the inside of the orange), "how your fruit repays me for your extortion. Come, I can *afford* to purchase *one* more," and he repeated the same experiment as with the first. "Well, to be sure," says he, "they are the first fruit I ever found to produce golden seeds." The sieur then wished to come to terms for the whole basket; but the astonished clodpole, with joyous alacrity, ran out of the house, and reaching home, began to quarter the contents of the whole basket. But, alas! the *seeds* were no more than the produce of nature—the conjuror alone possessing the *golden art*.

557.—A VERY WORTHY, though not particularly erudite, underwriter at Lloyd's, was conversing one day with a friend in the coffee-house,

on the subject of a ship they had mutually insured. His friend observed, "Do you know that I shrewdly suspect our ship is in *jeopardy*."—"The devil she is," said he; "well, I am glad that she has got *into some port at last*."

558.—THE following riddle is said to be the last production of Sheridan's witty pen: "Sometimes with a head, sometimes without a head; sometimes with a tail, sometimes without a tail; sometimes with head and tail, sometimes without either; and yet equally perfect in all situations. Answer—*a wig*."

559.—A FEW years ago, one David Lloyd, a Welshman, who kept an inn at Hereford, had a living sow with six legs; and the circumstance being publicly known, great numbers, of all descriptions, resorted to the house. It happened, that David had a wife, who was much addicted to drunkenness, and for which he used frequently to bestow on her a very severe drubbing. One day, in particular, having taken a second extra cup, which operated in a very powerful manner, and dreading the usual consequences, she went into the yard, opened the sty-door, let out the sow, and lay down in its place, hoping that a short unmolested nap would sufficiently dispel the fumes of the liquor. In the meantime, however, a company arrived to see the much-talked-of animal; and Davy, proud of his office, ushered them to the sty, exclaiming—"Did any of you ever see so uncommon a creature before?"—"Indeed, Davy," said one of the farmers, "I never

before observed a sow so very drunk in all my life!" Hence the term, *drunk as David's sow*.

560.—SIR THOMAS OVERBURY says, that the man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is under ground.

561.—MR. EYTON passing through Speenhamland, observed a fellow placed in the stocks. "My friend," said he, "I advise you by all means to *sell out*."—"I should have no objection, your honour," he replied drily, "but at present they seem much *too low*."

562.—WHEN BRENNAN, the noted highwayman, was taken in the south of Ireland, curiosity drew numbers to the gaol to see the man loaded with irons, who had long been a terror to the country. Among others, was a banker, whose notes at that time were not held in the highest estimation, who assured the prisoner that he was very glad to see him there at last. Brennan, looking up, replied, "Ah, Sir! I did not expect that from *you*: for you know, that, when all the country refused your notes, I *took* them."

563.—A LADY remarking to a bookseller that she had just got *Crabbe's Tales*, and thought them excellent; another lady heard the observation with astonishment, and, on the departure of the speaker, asked the bookseller, with a very grave face, "if he could tell her how the *crab's* tails were dressed, as she was very desirous of tasting them."

564.—A GENTLEMAN staying late one night

at the tavern, his wife sent his servant for him about twelve: "John," said he, "go home and tell your mistress, it can be no more." The man returned, by his mistress's order, again at one, the answer then was "it could be no less."—"But, Sir," said the man, "day has broke."—"With all my heart," replied the master, "he owes me nothing."—"But the sun is up, Sir."—"And so he ought to be, John, ought he not? *He has farther to go than we have, I am sure.*"

565.—DOMINICO, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV. at supper, fixed his eyes on a dish of partridges. The king, who was fond of his acting, said. "Give that *dish* to Dominico."—"And the partridges too, sire?" Louis, penetrating into the artfulness of the question, replied, "*and the partridges too.*" The dish was gold.

566.—*Curious Extract from the Log Book of Thomas Parker, who lately died in America, and who was an active Naval Officer during the late War.*

"FIRST part of the voyage\* pleasant, with fine breezes and free winds—all sails set. Spoke many vessels in want of provisions—supplied them freely.

"Middle passage.—Weather variable—short of provisions—spoke several of the above vessels our supplies had enabled to refit—made signals of distress—they up helm and bore away.†

\* Alluding to the early part of his life.

† Those whom he had formerly befriended, now, in his distress, refuse him assistance.

“Later part.—Boisterous, with contrary winds—current of adversity setting hard to leeward—towards the end of the passage it cleared up—with the quadrant of honesty had an observation—corrected and made up my reckoning—and, after a passage of fifty years, came to in Mortality Road, with the calm unruffled surface of the Ocean of Eternity in View.”

567.—A WELSH CURATE having preached several sermons, which were considered superior to his own powers of composition, was asked, by a friend, how he managed? He replied, “Do you see, I have got a volume of sermons by one Tillotson, and a very good book it is; so I translate one of the sermons into Welsh, and then back again into English; after which the devil himself would not know it again.”

568.—GEORGE IV., on hearing some one declare that Moore had murdered Sheridan, in his late life of that statesman, observed, “I won’t say that Mr. Moore has *murdered* Sheridan, but he has certainly *attempted his life*.”

569.—THE BRITISH SAILORS had always been accustomed to drink their allowance of brandy or rum clear, till Admiral Vernon ordered those under his command to mix it with water. This innovation gave great offence to the sailors, and, for a time, rendered the commander very unpopular among them. The admiral, at that time, wore a grogam coat, for which reason they nicknamed him, “Old Grog;” hence by degrees, the



mixed liquor he constrained them to, universally obtained among them the name of *Grog*.

570.—A FOOLISH STAGE-STRUCK YOUTH ran away from his friends, and got amongst a most low and miserable set of strollers. A relation, after a time, discovered him just as he was going on the stage in *King Richard*; and, on reading him a pretty severe lecture on his folly and disobedience, received an answer suitable to all the ridiculous consequences and assumed pomp of a mock monarch. To which he answered, "These are fine lofty words, but 'tis a great pity, Mr. King Richard, that you could not afford to buy a better pair of shoes." The actor, looking at his toes, which were staring him in the face, without losing his vivacity, cried, "Shoes! O, Sir, shoes are things we *kings* don't stand upon!"

571.—A SCHOOLMASTER asked one of his boys on a sharp wintry morning, what was Latin for cold? The boy hesitated a little—"What, sirrah," said he, "cannot you tell?"—"Yes, yes," replied the boy, "*I have it at my fingers' ends.*"

572.—WHILE the Eddystone light-house was erecting, a French privateer took the men upon the rock, together with their tools, and carried them to France; and the captain was in expectation of a reward for the achievement. While the captives lay in prison, the transaction reached the ears of Louis XIV. when he immediately ordered them to be released, and the captors put in their places—declaring, that "though he was at war with England, he was not so with all mankind."

He directed the men to be sent back to their work, with presents—observing, “that the Eddystone light-house was so situated as to be of equal service to all nations having occasion to navigate the channel between England and France.”

573.—A DASHING FOREMAN to a tailor in Glasgow, having got a holiday to go to see his majesty, and dining with a mixed company, wished to impress those present with the immense importance of his services to his employers. “Though I say it, that should not say it,” quoth Snip, “if it was not for me our people could not carry on their business.”—“I can very well believe you,” said one of the party, “I never yet heard of a tailor who could carry on his business without his *goose*.”

574.—MR. SCOTT, of Exeter, travelled on business till about eighty years of age. He was one of the most celebrated characters in this kingdom for punctuality, and by his methodical conduct, joined to uniform diligence, he gradually amassed a large fortune. For a long series of years, the proprietor of every inn he frequented in Devon and Cornwall knew the day, and the very hour he would arrive. A short time before he died, a gentleman, on a journey in Cornwall, stopped at a small inn at Port Isaac to dine. The waiter presented him with a bill of fare, which he did not approve of; but observing a fine duck roasting, “I’ll have that,” said the traveller. “You cannot, Sir,” said the landlord, “it is for Mr. Scott, of Exeter.”—“I know

Mr. Scott very well," rejoined the gentleman, "he is not in your house."—"True, Sir," said the landlord, "but *six months ago, when he was here last, he ordered a duck to be ready for him this day, precisely at two o'clock;*" and, to the astonishment of the traveller, he saw the old gentleman on his Rosinante juggling into the inn yard about five minutes before the appointed time.

575.—A FRENCH PRIEST, who had usually a very small audience, was one day preaching at the church in his village, when, the doors being open, a gander and several geese came stalking up the middle aisle. The preacher, availing himself of the circumstance, observed, that he could no longer find fault with his district for non-attendance; because, though they did not come themselves, they sent their *representatives*.

576.—A PERSON who had resided for some time on the coast of Africa, was asked if he thought it possible to civilise the natives. "As a proof of the possibility of it," said he, "I have known some negroes that thought as little of a *lie* or an *oath* as any European."

A modern writer of travels, records, that in one of his peregrinations he traversed a wide extent of uncultivated regions, but at last perceived a *gibbet*, "the sight of which," says he, "gave me infinite pleasure, as it proved that I was in a *civilised country*."

577.—ONE EVENING AT OXFORD, Dr. Johnson was present at a private party, when, among

other topics, an essay on the future life in brutes was mentioned, and a gentleman present was inclined to support the author's opinion, that the lower animals have an "immortal part." He familiarly remarked to the doctor—"Really, Sir, when we see a very sensible dog, we don't know what to think of him." Upon which, Johnson, turning quickly round, replied—"True, Sir; and when we see a very foolish *fellow*, we don't know what to think of him."

578.—A PERSON who dined in company with Dr. Johnson, endeavoured to make his court to him by laughing immoderately at everything he said. The Doctor bore it for some time with philosophical indifference; but the impertinent *ha, ha, ha!* becoming intolerable, "Pray, Sir," said the doctor, "what is the matter? I hope I have not said anything that *you* can comprehend."

579.—AN eminent carcass butcher, as meagre in his person as he was in his understanding, being one day in a bookseller's shop, took up a volume of Churchill's poems, and by way of shewing his taste, repeated the following line:—

"Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free."

Then turning to Dr. Johnson—"What think you of that, Sir?" said he. "Rank nonsense," replied the other, "it is an assertion without a proof, and you might, with as much propriety, say:—

"Who slays fat oxen should himself be fat."

580.—THE following note was written by a bookseller in Germany, to one of his authors:—  
“I have just received half a dozen lean *octavos*, which you must fatten up to as many *quartos*, for the Leipsic fair. I send you a large quantity of *paste*, and a new pair of *scissors*.”

581.—LATELY, a lady, bargaining for a haddock with a fisherman, inquired when the fish had been caught? “This morning, madam,” said the owner of the haddock. “You lie,” replied a voice, which seemed to issue from the gills of one of the fish; “it is three days ago since I was caught, and two days since you stole me from Dick Potter; and I am now stinking.” This speech, which had been uttered by a celebrated ventriloquist, who at that instant was passing by, so amazed the lady, that she retired in terror, and closed the hall-door as she withdrew into her house, lest the speaking fish might enter with her.

582.—A WITNESS in the Court of King’s Bench, being cross-examined by Mr. Garrow, that learned gentleman asked him, if he was not a fortune-teller? “I am not,” answered the witness; “but if every one had his due, I should have no difficulty in telling your fortune.”—“Well, fellow!” says Mr. Garrow, “pray what is to be my fortune?”—“Why, Sir,” rejoined the witness, “I understand you made your *first speech* at the Old Bailey, and I think it is probable that you will there make your *last speech*.”

583.—“SANCHO,” said a dying planter to his slave, “for your faithful services, I mean now to



do you an honour, and I leave it in my will that you shall be buried in our family ground!"—"Ah, massa!" replied Sancho, "Sancho no good to be buried; Sancho rather have de money or de freedom; besides, if de devil should come in de dark to look for massa, he might mistake, and take de poor Negar man!"

584.—A GAMBLER, on his death-bed, having seriously taken leave of his physician, who told him that he could not live beyond eight o'clock next morning, exerted the small strength he had left to call the doctor back; which having accomplished with difficulty, for he could hardly exceed a whisper—"Doctor," said he, "I'll bet you five guineas I live till nine."

585.—A BRANDY MERCHANT, who had just received intelligence of the failure of a house which stood indebted to him upwards of five hundred pounds for *rum* and *brandy*, coming into company, appeared somewhat dejected, whereupon, one of the gentlemen present asked him if he was not well—"O, yes," replied another, "he's very well, only he has *lost his spirits*."

586.—A CERTAIN SEA CAPTAIN, who had a considerable interest with his brother officers, and the cook aboard the vessel, were once to be tried for an offence against the laws of the navy, of such a nature as put their lives in some jeopardy. The cook displayed every mark of fear and apprehension for his safety. The captain, on the contrary, seemed in very good spirits, and said, "Cheer up, man, why should you be cast down!

I fear nothing, and why should you?"—"Why, faith, your honour," replied the fellow, "I should be as courageous as you are, if we were to be tried by a jury of cooks."

587.—AN IRISHMAN saw the sign of the Rising Sun near the Seven Dials, and underneath was wrote, *A. Moon*, the man's name who kept it being Aaron Moon. The Irishman thinking he had discovered a just cause for triumph, roars out to his companion, "Only see, Feilim! see here! they talk of the Irish bulls; only do but see now! here's a fellow puts up the Rising Sun, and calls it *A Moon*."

588.—Two old ladies, who were known to be of the same age, had the same desire to keep the real number concealed; one therefore used always upon a New-Year's day to go to the other, and say, "Madam, I am come to know how old we are to be this year."

589.—WHEN George Alexander Stevens was a first actor in the Norwich company, he performed the part of Horatio, in the "Fair Penitent." The Calista was a Mrs. B——, who had been long the celebrated heroine in tragedy, and the lady in high life in comedy. Mrs. B., in her decline, sacrificed too often to the intoxicating god. In proportion as the action of the play advanced towards a conclusion, by endeavouring to raise her spirits with a cheerful glass, she became totally unfit to represent the character. In her last scene of Calista, it was so long before she died, that George, after giving her several

gentle hints, cried out, "Why don't you die, you fool?" She retorted, as loud as she could, "You robbed the Bristol mail, you dog!" This spirited dialogue so diverted the audience, that much clapping ensued. The manager seeing no end of this merry business, dropt the curtain, and put an end to the tumult.

590.—THE EMPEROR CHARLES V. having one day lost himself in the heat of the chase, and wandered in the forest far from his train, after much fatigue in trying to find a route, came at last to a solitary hedge ale-house, where he entered to refresh himself. On coming in, he saw four men, whose mien presaged him no good; he however sat down and called for something. These men pretending to sleep, one of them rose, and, approaching the emperor, said, he had dreamt that he took his hat: and accordingly took it off. The second, saying, he had dreamt he had taken his coat, took that also. The third, with a like prologue, took his waistcoat. And the fourth, with much politeness, said, he hoped there would be no objection to his feeling his pockets; and seeing a chain of gold about his neck, whence hung his hunting-horn, was about to take that too. But the emperor said, "Stop, my friend, I dare say you cannot blow it; I will teach you." So putting the horn to his mouth, he blew repeatedly, and very loud. His people, who searched for him, heard the sound, and, entering the cottage, were surprised to see him in such a garb. "Here are four fellows," said the

emperor, "who have *dreamt* what they please: I must also *dream* in my turn." Sitting down, and shutting his eyes a little while, he then started up, saying, "I have dreamt that I saw four thieves hanged;" and immediately ordered his dream to be fulfilled, the master of the inn being compelled to be their executioner.

591.—DURING the reign of James II., when the king was much disliked for his oppression, and the number of taxes imposed on the people, his majesty, in the progress of a tour, stopt at Sudbury, in Suffolk, when the corporation resolved to address him; but, as the mayor did not possess much literature, it was settled that the town clerk should be his prompter. Being introduced to the presence, the town-clerk whispered to the trembling mayor, "Hold up your head, and look like a man." His worship, mistaking this for the beginning of a speech, repeated aloud to the king, "*Hold up your head, and look like a man.*" The town clerk, in amaze, again whispered him, "What do you mean by this, Sir?" The mayor, in the same manner, repeated, "What do you mean by this, Sir?" The town-clerk, alarmed, whispered still more earnestly, "I tell you, Sir, you'll ruin us all." The mayor, still imagining this to be part of his speech, concluded his matchless performance with, "*I tell you, Sir, you'll ruin us all.*"

592.—THAT sort of rhetoric is best which is most reasonable and catching. An instance we have in that old commander at Cadiz, who proved

a good orator. Being to say something to his soldiers (which he was not used to do), he made them a speech to this purpose: "What a shame would it be, you Englishmen, that feed upon good beef and beer, to let those rascally Spaniards beat you, that eat nothing but oranges and lemons." And thus he put more courage into his men than he could have done by a learned oration.

593.—A POOR WOMAN, understanding that Dr. Goldsmith was a physician, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him, by letter, to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and, after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking with sickness and poverty. The doctor told the honest pair that they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send him some pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home, and put ten guineas into a chip-box, with the following label: "These must be used as necessities require; be patient, and of good heart." He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to anything Galen, or his disciples, could ever administer.

594.—"WHAT have you got to say, old *Bacon-face*?" said a counsellor to a farmer, at a late Cambridge Assizes. "Why," answered the farmer, "I am thinking my *Bacon-face* and



your *Calf's-head* would make a very good dish!"

595.—THE late celebrated penurious H. Jennings, Esq., of Acton Place, who was reputed to be the richest commoner in England, *when at the age of 92*, was applied to by one of his tenants, then in the *80th year of his age*, to renew his lease for a further term of 14 years, when, after some general observations, Mr. Jennings coolly said, "*Take a lease for 21 years, or you will be troubling me again!*" and this was accordingly granted.

596.—THE HIBERNIAN SCHOOLMASTER, settled in a village near London, who advertised that he intended to keep a Sunday school twice a week, Tuesday and Thursday, reminds us of the mock mayor of a place in the west, who declared, on his election, that he was resolved to hold his quarter-sessions *monthly*.

597.—AN'RO GEMMLE, was called the "King of the beggars," and was very fond of playing off little *jeux d'esprits* of his own formation. Once, as a priest was going to his church, he espied An'ro on the road, seemingly in the most profound meditation, pondering deeply, "with leaden eye that loves the ground," on something lying in the way, and stepping seriously round it. The clergyman came up, and said—"Well, An'ro, what's this that seems to be puzzling you so? For my part I see nothing but a horseshoe on the road."—"Dear me," returned the Gaberlunzie, with uplifted hands, "what disna that

lair do—I ha'e glour'd at that shoe now the part o' hauf an hour, and deil take me gif I could say whether it was a horse-shoe or a mare-shoe." This is Walter Scott's Eddie Ochiltree.

598.—THE late General Scott, so celebrated for his success in gaming, was one evening playing very deep with the Count D'Artois and the Duke de Chartres, at Paris, when a petition was brought up from the widow of a French officer, stating her various misfortunes, and praying relief; a plate was handed round, and each person put in one, two, or three louis d'ors; but when it was held to the general, who was going to throw for a stake of 500 louis d'ors, he said—"Stop a moment, if you please, Sir, here goes for the widow!" The throw was successful, and he instantly swept the whole into the plate, and sent it down to the astonished petitioner.

599.—A PHILADELPHIA PAPER relates the following laughable occurrence:—A prisoner, at the bar at the Mayor's Court, in that city, being called on to plead to an indictment for larceny, was told by the clerk to hold up his right hand. The man immediately held up his left hand. "Hold up your *right* hand," said the clerk. "Please your honour," said the culprit, still keeping up his left hand, "I am left-handed."

600.—SOON after Lord Kenyon was appointed Master of the Rolls, he was listening very attentively to a young clerk, who, reading to him, before a number of gentlemen of the long robe, the conveyances of an estate, and on coming to

the word *enough*, pronounced it *enow*. His lordship immediately interrupted him—"Hold! hold! you must stand corrected; *e-n-o-u-g-h* is, according to the vernacular custom, pronounced *enuff*, and so must all other English words, which terminate in *o-u-g-h*, as, for example, *tough*, *rough*, *cough*, &c." The clerk bowed, blushed, and went on for some time; when coming to the word *plough*, he, with a loud voice, and a penetrating look at his honour, called it *pluff*! The great lawyer stroked his chin, and, with a smile, candidly said—"Young man, *I sit corrected*."

601.—IN THE YEAR 1797, when democratic notions ran high, it may be remembered that the king's coach was attacked as his majesty was going to the House of Peers. A gigantic Hibernian, on that occasion, was conspicuously loyal in repelling the mob. Soon after, to his no small surprise, he received a message from Mr. Dundas to attend at his office. He went, and met with a gracious reception from the *great man*, who, after prefacing a few encomiums on his active loyalty, desired to point out any way in which he would wish to be advanced, his majesty having particularly noticed his courageous conduct, and being desirous to reward it. Pat scratched and scraped for a while, half thunder-struck—"The devil take me if I know what I'm fit for."—"Nay, my good fellow," cried Harry, "think a moment, and *dinna* throw *yoursel* out o' the way o' fortun." Pat hesitated a moment,

smirking as if some odd idea had strayed into his noddle—"I'll tell you what, mister, make a *Scotchman* of me, and, by St. Patrick, there'll be no fear of my getting on." The minister gazed awhile at the *mal apropos* wit—"Make a *Scotchman* of you, Sir, that's impossible, for I can't give you *prudence*."

602.—DR. BURNEY, who wrote the celebrated anagram on Lord Nelson, after his victory of the Nile, "*Honcr est a Nilo*" (Horatio Nelson), was shortly after on a visit to his lordship, at his beautiful villa at Merton. From his usual absence of mind, he neglected to put a night cap into his portmanteau, and consequently borrowed one from his lordship. Previously to his retiring to rest, he sat down to study, as was his common practice, having first put on the cap, and was shortly after alarmed by finding it in flames; he immediately collected the burnt remains, and returned them, with the following lines:—

Take your night-cap again, my good lord, I desire,  
I would not retain it a minute;  
What belongs to a Nelson, wherever there's fire,  
Is sure to be instantly in it.

603.—THE celebrated Dr. Ward was not more remarkable for his humanity and skill, than wit and humour. An old woman, to whom he had administered some medicines proper for a disorder under which she labored, applied to him, with a complaint that she had not experienced any kind of effect from taking them. "No effect at all?" says the doctor. "None in the

least," replies the woman. "Why then you should have taken a bumping glass of gin."—"So I did, Sir."—"Well, but when you found that did not succeed, you should have taken another."—"So I did, Sir, and another after that."—"Oh, you did," says the doctor; "aye, it is just as I imagined; you complain that you found no effect in my prescription, after you confess yourself, that you swallowed gin enough to counteract any medicine in the whole system of physic."

604.—A BEAUSH MARQUIS waited on some ladies, in order to take them to the Paris Observatory where the celebrated Cassini was to observe an eclipse of the sun. The arrival of this party had been delayed by the toilet; and the eclipse was over when the *petit-maitre* appeared at the door. He was informed he had come too late, and that all was past. "Never mind, ladies," said he, "step up; Monsieur Cassini is a particular friend of mine; he will be so obliging as to *begin again* for me."

605.—SOME time ago Mr. —, a most respectable tradesman of Birmingham, discovered that his son, a boy of five years of age, was accustomed to ask those gentlemen who came to his house to give him money, and immediately extorted a promise from him, under a threat of correction, that he would not do so any more. The next day Mr. —, his father's partner, called, and the boy evaded a breach of his promise, by saying, "Friend F., do thee know any



who would lend me a penny, and not require it of me again? ”

606.—A STUPID PERSON on day seeing a man of learning enjoying the pleasures of the table, said—“ So, Sir, philosophers I see can indulge in the greatest delicacies.”—“ Why not,” replied the other, “ do you think providence intended all the good things for the ignorant? ”

607.—A GIRL forced by her parents into a disagreeable match with an old man whom she detested, when the clergyman came to that part of the service where the bride is asked if she consents to take the bridegroom for her husband, said, with great simplicity—“ Oh dear, no, Sir; but you are the first person who has asked my opinion about the matter.”

608.—IT was said of a great calumniator, and a frequenter of other persons’ tables, that he never *opened his mouth* but at another man’s expense.

609.—A FIRE happening, not long since, at a public house, a man passing at the time entreated one of the firemen to play the engine upon a particular door, and backed his request by the bribe of a shilling. The fireman consequently complied, upon which the arch rogue exclaimed—“ You’ve done what I never could do—for, egad, you’ve *liquidated my score!* ”

610.—SOON after the conclusion of the French war in Queen Elizabeth’s time, a young pert officer, who had been but lately enlisted in the service, came to the ordinary at the Black Horse

Inn, Holborn, where Major Johnston, a brave, rough, old Scotch officer, and one that feared the Lord, usually dined. The young gentleman, while at dinner, was venting some new fangled notions, and speaking, in the gaiety of his humour, against the dispensations of Providence, when the major, at first, only desired him to speak more respectfully of one for whom all the company had an honour; but finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him in a more serious manner. "Young man," said he, "do not abuse your benefactor whilst you are eating his bread. Consider whose air you breathe, whose presence you are in, and who it is that gave you the power of that very speech which you make use of to his dishonour." The young fellow, who thought to turn matters into a jest, asked him if he was going to preach; but at the same time desired him to take care what he said when he spoke to a man of honour. "A man of honour," said the major, "thou art an infidel and a blasphemer, and I shall use thee as such." In short, the quarrel ran so high, that the young officer challenged the major. Upon their coming into the garden, the old fellow advised his antagonist to consider the place into which one pass might plunge him; but on finding him to grow upon him to a degree of scurrility, as believing the advice proceeded from fear—"Sirrah," said he, "if a thunderbolt does not strike thee dead before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee for thy profaneness to thy

Maker, and thy sauciness to his servant." Upon this he drew his sword, and cried out with a loud voice—"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" which so terrified his antagonist, that he was immediately disarmed, and thrown upon his knees. In this posture he begged his life, but the major refused to grant it, before he asked pardon in a short extemporary prayer, which the old gentleman dictated upon the spot, and which his proselyte repeated to him in the presence of the whole ordinary that were then gathered about them in the garden, to their no small diversion.

611.—MUNDEN, when confined to his bed by the gout, and unable to put his feet to the ground, being told by a friend that his *dignified* indisposition was the laugh of the Green room, pleasantly replied—"Though I love to laugh, and make others laugh, yet I would much rather they would make me a *standing* joke."

612.—It is well known that the veterans who preside at the examinations of surgeons, question minutely those who wish to become qualified. After answering very satisfactorily to the numerous inquiries made, a young gentleman was asked, if he wished to give his patient a profuse perspiration what he would prescribe. He mentioned many diaphoric medicines in case the first failed, but the unmerciful questioner thus continued—"Pray, Sir, suppose none of those succeeded, what step would you take next?" "Why, Sir," enjoined the enraged and harassed

young Esculapius, "I would send him here to be examined; and if that did not give him a sweat, I do not know what would."

613.—A LEARNED DOCTOR being very busy in his study, a little girl came to ask him for some fire. "But, says the doctor, "you have nothing to take it in." As he was going to fetch something for that purpose, the little girl stooped down at the fireplace, and taking some cold ashes in one hand, she put live embers on them with the other. The astonished doctor threw down his books, saying—"With all my learning, I should never have found out that expedient."

614.—THE LATE LORD CLONMEL, who never thought of demanding more than a shilling for an affidavit, used to be well satisfied, provided it was a *good one*. In his time the Birmingham shillings were current, and he used the following extraordinary precaution to avoid being imposed upon, by taking a bad one—"You shall true answer make to such questions as shall be demanded of you, touching this affidavit, so help you God! Kiss the book—*Is this a good shilling?* Are the contents of this affidavit true? Is this your name and hand-writing?"

615.—A CHIMNEY SWEEPER'S BOY went into a baker's shop for a two-penny loaf and conceiving it to be diminutive in size, remarked to the baker that he did not believe it was weight. "Never mind that," said the man of dough, "you will have *the less to carry*." "True," re-

plied the lad, and throwing three half-pence on the counter left the shop. The baker called after him that he had not left money enough. "Never mind that," said young sooty, "you will have *the less to count.*"

616.—WHEN MR. SHERIDAN first stood for Stafford, he made abundant promises to procure places for such electors as would vote for him; and, wonderful to relate! he kept his word, for numbers of them were appointed to offices in Drury-lane theatre and the opera house. By this munificence he gained his election; but in a very short time he found opportunities to oblige new friends, most of the others being obliged to relinquish their situations from *receiving no pay.*

617.—THE LATE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, who used to leave Brookes's, regularly, at a very late hour, in passing by the stall of a cobbler at the end of Jermyn-street, on his way home, always wished the cobbler a "good night;" which the cobbler as regularly returned by wishing his grace a "good morning!"

618.—LORD KAMES used to relate a story of a man, who claimed the honour of his acquaintance on rather singular grounds. His lordship, when one of the justiciary judges, returning from the north circuit to Perth, happened one night to sleep at Dunkeld. The next morning, walking towards the ferry, but apprehending he had missed his way, he asked a man whom he met to conduct him. The other an-



swered, with much cordiality—"That I will do with all my heart, my lord; does not your lordship remember me? My name 's John ——; I have had the honour to be before your lordship for stealing sheep!"—"Oh, John, I remember you well; and how is your wife? she had the honour to be before me too, for receiving them, knowing them to be stolen."—"At your lordship's service. We were very lucky, we got off for want of evidence; and I am still going on in the butcher trade."—"Then," replied his lordship, "we may have the honour of meeting again."

619.—A FORTUNE-TELLER was arrested at his theatre of divination, *al fresco*, at the corner of the Rue de Bussy, in Paris, and carried before the tribunal of correctional police. "You know how to read the future?" said the president, a man of great wit, but too fond of a joke for a magistrate. "I do, M. le President," replied the sorcerer. "In this case," said the judge, "you know the judgment we intend to pronounce?"—"Certainly."—"Well, what will happen to you?"—"Nothing."—"You are sure of it?"—"You will acquit me."—"Acquit you?"—"There is no doubt of it."—"Why?"—"Because, Sir, if it had been your intention to condemn me, you would not have added irony to misfortune." The president, disconcerted, turned to his brother judges, and the sorcerer was acquitted.

620.—SOME time ago, as a lady, who pos-

sessed great personal charms, was walking along a narrow lane, she perceived just behind her a hawker of earthenware driving an ass with two panniers laden with his stock in trade. To give the animal and his master room to pass, the lady suddenly started aside, which so frightened the poor animal that he ran away, but had not proceeded far when he unfortunately fell, and a great part of the crockery was broken to pieces. The lady in her turn became alarmed, lest, when she came up to the man, he should load her with abuse, if not offer to insult her; but, to her surprise, when she arrived at the spot, the man, with great good humour, gallantry, and wit, exclaimed—"Never mind, madam, Balaam's ass was frightened by an angel!"

621.—ONE morning a party came into the public rooms at Buxton, somewhat later than usual, and requested some tongue. They were told that Lord Byron had eaten it all. "I am very angry with his lordship," said a lady, loud enough for him to hear the observation. "I am sorry for it, madam," retorted Lord Byron, "but before I ate the tongue, I was assured *you* did not want it."

622.—MR. PITT was disputing at a cabinet dinner on the energy and beauty of the Latin language. In support of the superiority which he affirmed it to have over the English, he asserted, that two negatives made a thing more positive than one affirmative possibly could. "Then," said Thurlow, "your father and

mother must have been two complete *negatives*, to make such a *positive* fellow as you are."

623.—It was with as much delicacy as satire, that Porson returned, with the manuscript of a friend, the answer, "That it would be read, when Homer and Virgil were forgotten, *but not till then.*"

624.—SHERIDAN inquiring of his son what side of politics he should espouse on his inauguration to St. Stephen's chapel; the son replied, that he intended to vote for those who offered best, and that in consequence he should wear on his forehead a label, "To let;" to which the facetious critic rejoined, "I suppose, Tom, you mean to add, *unfurnished.*"

625.—ON MR. H. ERSKINE's receiving his appointment to succeed Mr. Dundas, as justiciary in Scotland he exclaimed that he must go and order his silk robe. "Never mind," said Mr. Dundas, "for the short time you will want it you had better borrow mine!"—"No!" replied Erskine, "how short a time soever I may need it, heaven forbid that I commence my career by adopting the abandoned habits of my predecessor."

626.—LORD B—— who sports a ferocious pair of whiskers, meeting Mr. O'Connell in Dublin, the latter said, "When do you mean to place your whiskers on the *peace establishment?*"—"When you place your tongue on the *civil list?*" was the witty rejoinder.

627.—A FRIEND made Garrick a present of

a case that contained a razor, a strap, and a shaving box; and telling him that he would find some other pretty little things in it. "I hope," said Garrick, "as I cannot shave myself, that one of them is a pretty little barber."

628.—DAVID GARRICK was once on a visit at Mr. Rigby's seat, Mistley Hall, Essex, when Dr. Gough formed one of the party. Observing the potent appetite of the learned Doctor, Garrick indulged in some coarse jests on the occasion, to the great amusement of the company, the Doctor excepted; who, when the laugh had subsided, thus addressed the party: "Gentlemen, you must doubtless suppose from the extreme familiarity with which Mr. Garrick has thought fit to treat me, that I am an acquaintance of his; but I can assure you, that, till I met him here, I never saw him but once before, and then I paid five shillings for the sight." Roscius was silent.

629.—THE LATE DUKE OF NORFOLK was remarkably fond of his bottle. On a masquerade night, he consulted Foote as to what character he should appear in. "Don't go disguised," said Foote, "but assume a new character; *go sober*."

630.—As BURKE was declaiming with great animation against Hastings, he was interrupted by little Major Scott. "Am I," said he, indignantly, "to be teased by the barking of this jackal, while I am attacking the royal tiger of Bengal."

631.—THERE is a celebrated reply of Mr.

Curran to a remark of Lord Clare, who curtly exclaimed at one of his legal positions, "O! if that be law, Mr. Curran, I may burn my law books!"—"Better *read* them, my lord," was the sarcastic and appropriate rejoinder.

632.—DEAN SWIFT, among other eccentricities, determined upon having a feast once a year, in imitation of the Saturnalia in ancient Rome. In this project he engaged several persons of rank, and his plan was put in execution at the deanery-house. When all the servants were seated, and every gentleman placed behind his own servant, the Dean's footman, who presided, found fault with some meat which was not done to his taste; and imitating his master on such occasions, threw it at him. But the Dean was either so mortified by the reproof, or so provoked at the insult, that he flew into a violent passion, beat the fellow, and dispersed the whole assembly.—Thus abruptly terminated the Dean's Saturnalia.

633.—A GENTLEMAN, at whose house Swift was dining in Ireland, after dinner introduced remarkably small hock glasses, and at length turning to Swift addressed him,—“Mr. Dean, I shall be happy to take a glass of hic, hæc, hoc, with you.”—“Sir, rejoined the Doctor, “I shall be happy to comply, but it must be out of a *hujus* glass.”

634.—DEAN SWIFT having preached an asize sermon in Ireland, was invited to dine with the judges; and having in his sermon considered



the use and abuse of the law, he then pressed a little hard upon those counsellors, who plead causes, which they knew in their consciences to be wrong. When dinner was over, and the glass began to go round, a young barrister retorted upon the dean; and after several altercations, the counsellor asked him, "If the devil were to die, whether a *parson* might not be found, who, for money, would preach his funeral sermon!"—"Yes," said Swift, "I would gladly be the man, and I would then give the devil his due, as I have this day done his *children*."

635.—SWIFT greatly admired the talents of the late Duke of Wharton; and hearing him, one day, recount many of his frolics, "Ah, my lord," said he, "you have had many frolics: but let me recommend one more to you, *Take a frolic to be virtuous*.—I assure you it will do you more honour than all the rest."

636.—A DISPUTE happening to turn upon the origin of whiggism, Dr. Johnson triumphantly challenged Dr. Crowe to tell him who was the first whig; the latter finding himself a little puzzled, Johnson tauntingly rejoined, "I see, Sir, that you are even ignorant of the head of your own party, but I will tell you, Sir; the devil was the first whig; he was the first reformer; he wanted to set up a reform even in heaven!" Dr. Crowe calmly replied, "I am much obliged to you for your information, and I certainly did not foresee that you would go so far back for your authority."

637.—DR. ROBERTSON observed, that Johnson's jokes were the rebukes of the righteous, described in scripture as being like excellent oil. "Yes," exclaimed Burke, "oil of vitriol!"

638.—FOOTE being in company, and the "Tuscan grape" producing more riot than concord, he observed one gentleman so far gone in debate as to throw the bottle at his antagonist's head, upon which, catching the missile in his hand, he restored the harmony of the company, by observing that "if the bottle was passed so quickly, not one of them would be able to stand out the evening."

639.—WHEN the repeal of the Test Act was agitated in the house, a deputation from the Dissenters waited on Lord Thurlow to solicit his vote, he listened to a long harangue with much patience; when it was finished, he rose up, and addressed them,—“Gentlemen, you have called on me to request my vote for the repeal of the Test Act. Gentlemen, I shall not vote for the repeal of the Test Act. I care not whether your religion has the ascendancy, or mine, or any, or none; but this I know, that when *you* were uppermost, you kept *us* down, and now that *we* are uppermost, with God's help, we will keep *you* down.”

640.—MR. ROGERS was requested by Lady Holland to ask Sir Philip Francis, whether he was the author of Junius. The poet approached the knight, "Will you, Sir Philip,—will your kindness excuse my addressing to you a single

question?"—"At your peril, Sir!" was the harsh and the laconic answer. The intimidated bard retreated to his friends, who eagerly asked him the result of his application. "I don't know," he answered, "whether he is Junius; but, if he be, he is certainly Junius Brutus."

641.—ON the Duke of York's horse Moses winning a match at Ascot, his royal highness appeared to look very thoughtful. A spectator asked Mr. Hunt, who happened to be present, what he supposed the royal sportsman could then be pondering on? "Why, you know," replied Mr. H. "that the duke is a bishop, and he is doubtless thinking of Moses and the profits."

642.—A CORSICAN, the leader of a gang of banditti, who had long been famous for his exploits, was at length taken, and committed to the care of a soldier, from whom he contrived to escape. The soldier was tried, and condemned to death. At the place of execution, a man, coming up to the commanding officer, said—"Sir, I am a stranger to you, but you shall soon know who I am; I have heard that one of your soldiers is to die for having suffered a prisoner to escape—he was not at all to blame—besides, the prisoner shall be restored to you. Behold him here, I am the man. I cannot bear that an innocent man should be punished for me, and I am come to die myself."—"No," cried the French officer, who felt as he ought the sublimity of the action, "thou shalt not die, and the soldier shall be set at liberty. Endeavour to reap the fruits of thy

generosity; thou deservest to be henceforth an honest man."

643.—WHISTON was a pensioner of Queen Caroline, who sometimes admitted him to the honour of her conversation, and paid the pension with her own hands. One day, she said to him—"Mr. Whiston, I understand you are a free speaker, and honestly tell people of their faults; no one is without faults, and I wish you would tell me of mine;" and she pressed him to do so. He was still upon the reserve; she pressed him the more. "Well," said he, "since your majesty insists upon it, I must obey you. There are an abundance of people who come out of the country, every spring, to London, and they naturally desire to see the king and queen, and have not any opportunity of seeing your majesties so conveniently as at the Chapel Royal; but these country folks, who are not used to such things, when they see your majesty talking with the king almost all the time of divine service, are perfectly astonished, and depart, with strange impressions, into their respective countries, and make their reports there (let me tell you) not at all to your majesty's honour."—"I am sorry for it," answered the queen; "I believe there may be too much truth in what you say; but pray, Mr. Whiston, tell me of another fault."—"No, madam," said he, "one at a time; let me see you mend of this before I tell you of another."

644.—THE HAUGHTY SOLYMAN, Emperor of

the Turks, in his attack on Hungary, took the city of Belgrade, which was considered as the bulwark of Christendom. After this important conquest, a woman of low rank approached him, and complained bitterly, that some of his soldiers had carried off her cattle, in which consisted her sole wealth. "You must then have been in a deep sleep," said Solyman, smiling, "if you did not hear the robbers."—"Yes, my sovereign," replied the woman, "I did sleep soundly, but it was in the fullest confidence that your highness watched for the public safety." The emperor, who had an elevated mind, far from resenting this freedom, made the poor woman ample amends for the loss she had sustained.

645.—IN a country news-room, the following notice is written over the chimney:—"Gentlemen learning to spell are requested to use yesterday's paper!"

646.—ABOUT the year 1762, a colonel in command in the West-Indies, was ordered to disembark his corps for the attack of one of the islands. In stepping into a boat, he fell overboard, and the current was carrying him rapidly from the ship, when an honest tar jumped after him, kept him afloat till a boat was despatched to his assistance, and put him on board again in safety. One of Jack's messmates, having observed the colonel put something into the hands of his deliverer, stepped up to him and exclaimed—"Damme, Jack, you're in luck to-day, aye!" and eagerly opening his hand, expected at least



to share in a can of grog; but, on discovering the *generous* reward, a *sixpence*, the tar uttered a prayer, and whispered his messmate—"Never mind, Jack, every man knows the *value* of his life best."

647.—A WEST-INDIAN, who had a remarkably fiery nose, sleeping in his chair, a negro-boy, who was in waiting, observed a mosquito hovering about his face. Quashi eyed the insect very attentively, and at last saw him alight upon his master's nose, and immediately fly off again.—"Ah!" exclaimed the negro, "me glad to see you *burn your foot*."

648.—IN the early period of the history of Methodism, some of Mr. Wesley's opponents, in the excess of their zeal against enthusiasm, took up a whole waggon load of Methodists, and carried them before a magistrate. When they were asked, what these persons had done, there was an awkward silence; at last, one of the accusers said—"Why, they pretended to be better than other people; and besides, they prayed from morning till night." The magistrate asked if they had done anything else. "Yes, Sir," said an old man, "an't please your worship, they *converted* my wife; till she went among them, she had such a tongue, and now she is as quiet as a lamb."—"Carry them back," said the magistrate, "and let them *convert* all the scolds in the town."

649.—WHEN Admiral Haddock was dying, he called his son, and thus addressed him—

"Considering my rank in life, and public services for so many years, I shall leave you but a small fortune; but, my boy, it is honestly got, and will wear well; there are no seamen's wages or provisions, nor one single penny of pinch-gut money in it."

650.—SIR ANDREW AGNEW, a Scotch baronet, was famous heretofore for giving *broad hints*. The nature of them will be best ascertained by the following anecdote. Sir Andrew having for some time been pestered by an impudent and impertinent intruder, it was one day remarked to the baronet, by a friend, that this man no longer appeared in his company, and asked how he contrived to get rid of him. "In truth," said the baronet, "I was obliged to give the chield a *broad hint*."—"A broad hint," replied the friend, "I thought he was one of those who could not take a hint."—"By my faith, but he was *forced* to take it," answered Sir Andrew, "for, as the fellow would not gang out of the *door*, I threw him out of the *window*."

651.—A RUSSIAN OFFICER, named Valensky, who had a command in the Persian expedition, had once been beaten by the Emperor Peter's order, mistaking him for another. "Well," says Peter, "I am sorry for it, but you will deserve it one day or other, and then remind me that you are in arrears with me;" which accordingly happened upon that very expedition, and he was excused.

652.—A HEALTHY old gentleman was once

asked by the king, what physician and apothecary he made use of to look so well at his time of life—"Sire," replied the gentleman, "my physician has always been *a horse*, and my apothecary *an ass*."

653.—A GENTLEMAN at Paris amusing himself in the gallery of the Palais Royal, observed, while he was carelessly looking over some pamphlets at a bookseller's shop, a suspicious fellow stand rather too near him. The gentleman was dressed, according to the fashion of the times, in a coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels, upon which the thief began to have a design; and the gentleman, not willing to disappoint him, turned his head another way, to give him an opportunity. The thief immediately set to work, and, in a trice, twisted off seven or eight of the silver tags. The gentleman perceived it; and, drawing out a penknife, caught the fellow by the ear and cut it off close to his head. "Murder! murder!" cries the thief. "Robbery! robbery!" cries the gentleman. Upon this the thief, in a passion, throwing them at the gentleman, roared—"There are your tags and buttons."—"Very well," says the gentleman, throwing it back in the like manner, "there is your ear."

654.—WHEN EARL SPENCER was a boy he called at an inn at St. Alban's, where he had frequently stopped, and observing that the landlord looked unusually dejected, asked him the cause. After some hesitation, the landlord said,

"That affairs ran cross, his creditors were severe, and he should be soon obliged to shut up his house."—"That is a pity," said the young nobleman; "how much money will be required to reinstate you?"—"Oh, your honour, a great sum; not less than a thousand pounds."—"And would that sum perfectly answer the purpose?"—"It would, Sir; and I would honestly repay any gentleman who would be generous enough to advance it." Young Spencer said no more, but ordering his horses to his carriage, posted back to London, and going instantly to his guardian, told him he wanted a thousand pounds. "A thousand pounds, Sir!" said the guardian, "it is a large sum. May I ask to what purpose it is to be applied?"—"No purpose of extravagance upon my honour, but I will not tell you to what use it is to be destined." The guardian refused to advance the cash. The young gentleman hurried to his relations, and made his complaint; a consultation was held, and it was at length agreed to let him have the money, without demanding the mode in which he intended to dispose of it. He carried it immediately to the distressed landlord, whose business was conducted with fresh vigour, and his inn has been since one of the most capital in England.

655.—LORD NELSON and Mr. Pitt could never agree. It was told Nelson, that Pitt said—"He was the greatest fool he ever knew when on shore."—"He speaks truth," said the hero, "and I would soon prove him to be a fool if I

had him on board of ship; nevertheless, I am as clever an admiral as he is a statesman, which is saying a great deal for myself." He disliked the man, but honoured his great talents.

656.—A SAILOR who had not seen the inside of a church for some time, strolled into that of Portlock, in Somersetshire, just as the minister ascended the pulpit, who gave out for his text, "Wilt thou go with me to Ramoth Gilead, to battle?" which being twice repeated, the tar, with some warmth, rose up, and exclaimed—"What, do none of you answer the gentlemen? For my part, if nobody else will go, I'll go with him myself, with all my heart."

657.—ABOUT the time when Murphy so successfully attacked the stage-struck heroes in the pleasant farce of "The Apprentice," an eminent poulterer went to a spouting-club in search of his servant, who, he understood, was that evening to make his *debut* in Lear, and entered the room at the moment he was exclaiming—"I am the king; you cannot touch me for coining."—"No, you dog," cried the enraged master, catching the mad monarch by his collar, "but I can for not *picking the ducks*."

658.—LORD MELVILLE told a pleasant story, rather at his own expense, at a cabinet dinner. Some time ago he sent for Townsend, the Bow-street officer, who, from the line marked out by his lordship, then secretary of state, made a useful and singular discovery. Townsend, surprised at the sagacity of the right honour-



able gentleman, could not abstain from expressing his admiration, by assuring him, that, with "a very little instruction, he would, in a fortnight, make the best *thief-taker* in the kingdom."

659.—REYNOLDS, the dramatist, observing to Martin the thinness of the house at one of his own plays, added—"He supposed it was owing to the *war*."—"No," replied the latter, "it is owing to the piece."

660.—A PHYSICIAN being sent for, by a maker of universal specifics, expressed his surprise at being called in on an occasion apparently trifling. "Not so trifling neither," replied the quack, "for, to tell you the truth, I have taken some of my own pills."

661.—PHILIP, king of Macedon, having drunk too much wine, happened to determine a cause unjustly, to the prejudice of a poor widow, who, when she heard his decree, boldly cried out—"I appeal to Philip sober." The king, struck with the peculiarity of the event, recovered his senses, heard the cause afresh, and, finding his mistake, ordered her to be paid, out of his own purse, double the sum she was to have lost. This is an example worthy imitation.

662.—THE NEAPOLITANS in general hold drunkenness in very great abhorrence.—A story is told there of a nobleman, who, having murdered another in a fit of jealousy, was condemned to suffer death. His life was offered to him on the sole condition of saying, that when he com-

mitted the deed he was intoxicated. He received the offer with disdain, and exclaimed—"I would rather suffer a thousand deaths, than bring eternal disgrace on my family, by confessing the disgraceful crime of intoxication." He persisted, and was executed.

663.—AN OFFICER of one of the ships at Spithead, having occasion to send to his country-house in great haste a few days since, despatched a sailor on horseback with a letter, who, after delivering it, and being refreshed, and the horse fed, went to the stable to prepare for his return. A bye-stander observed to him, "that he was putting on the saddle the hind part before." The sailor replied—"How do you know which way I am going to ride?"

664.—LOUIS XI., when young, used to visit a peasant, whose garden produced excellent fruit. Soon after he ascended the throne, this peasant waited on him with his little present, a turnip, the produce of his own garden, of an extraordinary size. The king, smiling, remembered the hours of pleasure he had passed with him, and ordered a thousand crowns to be given to him. The lord of the village hearing of this liberality, thought within himself—"If this peasant gets a thousand crowns for a turnip, I have only to present his majesty with a handsome horse, and my fortune is made." Arriving at court, he requested the king's acceptance of one. Louis highly praised the steed, and the donor's expectations were raised to the utmost, when the

king exclaimed—"Bring me my turnip!" and added, as he presented it to the nobleman, "There, this cost me a thousand crowns, I give it to you in return for your horse."

665.—WHEN LORD SANDWICH was to present Admiral Campbell, he told him, that probably, the king would knight him. The admiral did not much relish the honour. "Well, but," said Lord S., "perhaps Mrs. Campbell will like it."—"Then let the king knight her," answered the rough seaman.

666.—HENRY III. of France could not bear to be alone in a chamber where there was a cat. The brave Duc d'Epemon fell into a swoon at the sight of a rabbit. The Mareschal Albert was always taken ill upon the bringing of a pig to the table. Ladislaus, king of Poland, began to run as often as he perceived an apple. Erasmus could not smell fish without becoming feverish. Scaliger was seized with a tremor at the sight of water-cresses. Tycho Brahe could scarcely support himself on his legs if a hare or fox happened to start up where he was. Every eclipse of the moon threw the Chancellor Bacon into a fainting fit. Boyle was seized with an ecstasy at the sound of water running from a pipe. La Mothe le Vayer could not endure the notes of any musical instrument, but felt the most lively pleasure whenever it thundered. An Englishman fainted away as often as he heard the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah.

667.—SIR PETER LELY, a famous painter, in

the reign of Charles I., agreed for the price of a full-length, which he was to draw for a rich alderman of London, who was not indebted to nature either for shape or face. When the picture was finished, the alderman endeavoured to beat down the price; alleging, that if he did not purchase it, it would lay on the painter's hands. "That's your mistake," replied Sir Peter, "for I can sell it at double the price I demand."—"How can that be?" says the alderman; "for it is like nobody but myself."—"But I will draw a tail to it, and then it will be an excellent monkey." Mr. Alderman, to prevent exposure, paid the sum agreed for, and carried off the picture.

668.—A QUAKER, a few years ago, having been cited as an evidence at a Quarter Sessions, one of the magistrates, who had been a blacksmith, desired to know why he would not take off his hat. "It is a privilege," said the witness, "that the laws and liberalities of my country indulge people of our religious mode of thinking in."—"If I had it in my power," said the justice, "I would have your hat nailed to your head."—"I thought," said Obadiah, "that thou had'st given over the trade of *driving nails*."

669.—CHARLES V., in his intervals of relaxation, used to retire to Brussels; he was curious to know the sentiments of his meanest subjects concerning himself, and his administration; therefore often went out *incog.*, and mixed himself in such companies and conversation as he

thought proper. One night his boot requiring immediate mending, he was directed to a cobbler. Unluckily it happened to be on St. Crispin's holiday; and instead of finding the cobbler inclined to work, he was in the height of his jollity among his acquaintance: the emperor acquainted him with what he wanted, and offered a handsome gratuity. "What, friend," says the fellow, "do you not know better than to ask any of our craft to work on St. Crispin? Was it Charles V. himself, I'd not do a stitch for him now; but if you'll come in, and drink St. Crispin, do and welcome; we are as merry as the emperor can be." The sovereign accepted his offer; but while he was contemplating on their rude pleasure, instead of joining in it, the jovial host thus accosted him—"What, I suppose you are some Courtier Politician, or other, by that contemplative phiz, nay by your long nose, you may be a bastard of the emperor's—but be who, or what, you will, you're heartily welcome—drink about; here's Charles the Fifth's health."—"Then you love Charles the Fifth," replied the emperor. "Love him!" says the son of Crispin; "aye, aye, I love his long noseship well enough; but I should love him much more, would he but tax us a little less; but, what the devil have we to do with politics? Round with the glass, and merry be our hearts." After a short stay, the emperor took his leave, and thanked the cobbler for his hospitable reception. "That," cried he, "you're welcome to; but I



would not to-day have dishonoured St. Crispin to have worked for the emperor."

Charles, pleased with the honest good nature and humour of the fellow, sent for him next morning to court. You must imagine his surprise, to see and hear that his late guest was his sovereign! He feared his joke on his long nose must be punished with death. The emperor thanked him for his hospitality, and as a reward for it, bid him ask for what he most desired, and take the whole night to settle his surprise and his ambition. Next day he appeared, and requested, that for the future, the cobblers of Flanders might bear for their arms a *boot* with the *crown* upon it. That request was granted; and, so moderate was his ambition, the emperor bid him make another. "If," says he, "I am to have my utmost wishes, command that, for the future, the company of *cobblers* shall take place of the company of *shoe-makers*." It was accordingly so ordained, and, to this day, there is to be seen a chapel in Flanders adorned around with a boot, and an Imperial crown on it; and, in all processions, the company of cobblers take place before the company of shoe-makers.

670.—DANIEL PURCELL, the famous punster, was desired one night in company to make a pun extempore. "Upon what subject?" said Daniel.—"The king," answered the other.—"Oh, Sir," said he, "the *king* is no *subject*."

671.—A FATHER, exhorting his son to early

rising, related a story of a person who, early one morning, found a large purse of money. "Well," replied the youth, "but the person who lost it rose earlier."

672.—SOME SAILORS, who had made a great deal of prize-money, lately determined on purchasing a horse for the use of the mess; accordingly, one of them was pitched upon to buy the horse. As soon as this honest tar got on shore, he went to a noted horse-dealer, who brought out a very clever-looking horse for the sailor's inspection, which he particularly recommended to him, as being a nice *short-backed* horse. "Aye, that may be," said the sailor, "and that's the very reason he won't do, for *there's seven of us*."

673.—A CORPULENT BARONET, who piques himself upon his agility, exclaimed the other day, in the tone of exultation, to a witty friend—"It is strange, Tom, that I should be so uncommonly active, is it not?"—"It only proves," answered the wit drily, "that two opposite qualities are combined, the form of the *bear*, with the alertness of the *monkey*."

674.—A CORNISH CLERGYMAN, having a dispute concerning several shares in different mines, found it necessary to send for a London limb of the law, to have some conversation with the witnesses, examine the title-deeds, view the premises, &c. The divine very soon found that his legal assistant was as great a rogue as ever was struck off the rolls. However, as he thought

his knowledge might be useful, he showed him his papers, took him to compare his surveyor's drawings with the situation of the pits, &c. When, in one of these excursions, the professional gentleman was descending a deep shaft, by means of a rope which he held tight in his hand, he called out to the parson, who stood at the top, "Doctor, as you have not confined your studies to geography, but know all things from the surface to the center, pray, how far is it from this pit to that in the infernal regions?"—"I cannot exactly ascertain the distance," replied the divine, "but let go your hold, and you'll be there in a minute."

675.—A FEW YEARS ago were seated in a stage-coach a clergyman, a lawyer, and a respectable-looking elderly person. The lawyer, wishing to quiz the clergyman, began to descant pretty fully on the admission of many ill-qualified persons into the church. "As a proof," says he, "what pretty parsons we have, I once heard one read, instead of—'And Aaron made an *atonement* for the *sins* of the people'—'And Aaron made an *ointment* for the *shins* of the people.'"—"Incredible," exclaimed the clergyman.—"Oh," replied the lawyer, "I dare say this gentleman will be able to inform us of something similar."—"That I can," said the old gentleman, while the face of the lawyer brightened in triumph—"for I once was present in a country church where the clergyman, instead of—'The devil was a *liar* from the beginning,'

actually read—‘The devil was a *lawyer* from the beginning.’”

676.—A GENTLEMAN long famous for the aptitude of his puns, observing a violent fracas in the front of a gin-shop, facetiously termed it, “The battle of *A-gin-court*.”

677.—A CHIMNEY-SWEEPER, of very small stature, brought a Mrs. M’Intire to Bow-street, a short time since, and charged her with uttering a gross and scandalous libel against him in Old Round Court, by calling him a bishop. The sweep said to the magistrate—“I wants to know why this here woman should call me a bishop; I gets my living honestly as a sweep, and keeps a wife and five children; and though I bees always called a clergyman, and belonging to the cloth, and that there kind of thing, I assure your honour, I be no bishop.” The magistrate said it was quite certain he was no bishop, and Mr. Harris, the sweep, concluded by saying—“It was hard that he, nor any one of his business, could not walk the streets, without being called a bishop.” The woman was committed.

678.—“IN one of my visits, very early in life, to that venerable master, Dr. Pepusch,” says Dr. Burney, “he gave me a short lesson, which made so deep an impression that I long endeavoured to practice it—‘When I was a young man,’ said he, ‘I determined never to go to bed at night, till I knew something that I did not know in the morning.’”

679.—A DISPUTE having long subsisted in a

gentleman's family between the maid and the coachman, about fetching the cream for breakfast, the gentleman one morning called them both before him, that he might hear what they had to say, and decide accordingly. The maid pleaded, that the coachman was lounging about the kitchen, the best part of the morning, yet he was so ill natured, he would not fetch the cream for her; notwithstanding he saw she had so much to do, that she had not a moment to spare. The coachman alleged, it was out of his business. "Very well," said the master, "but pray what do you call your business?"—"To take care of the horses, and clean and drive the coach," replied Jehu. "You say right," answered the master, "and I do not expect you to do more than I hired you for; but this I insist on, that every morning, before breakfast, you get the coach ready, and drive the maid to the farmer's for milk; and I hope you will allow that to be part of your business."

680.—MR. CURRAN one day inquiring his master's age from a horse jockey's servant, he found it almost impossible to extract an answer. "Come, come, friend, has he not lost his teeth?"—"Do you think," returned the fellow, "that I know his age, as he does his horse's, by the *mark of his mouth?*" The laugh was against Curran, but he instantly recovered. "You were very right not to try, friend; for you know your master's a *great bite.*"

681.—AN IRISHMAN asked an itinerant poult-



erer the price of a pair of fowls. "Six shillings, Sir."—"In my dear country, my darling, you might buy them for sixpence *a pace*."—"Why don't you remain in your dear country, then?"—"Case we have no *sixpences*, my jewel," said Pat.

682.—A NOTORIOUS MISER having heard a very eloquent charity sermon, exclaimed—"This sermon strongly proves the necessity of alms. I have almost a mind to turn *beggar*."

683.—A NAVAL OFFICER, relating his feats to a marshal, said—"That, in a sea-fight, he had killed 300 men with his own hand."—"And I," said the marshal, "descended through a chimney, in Switzerland, to visit a pretty girl."—"How could that be," said the captain, "since here are no chimneys in that country."—"What, Sir," said the marshal, "I have allowed you to kill 300 men in a fight, and surely you may permit me to descend a chimney in Switzerland."

684.—MR. STERNE, the whimsical author of *Tristram Shandy*, was married to Mrs. Sterne on a Saturday morning. The parishioners had timely information of the circumstance, and knowing he would preach next morning at his parish church, and desirous at the same time of seeing the bride, they assembled in such crowds, that the church was full before the bell had done tolling. The bride made her appearance, and the country folks indulged themselves with the usual observations, till Sterne mounted the pul-

pit; here every eye was directed to him, and every ear ready to catch the words of his text which turned out to their astonishment as follows—" *We have toiled all night, and have caught nothing.*" The congregation looked at each other; some smiled; others stopped their mouths with their handkerchiefs, to prevent them from laughing, while the old folks wore serious faces, and thought the humourist a very odd sort of a man for a parson. They attended, however, to his discourse, which turned out, as usual, very instructive, and all went home highly delighted with the text, but poor Mrs. Sterne, who blushed down to her fingers' ends every step of the way to the house.

685.—A CERTAIN QUAKER (very rich and very obstinate), constantly rode every morning to a village not far from town, and, as a proof of his humility, made it a rule never to turn out of his track for any one. A young buck undertook, for a wager, to make friend Aminadab, for once, at least, give way, without using any force or violence. At the proper time (for the Quaker was as regular as the clock,) the young fellow set out on horseback, and soon seeing the Quaker at a distance, rode on, till his horse's nose touched that of the Quaker's; when both stopped and sat some time looking at each other. At length the buck, with great composure, taking out a pipe, filled, and lighted it, by the help of a pistol tinder-box; then leaning on his elbow on the pommel of his saddle, smoked it out very

deliberately, looking very steadfastly all the while in the Quaker's face. His pipe out, he began to recharge, which the Quaker seeing, immediately turned his horse's head, saying as he passed his opponent, "Friend, thou beest a very obstinate fellow."

686.—SHERIDAN was dining with Lord Thurlow, when he produced some admirable Constantia, which had been sent him from the Cape of Good Hope. The wine tickled the palate of Sheridan, who saw the bottle emptied with uncommon regret, and set his wits to work to get another. The old Chancellor was not to be so easily induced to produce his curious Cape in such profusion, and foiled all Sheridan's attempts to get another glass.—Sheridan being piqued, and seeing the inutility of persecuting the immovable pillar of the law, turned towards a gentleman sitting farther down, and said, "Sir, pass me up that decanter, for I must return to Madeira since I cannot double the Cape."

687.—SHERIDAN made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots—these attracting the notice of some of his friends, "Now guess," said he, "how I came by these boots?" many *probable* guesses then took place—"No!" said Sheridan, "no, you've not hit it, nor ever will—I bought them, and paid for them!"

688.—A RICH MEMBER of the Lower House, but exceedingly penurious, having one day decanted for half an hour, at the Cocoa Tree, on the excellent quality and cheapness of a *waist-*

*coat*, which, after much *bating*, he had just bought at a tailor's shop in the Strand, and which he was exhibiting in triumph to the gentlemen present, concluded by praising the high perfection of the Manchester manufacturers, and saying, "Can any thing be more reasonable? Can any one conceive how they let me have it so cheap?"—"Very easily," replied Sheridan, raising his head from a newspaper, and heartily tired of being bored by such a subject: "they took you for one of the *trade*, and sold it to you *wholesale*."

689.—AN ATTORNEY one day meeting Sheridan walking with another gentleman in Piccadilly, told him he had just been apprenticing his second daughter, a very beautiful girl, to a fashionable dress-maker in Bond-street; at the same time asking his opinion of this family arrangement. "Depend upon it, Sir," said Sheridan, "that she is in as fair a way of being ruined, as a boy is to become a rogue, when he is first put clerk to a lawyer!"

690.—SHERIDAN was very desirous that his son Tom should marry a young woman of large fortune, but knew that Miss Callander had won his son's heart. One day, he requested Tom to walk with him, and soon entered on the subject of his marriage, and pointed out to him in glowing colours the advantages of so brilliant an alliance. Tom listened with the utmost patience, and then descanted on the perfections of the woman who proved the bride and solace of his de-

clining years. Sheridan grew warm, and expatiating on the folly of his son, at length exclaimed—"Tom, if you marry Caroline Callander, I'll cut you off with a shilling!" Tom could not resist the opportunity of replying, and looking archly at his father, said, "Then, Sir, you must borrow it." Sheridan was tickled at the wit, and dropped the subject.

691.—SHERIDAN was endeavouring to compliment (vulgò, to *gammon*) a city tailor out of a new suit of clothes, and promising him half a dozen similar orders every year. "You are an excellent *cut*, my friend," said Sheridan, "and you beat our snips of the West-end, hollow. Why don't you push your thimble amongst us? I'll recommend you every where; upon my honour, your work gives you infinite credit."—"Yes," replied Twist, "I always take care that my *work* gives *long credit*; but the *wearers ready money*."

692.—IN a large party, one evening, the conversation turned upon young men's allowance at college. Tom Sheridan lamented the ill judging parsimony of many parents, in that respect. "I am sure, Tom," said the father, "you need not complain; I always allowed you eight hundred a year."—"Yes, father, I must confess you *allowed* it; but then it was never paid."

693.—WHEN DR. PARR's preface to Bellenus was the theme of general admiration, Horne Tooke said of it, rather contemptuously, "It consists of mere scraps;" alluding to the



frequent use of the Ciceronian language. This sarcasm was mentioned to Parr, who afterwards meeting Tooke, said to him,—“ So, Mr. Tooke, you think my Preface mere scraps? ”—“ True,” replied Tooke, with inimitable readiness, “ but you know, my dear Doctor, scraps are often tit-bits.”

694.—DURING THE RAGE of republican principles in England, and whilst the Corresponding Society was in full vigour, Mr. Selwyn happened one May-day to meet a troop of chimney-sweepers, dressed out in all their gaudy trappings; and observed to Mr. Fox, who was walking with him, “ I say, Charles, I have often heard you and others talk of the majesty of the people; but I never saw any of the young princes and princesses till now.”

695.—RETURNING in haste from France in the winter season, on hearing a report of a probable change in the ministry, by which he was more than likely to lose his place, Selwyn appeared in the drawing-room at St. James's the next court-day in a light coloured velvet dress. The king taking notice of this, George replied, —“ Yes, Sire, it is rather a cool habiliment; but notwithstanding, I do assure your Majesty, that I have been in a violent sweat ever since my arrival in England.”

696.—A LEARNED IRISH JUDGE, among other peculiarities, has a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. On his circuit, a short time since, his favourite expression was employed in

a singular manner. At the close of the assize, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him that he had not passed sentence on one of the criminals, as he had intended—"Dear me!" said his lordship, "I really beg his pardon—bring him in."

697.—DR. PARR AND LORD ERSKINE are said to have been the vainest men of their time. At dinner, some years since, Dr. Parr, in ecstasy with the conversational powers of Lord E., called out to him, "My lord, I mean to write your epitaph."—"Dr. Parr," replied the noble lawyer, "it is a temptation to commit suicide."

698.—GIBBON the historian, notwithstanding his shortness and rotundity, was very gallant. One day being alone with Madame de Cronzas, Gibbon wished to seize the favourable moment, and suddenly dropping on his knees, he declared his love in the most passionate terms. Madame de Cronzas replied in a tone to prevent the repetition of such a scene. Gibbon was thunderstruck, but still remained on his knees, though frequently desired to get up and resume his seat. "Sir," said Madame de Cronzas, "will you have the goodness to rise?"—"Alas, madam," replied the unhappy lover, "I cannot." His size prevented him from rising without assistance; upon this Madame de Cronzas rang the bell, saying to the servant, "Lift up Mr. Gibbon."

699.—"SOUVRE," said Louis XV. to the commander of that name, "you are getting old; where do you wish to be interred?"—"At the

foot of your majesty, sire," replied Souvré. This answer disconcerted the monarch, who remained for some time deeply immersed in thought.

700.—THERE were two very fat noblemen at the court of Louis XV., the Duke de L—— and the Duke de N——. They were both one day at the levee, when the king began to rally the former on his corpulence. "You take no exercise, I suppose," said the king.—"Pardon me, sire," said de L——, "I walk twice a day round my cousin de N——."

701.—A LADY was listening to the late Lord Erskine's account of the people of the North Pole, and when he mentioned that the natives clothe themselves in the skins of the seals, and eat their flesh, "What! live upon SEALS?" exclaimed the lady, with a look of horror.—"Yes, madam," answered Lord Erskine, "and very good living too, if one could but keep them."

702.—POPE PIOUS VII. having come to Paris to crown, or rather to pronounce the apostolic benediction on the coronation of Napoleon, Denon was deputed to shew his holiness over the mint, the museum, and the imperial printing-offices. In his presence the Lord's prayer in 150 languages and dialects was printed and presented to him. The Pope expressed his admiration, and turning to Denon said, "But thou hast not given me thy work."—"Your holiness, I should never have presumed to offer it to you, for you recollect you excommunicated me for

having attempted to prove in it, that the world was more than six thousand years old.”—  
“Psha! thou didst thy duty, and I did mine; give me the book at any rate.”

703.—THE CELEBRATED ACTOR, John Palmer, whose father was a bill-sticker, and who had occasionally followed the same humble occupation himself, being one evening strutting in the green-room in a pair of glittering buckles, & bystander remarked that they really resembled diamonds. “Sir,” said Palmer, with some warmth, “I would have you know I never wear any thing but diamonds!”—“I ask your pardon,” replied the other. “I remember the time when you were nothing but *paste*.” The laugh was much heightened by Bannister exclaiming, “Jack, why don’t you *stick him against the wall?*”

704.—AN AVARICIOUS FENMAN, who kept a very scanty table, dining one Saturday with his son at an ordinary in Cambridge, whispered in his ear, “Tom, you must eat for to-day and to-morrow.”—“O yes,” retorted the half-starved lad, “but I ha’n’t eaten for yesterday and to-day yet, father.”

705.—LADY BEAULIEU was complaining of being waked by a noise in the night; my lord replied, “Oh, for my part, there is no disturbing me; if they don’t wake me before I go to sleep, there is no waking me afterwards.”

706.—WHEN HENRY, Duke of Norfolk (the only Protestant of the family before the late

duke), was attending James II. in his duty as Earl Marshal, to the Popish Chapel of the Court, he stopped short at the door, and, making his bow to the king, suffered him to pass on without accompanying him. The king was piqued, and turning round, observed, "My lord, your father would have gone farther." The duke made a lower bow than before, and replied, "Your majesty's father would not have gone as far."

707.—"A LADY once asked me," says Coleridge, "if I believed in ghosts and apparitions." I answered with truth and simplicity, "No, madam, I have seen far too many myself."

708.—A SCHOOL-BOY going into the village without leave, one of his masters called after him, "Where are you going, Sir?"—"I am going to buy a halfp'-worth of nails, Sir."—"What do you want a halfp'-worth of nails for?"—"For a halfpenny, Sir," replied the urchin.

709.—AT A TEA-PARTY, where some Cantabs happened to be present, after the dish had been handed round, the lady who was presiding over the tea equipage "hoped the tea was good."—"Very good, indeed, madam," was the general reply, till it came to the turn of one of the Cantabs to speak, who, between truth and politeness, shrewdly observed, "That the *tea* was *excellent*, but the *water* was *smoky*."

710.—Two OXONIANS dining together, one of them noticing a *spot of grease* on the neckcloth of his companion, said, "I see you are a *Grecian*."—"Pooh!" said the other, "that's *far-*



*fetched*.”—“No, indeed,” says the punster, “I made it *on the spot*.”

711.—A YOUNG WOMAN meeting her former fellow-servant, was asked how she liked her place. “Very well.”—“Then you have nothing to complain of?”—“Nothing; only master and misses talk such very bad grammar.”

712.—A NOBLE LORD, who was aid-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, visited the duke early on the morning of the battle of Salamanca, and perceiving him lying on a very small camp bedstead, observed that his grace “had not room to turn himself.” The duke immediately replied, “When you have lived as long as I have, you will know that when a man thinks of turning in his bed, it is time he should turn out of it.”

713.—SHORTLY after the commencement of the last war, a tax was laid on candles, which, as a political economist would prove, made them dearer. A Scotch wife, in Greenock, remarked to her chandler, Paddy MacBeth, that the price was raised, and asked why. “It’s a’ owin’ to the war,” said Paddy. “The war!” said the astonished matron, “Gracious me! are they gaun to fight by candle licht?”

714.—DR. PARR, who, it is well known, was not very partial to the “*thea linensis*,” although lauded so warmly by a French writer as “*nostris gratissima musis*,” being invited to take *tea* by a lady, with true classic wit and refined gallantry, uttered the following delicate compliment: “Non possum *te-cum vivere*, nec sine *te!*”

715.—A CHANCERY BARRISTER having been for a long while annoyed by an irritable ulcer on one of his legs, called upon Mr. Abernethy for the purpose of obtaining that gentleman's advice. The counsellor judging of an ulcer as of a brief, that it must be seen before its nature could be understood, was busily employed in removing his stocking and bandages, when Mr. Abernethy abruptly advanced towards him, and exclaimed in a stentorian voice, "Hallo! what are you about there! put out your tongue, man! Aye, there 'tis, I see it—I'm satisfied—quite enough—shut up your leg, man—shut it up—shut it up. Here, take one of these pills every night on going to bed." The lawyer put the box of pills into his pocket, handed over the fee, and was about to leave the room, when Mr. A. thus accosted him: "Why, look here, this is but a shilling!" The barrister sarcastically replied: "Aye, there 'tis! I see it—I'm satisfied! quite enough, man! shut it up—shut it up!" and hastily quitted the room.

716 —AN IRISHMAN, who served on board a man-of-war in the capacity of a waister, was selected by one of the officers to haul in a tow-line, of considerable length, that was towing over the taffrail. After rowing-in forty or fifty fathoms, which had put his patience severely to proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, he muttered to himself, "By my soul, it's as long as to-day and to-morrow!—It's a good week's work for any five in the ship!—Bad luck

to the arm or leg, it'll lave me at last!—What! more of it yet!—Och, murder; the sa's mighty deep, to be sure!”—When, after continuing in a similar strain, and conceiving there was little probability of the completion of his labour, he stopped suddenly short, and addressing the officer of the watch, exclaimed, “Bad manners to me, Sir, if I don't think somebody's *cut off the other end of it!*”

717.—ROSE, private secretary to Louis XIV., having married his daughter to M. Portail, president of the parliament, was constantly receiving from his son-in-law, complaints of his daughter's ill-temper. To one of these he at length answered, that he was fully convinced of her misconduct, and was resolved to punish it; in short, that if he heard any more of it, he would *disinherit her*. He heard no more.

718.—“DOES your husband expectorate?” said an apothecary to a poor Irish woman who had long visited his shop for her sick husband—“*Expect to ate*, yer honour—no sure, and Paddy does not expect to ate—he's nothing at all to ate!” The humane man sent a large basin of mixture from a tureen of soup then smoking on his table.

719.—WHEN GEORGE BIDDER, the calculating phenomenon, was a very little boy, he made the tour of England with his father, displaying everywhere his astonishing power of combining and resolving numbers. Among several very ingenious and difficult questions prepared pur-

posely for him, an ignorant pedagogue asked (without furnishing any data), "How many cow's tails would reach to the moon." The boy, turning upon the inquirer an eye of considerable archness, answered instantly, "One, if it were long enough."

720.—BY STATUTE 6th, George II. c. 37., it was felony without benefit of clergy to destroy an ash. Dr. Ash, a great wit, and friend of Swift, was once wet through with the rain, and upon going into an inn, asked the waiter to strip off his coat for him; upon which the waiter started, and said he dare not, for it was felony to *strip an Ash*. Dr. Ash used to say he would have given 50*l.* to have been the author of that pun.

721.—A JUDGE AND COUNSELLOR being upon indifferent terms, a client of the counsel's making his appearance at the bar with his jaw terribly swelled, the judge remarked, "Mr. —, this client of yours would make an excellent counsellor, he's all jaw;" which set the court in a roar of laughter against the counsellor. On silence being obtained, the counsel remarked, "My lord, I think he would make a better judge, for his jaw is all one side." The retort turned the laugh against the judge, and from that day they were on the best terms of friendship.

722.—A BARBER, who was a great talker, said to a person on whom he was about to operate, "How do you choose that I should shave you, Sir?"—"Without opening your lips," replied the customer.

723.—A LADY who went to consult Mr. Abernethy, began describing her complaint, which was what he very much disliked. Among other things, she said, “Whenever I lift my arm, it pains me exceedingly.”—“Why then, madam,” answered Mr. A., “you are a great fool for doing so.”

724.—A LADY, who had received a severe bite in her arm from a dog, went to Mr. Abernethy, but knowing his aversion to hearing any statement of particulars, she merely uncovered the injured part, and held it before him in silence. After looking at it an instant, he said in an inquiring tone, “Scratch?”—“Bite,” replied the lady.—“Cat?” asked the doctor.—“Dog,” rejoined the patient. So delighted was Mr. A. with the brevity and promptness of her answers, that he exclaimed, “Zounds, madam, you are the most sensible woman I ever met with in my life.”

725.—At the siege of Gironne, a cannon ball passed very near the Duke de Noailles, who was inspecting a battery. “Do you hear that music!” said he to Rigolo, who commanded the artillery.—“I care nothing about the balls which come,” replied Rigolo, “my business is with those that go.”

726.—It is related of Mr. Cheselden, well known as having been surgeon to the Queen of George II. that going into an obscure country town, he found a blacksmith, who, with the best intentions and the utmost confidence was in the habit of performing the operation for removing



the cataract; pleased with his talents, he communicated some instructions, and at a future time, inquiring what had been his success, the man replied: "Ah, Sir! you spoilt my trade, for after you explained to me what I had been doing, I never dared to try again."

727.—"NOTHING can daunt the heart of a genuine Irishman," said an Emerald, the other day, over his glass.—"Why, I have seen you yourself run away in a street row, Dennis," rejoined an Englishman who was present.—"Ah, ah," cried Dennis, "but it was not out of fear that I did it."—"How, then?"—"Oh! sure, *jist to kape* myself out of harm's way, that's all."

728.—MR. CARUS WILSON, whose great height renders him very remarkable in the streets of London, was met in Fleet street, during a frost, by a gentleman nearly as tall as himself. Struck with the appearance of each other, they entered into conversation, and were speaking, when interrupted by a ragged urchin from the sister Isle. This genuine child of Erin, looking up to the giants, archly bawled out, "Your honours, will you be so good as to tell me if 'tis *could up there*?"

729.—"WHAT IS ETERNITY?"—The following beautiful answer, by a pupil of the Deaf and Dumb School at Paris, contains a sublimity of conception scarcely to be equalled:—"The lifetime of the Almighty."

730.—AN ATTORNEY, who was much molested

by a fellow importuning him to bestow something, threatened to have him taken up as a common beggar. "A beggar!" exclaimed the man, "I would have you know that I am of the same profession as yourself: are we not both solicitors?"—"That may be, friend, yet there is this difference—you are not a *legal one, which I am.*"

731.—IN a small party the subject turning on matrimony, a lady said to her sister, "I wonder, my dear, you have never made a match; I think you want the *brimstone*;"—she replied, "No, not the *brimstone*, only the *spark*."

732.—DURING the late panic, a person presented about 30*l.* of the notes of one of the country banks, for which he received payment: he was then asked whether he was aware that he had the sum of 150*l.* in their hands? He replied "Yes! but that was of no consequence, he *should not lose that, as it was at interest.*"

733.—AT a late Parliamentary dinner, Mr. Plunkett was asked if Mr. Hume did not annoy him by his broad speeches. "No," replied he, "it is the *length of the speeches*, not their *breadth*, that we complain of in the House."

734.—ON a remarkably hot summer's day, an Irishman, thinly and openly dressed, sitting down in a violent perspiration, was cautioned against "catching cold." "Catch it," said he, wiping his face, "where? I wish I could catch it."

735.—A COACHMAN, extolling the sagacity of one of his horses, observed, that "if anybody

was to go for to use him ill, he would *bear malice like a Christian*."

736.—IN the war with France, in 1782, an English officer being sent to Martinico, in a cartel, was introduced to the French admiral, the Comte de Grasse, on board his vessel, the *Ville de Paris*. In the course of conversation the latter charged the officer with his compliments to Admiral (then Sir George) Rodney, and that he would be off Dominica on the 9th of April, when he would be glad to see him. On the 12th the important action took place, in which the admiral, with seven vessels, was taken. The same officer happening to be on deck when the Count surrendered his sword, accosted him with great politeness—"I am very happy to see you, Monsieur le Comte," said he, "and cannot but esteem you a gentleman of the utmost punctuality."

737.—THE LATE BONNEL THORNTON, like most wits, was a lover of conviviality, which frequently led him to spend the whole night in company, and all the next morning in bed. On one of these occasions, an old female relation, having waited on him before he had arisen, began to read him a familiar lecture on prudence; which she concluded by saying, "Ah! Bonnel, Bonnel! I see plainly that you'll *shorten your days*."—"Very true, Madam," replied he, "but by the same rule, you must admit that I shall *lengthen my nights*."

738.—LOUIS XIV., who loved a concise style,

met on the road, as he was travelling into the country, a priest, who was riding post; and, ordering him to stop, asked hastily, "Whence come you? Where are you going? What do you want?" The other, who perfectly well knew the king's disposition, instantly replied, "From Bruges. To Paris. A benefice."—"You shall have it," replied the king; and in a few days presented him to a valuable living.

739.—ON A TRIAL at the Admiralty sessions, for shooting a seaman, the counsel for the crown asking one of the witnesses which he was for, plaintiff or defendant—"Plaintiff or defendant!" says the sailor, scratching his head, "why, I don't know what you mean by plaintiff or defendant. I come to speak for that man, there!" pointing at the prisoner. "You are a pretty fellow for a witness," says the counsel, "not to know what plaintiff or defendant means." Some time after, being asked by the same counsel, what part of the ship he was in at the time—"Abaft the binnacle, my lord," says the sailor. "Abaft the binnacle!" replied the barrister, "what part of the ship is that?"—"Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled the sailor; "an't you a pretty fellow for a counsellor," pointing archly at him with his finger, "not to know what abaft the binnacle is."

740.—DR. FRANKLIN, when last in England, used pleasantly to repeat an observation of his negro servant, when the Doctor was making the tour of Derbyshire, Lancashire, &c. "Everything, Massa, work in dis country; water work;

wind work; fire work; smoke work; dog work (he had before noticed the last at Bath); man work; bullock work; horse work; ass work; everything work here but *de hog*; he eat, he drink, he sleep, he do noting all day, he walk about like *gentleman!* ”

741.—A GENTLEMAN went to see his son at Westminster school, under the great Dr. Busby. When they were in discourse, over a bottle of wine, the Doctor sent for the boy. “Come,” says he, “young man, as your father is here, take a glass of wine;” and quoted this Latin sentence: *Paucum Vini acuit Ingenium* (a little wine sharpens the wit). The lad replied, *Sed plus Vini, plus Ingenii!* (the more wine, the more wit!) “Hold, young man,” replied the Doctor, “though you argue on mathematical principles, you shall have but one glass!”

742.—THE RENOWNED PETER THE GREAT, being at Westminster Hall in term time, and seeing multitudes of people swarming about the courts of law, is reported to have asked some about him what all those busy people were, and what they were about? and being answered, “They are lawyers.”—“Lawyers!” returned he, with great vivacity, “why I have but four in my whole kingdom, and I design to hang two of them as soon as I get home.”

743.—“WHEN I have a cold in my head,” said a gentleman in company, “I am always remarkably dull and stupid.”—“You are much to be pitied, then, Sir,” replied another, “for I



don't remember ever to have seen you without a cold in your head."

744.—A WELSH PARSON in his discourse told his congregation "how kind and respectful we should be one to another," and said, "we were even inferior to brutes in that point." He brought in an example of two goats, which met one another upon a very narrow bridge, over a river, so that they could not pass by without one thrusting the other off. "How do you think did they do? I'll tell you: one laid him down and let the other leap over him. Ah! beloved, let us live like goats."

745.—A DOG stole a piece of meat out of a Quaker's porridge pot; upon which the Quaker calmly said that he would not lift up the arm of the flesh against him, but would give him a gentle reproof; and so turning the dog out, he shouted "a *mad dog!*" in consequence of which the poor animal was instantly stoned to death.

746.—AN OLD ROMAN SOLDIER, being involved in a lawsuit, implored the protection of Augustus, who referred him to one of his courtiers, for an introduction to the judges. On which the brave veteran, piqued at the emperor's coolness, exclaimed, "I did not use your highness thus, when you were in danger at the battle of Actium, but fought for you myself." Disclosing, at the same time, the wounds he had received on that memorable occasion. This retort so affected Augustus, that he is said to have personally pleaded the soldier's cause.

747.—DR. A., physician at Newcastle, being summoned to a vestry, in order to reprimand the sexton for drunkenness, he dwelt so long on the sexton's misconduct, as to raise his choler so as to draw from him this expression:—"Sir, I was in hopes you would have treated my failings with more gentleness, or that you would have been the last man alive to appear against me, as *I have covered so many blunders of yours!*"

748.—AT GIBRALTAR there was a great scarcity of water, and a general complaint of the want of it. An Irish officer said "He was very easy about the matter, for he had nothing to do with water; if he only got his tea in the morning, and punch at night, it was all that he wanted."

749.—A GENTLEMAN came into an inn in Chelmsford upon a very cold day, and could get no room near the fire; whereupon he called to the ostler to fetch a peck of oysters, and give them to his horse. "Will your horse eat oysters?" replied the ostler. "Try him," said the gentleman. Immediately, the people running to see this wonder, the fireside was cleared, and the gentleman had his choice of seats. The ostler brought back the oysters, and said the horse would not meddle with them. "Why then," says the gentleman, "I must be forced to eat them myself."

750.—DAVID HUME AND LADY W. once passed the Frith from Kinghorn to Leith together, when a violent storm rendered the passengers apprehensive of a salt-water death; and

her ladyship's terrors induced her to seek consolation from her friend, who with infinite *sang froid* assured her, he thought there was great probability of their becoming food for fishes. "And pray, my dear friend," said lady W., "which do you think they will eat first?"—"Those that are gluttons," replied Hume, "will undoubtedly fall foul of me, but the epicures will attack your ladyship."

751.—SOME time since, at one of our seaports, a noble naval commander, who is a strict disciplinarian, accosted a drunken sailor in the street, with "What ship do you belong to?" Jack, who was a *dry* fellow, notwithstanding he was *drunk*, and had a very eccentric countenance, answered with much *sang froid*, "Don't know." "Do you know who I am?"—"No."—"Why, I am commander-in-chief."—"Then, replied he archly, "you have a d—d good berth of it, that's all I know."

752.—A GENTLEMAN remarked the other day to an Irish baronet, that the science of *optics* was now brought to the highest perfection; for that, by the aid of a telescope, which he had just purchased, he could discern objects at an incredible distance. "My dear fellow," replied the good humoured baronet, "I have one at my lodge in the county of Wexford that will be a match for it; it brought the church of Ennis-corthy so near to my view, that I could hear the whole congregation singing Psalms."

753.—AS THE LATE MR. RICH, whose abilities

as a Harlequin are universally known, was one evening returning home from the playhouse in a hackney coach, he ordered the coachman to drive him to the Sun, then a famous tavern in Clare Market. Just as the coach passed one of the windows of the tavern, Rich, who perceived it to be open, dexterously threw himself out of the coach window into the room. The coachman, who saw nothing of this transaction, drew up, descended from his box, opened the coach door, and let down the step; then, taking off his hat, he waited for some time, expecting his fare to alight; but at length looking into the coach, and seeing it empty, he bestowed a few hearty curses on the rascal who had bilked him, remounted his box, turned about, and was returning to the stand; when Rich, who had watched his opportunity, threw himself into the coach, looked out, asked the fellow where the devil he was driving, and desired him to turn about. The coachman, almost petrified with fear, instantly obeyed, and once more drew up to the door of the tavern. Rich now got out; and, after reproaching the fellow with his stupidity, tendered him his money. "No, God bless your honour," said the coachman, "my master has ordered me to take no money to-night."—"Pshaw!" said Rich; your master's a fool; here's a shilling for yourself."—"No, no," said the coachman, who had by that time remounted his box, "that won't do: I know you too well, for all your shoes—and so, Mr. Devil, for once you're outwitted!"

754.—THE witty and licentious earl of Rochester meeting with he great Isaac Barrow in the park, told his companions that he would have some fun with the rusty old put. Accordingly, he went up with great gravity, and, taking off his hat, made the Doctor a profound bow, saying, "Doctor, I am yours to my shoe tie." The doctor, seeing his drift, immediately pulled off his beaver, and returned the bow, with, "My lord, I am yours to the ground." Rochester followed up his salutation by a deeper bow, saying, "Doctor, I am yours to the centre." Barrow, with a very lowly obeisance, replied, "My lord, I am yours to the Antipodes." His lordship, nearly gravelled, exclaimed, "Doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of hell."—"There, my lord," said Barrow, sarcastically, "*I leave you,*" and walked off.

755.—THE late well-known Sandy Wood, surgeon, in Edinburgh, was walking through the streets of that city during the time of an illumination, when he observed a young rascal, not above twelve years of age, breaking every window he could reach, with as much industry as if he had been doing the most commendable action in the world. Enraged at this mischievous disposition, Sandy seized him by the collar, and asked him what he meant by thus destroying the honest people's windows? "Why, it's all for the good of trade," replied the young urchin, "I am a *glazier*."—"All for the good of trade, is it?" said Sandy, raising his cane, and breaking the



boy's head: "There, then, that's for the good of *my* trade—I am a *surgeon*."

756.—Two JESUITS on their passage for America, were desired by the master to go down into the hold, as a storm was coming on; that they need not apprehend any danger as long as they heard the seamen curse and swear; but if once they were silent and quiet, he would advise them to betake themselves to prayers. Soon after the lay brother goes to the hatches, to hear what was going forward, when he quickly returned, saying all was over, for they swore like troopers, and their blasphemy alone was enough to sink the vessel. "The Lord be praised for it," replied the other, "marry then we are safe."

757.—WHEN the celebrated Beau Nash was ill, Dr. Cheyne wrote a prescription for him. The next day the Doctor coming to see his patient, inquired if he had followed his prescription? "No, truly, Doctor," said Nash, "if I had, I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of a two-pair of stairs window."

758.—A YOUNG LADY who was just come out of the country, and affected to dress in a very plain manner, was sitting on a bench at Bath, as Nash and some of his companions were passing by; upon which, turning to one of them, he said, "There is a smart country girl; I will have some discourse with her." Then going up to the lady, "So child," says he, "you are just come to Bath, I see?"—"Yes, Sir," answered the lady, "And you have been a good girl in the country,

and learned to read your book, I hope? ”—“ Yes, Sir.”—“ Pray, now,” says he, “ let me examine you. I know you have read your Bible, and History of Tobit and his Dog; now, can you tell me what was the dog’s name? ”—“ Yes, Sir,” says she, “ his name was *Nash, and an impudent dog he was.*”

759.—JUDGE BURNET, son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury, when young, is said to have been of a wild and dissipated turn. Being one day found by his father in a very serious humour, “ What is the matter with you, Tom? ” said the Bishop; “ what are you ruminating on? ”—“ A greater work than your Lordship’s History of the Reformation,” answered the son. “ Ay! what is that? ” asked the father. “ The *reformation of myself*, my lord,” replied the son.

760.—LORD MANSFIELD being willing to save a man who stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at *tenpence*; upon which the prosecutor cries out, “ *Tenpence*, my lord, why the very *fashion* of it cost me five pounds.”—“ Oh,” says his lordship, “ we must not hang a man for *fashion’s sake.*”

761.—A GENTLEMAN having occasion to call for Mr. Joseph Graham, writer, found him at home in his writing chamber. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said, “ It was hot as an oven.”—“ So it ought,” replied Mr. G., “ for ’tis here I *make my bread.*”

762.—KING JAMES I. gave all manner of liberty and encouragement to the exercise of buf-

fooner, and took great delight in it himself. Happening once to bear somewhat hard on one of his Scotch courtiers, "By my soul," returns the peer, "he that made your majesty a king, spoiled the best fool in Christendom."

763.—A RICH MAN sent to call a physician, for a slight disorder. The physician felt his pulse, and said, "Do you eat well?"—"Yes," said the patient. "Do you sleep well?"—"I do."—"Then," said the physician, "I shall give you something to take away all that!"

764.—AN IRISH SOLDIER, who came over with General Moore, being asked if he met with much *hospitality* in Holland? "O yes," replied he, "too much: I was in the *hospital* almost all the time I was there."

765.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, when a child, found the long graces used by his father before and after meals very tedious. One day after the winter's provision had been salted, "I think, father," said Benjamin, "if you were to say *grace* over the whole cask once for all, it would be a great saving of time."

766.—A CERTAIN bon vivant parson, having made too free with the bottle at a dinner in the neighbourhood, had the misfortune in returning home to fall from his horse; some country fellows who saw the accident replaced him in his saddle, but with his face towards the horse's tail; in this situation old Dobbin conveyed him safely to his own door. His wife, seeing the condition he was in, exclaimed, "Good God! my dear, you

are wonderfully cut.”—“Cut, indeed,” says he, feeling before him with both hands, “gad, I believe they have cut my horse’s head off.”

767.—SIR C. S.— being at an inn on the road, a report came that a gentleman had been robbed, on which he swore, “That a single highwayman should not rob him.” The next morning, going on a journey, one met him, and repeated the very words that Sir C—— had made use of the night before; “But there are two of you,” replied Sir C——. The man, surprised by the impromptu, suddenly turned his head round to look for his comrade, when Sir C—— instantly shot him dead.

768.—A FRENCH OFFICER more remarkable for his birth and spirit than his riches, had served the Venetian republic with great valour and fidelity for some years, but had not met with preferment adequate, by any means, to his merits. One day, he waited on an “Illustrissimo,” whom he had often solicited in vain, but on whose friendship he had still some reliance. The reception he met with was cool and mortifying; the noble turned his back on the necessitous veteran, and left him to find his way to the street, through a suit of apartments magnificently furnished. He past them lost in thought, till casting his eye on a sumptuous sideboard, where stood on a damask cloth, as a preparation for a showy entertainment, an invaluable collection of Venice glass, polished and formed to the highest degree of perfection, he took hold of a corner of the

linen, and turning to a faithful English mastiff, who always accompanied him, said to the animal, in a kind of absence of mind, "There! my poor old friend! you see how these scoundrels enjoy themselves, and yet how we are treated!" The poor dog looked up in his master's face, and wagged his tail, as if he understood him. The master walked on, but the mastiff slackened his pace, and laying hold of the damask cloth with his teeth, at one hearty pull brought all the side-board in shivers to the ground, and deprived the insolent noble of his favourite exhibition of splendour.

769.—CHARLES II. once said over his bottle, in his usual lively way, that he supposed some stupid peasant would write a nonsensical epitaph on him when he was gone—"Now," says his majesty, "I should like to have something appropriate and witty—Rochester, let's have a touch of your pen on the subject."—His lordship instantly obeyed the command, and produced the following:—

"Here lies our Sovereign Lord the King,  
Whose word no man relied on;  
Who never said a foolish thing,  
And never did a wise one."

For this keen effusion Rochester remained some time in disgrace.

770.—AN English stock-jobber, well known upon 'Change as a man of unexampled parsimony, although possessed of an immense fortune, one day met a very poor man. one of his relations. "Come hither, George," said the miser, "do



you know I have just now made my will, and remembered you handsomely, my boy.”—“God bless you, brother,” said the grateful man, “you will be rewarded for so charitable an action, for you could not have thought of a more distressed family.”—“Are you indeed so very poor, George?”—“Sir, my family’s starving,” said the man, almost crying. “Harkye, then, George, if you will allow me a good *discount*, I will pay you immediately.” We need not add, that the terms were accepted of, while they parted equally pleased with the bargain they had concluded.

771.—THE MARQUIS ST. ANDRÉ applied to Louvois, the war-minister of Louis XIV., for a small place then vacant. Louvois having received some complaints against the marquis, refused to comply. The nobleman, somewhat nettled, rather hastily said, “If I were to enter again into the service, I know what I would do.”—“And pray what would you do?” inquired the minister in a furious tone. St. André recollected himself, and had the presence of mind to say, “I would take care to behave in such a manner, that your excellency should have nothing to reproach me with.” Louvois, agreeably surprised at this reply, immediately granted his request.

772.—POPE dining once with Frederic, Prince of Wales, paid the prince many compliments. “I wonder, Pope,” said the prince, “that you, who are so severe on kings, should

be so complaisant to me.”—“It is,” said the wily bard, “because I like the lion before his claws are grown.”

773.—THE TOWN OF CHARTRES was besieged by Henry IV., and at last capitulated. The magistrate of the town, on giving up his keys, addressed his majesty:—“This town belongs to your highness by divine law, and by human law.”—“And by *cannon* law, too,” added Henry.

774.—BURNET RELATES, that the Habeas Corpus act was carried by an odd artifice in the House of Lords. Lords Grey and Norris being named to be the tellers, and Lord Norris being subject to vapours, was not at all times attentive; so a very fat lord coming in, Lord Grey counted him for *ten*, as a jest at first; but seeing Lord Norris had not observed it, he went on with this misreckoning of ten, and it was reported to the House, and declared, that they who were for the bill, were the majority, though it indeed went on the other side; and by this means the bill passed. Would to heaven that all tricks had the same happy results!

775.—WHISTON SAYS, he was informed by Mr. Arthur Onslow, that it depended upon a single vote in the House of Commons, whether King James should be permitted to employ Popish officers in his army. The circumstance was this: a courtier, who was to watch every member that had any employment under the king, observed one who had a regiment, and was going

to vote against the court; upon the discovery, he accosted him warmly, and put him in mind of his regiment; to which the officer made answer, "My brother died last night, and left me seven hundred a year;" which single vote gained a majority, and, says Whiston, saved the Protestant religion at this time.

776.—"MR. PITT," said the Duchess of Gordon, "I wish you to dine with me at *ten* this evening."—"I must decline the honour," said the premier, "for I am engaged to sup with the Bishop of Lincoln at *nine*."

777.—HENRY IV., having bestowed the *cordon bleu* on a nobleman, at the solicitation of the Duke de Nevers, when the collar was put on, the nobleman made the customary speech, "Sire, I am not worthy."—"I know it well," said the king, "but I give you the order to please my cousin de Nevers."

778.—A FACETIOUS ABBE having engaged a box at the opera-house at Paris, was turned out of his possession by a marshal of France, as remarkable for his ungentlemanlike behaviour as for his cowardice and meanness. The abbé, for his unjustifiable breach of good manners, brought his action in a court of honour, and solicited permission to be his own advocate, which was granted, when he pleaded to the following effect:—"It is not of Monsieur Suffrein, who acted so nobly in the East Indies, that I complain; it is not of the Duke de Crebillon, who took Minorca, that I complain; it is not of the

Count de Grasse, who so bravely fought Lord Rodney, that I complain; but it is of Marshal —, who *took* my box at the opera-house, and never *took* anything else.” This most poignant stroke of satire so sensibly convinced the court that he had already inflicted punishment sufficient, that they refused to grant him a verdict—a fine compliment to the abbé’s wit.

779.—SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNNE talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom of yesterday. “How so, pray?” said the baronet.—“Why,” continued the other, “when I was in Wales, a pedigree of a particular family was shewn to me: it filled up above five large skins of parchment, and near the middle of it was a note in the margin:—*About this time the world was created.*”

780.—WHEN QUEEN ELIZABETH proposed to Dr. Dale the employment of being her ambassador in Flanders, among other encouragements, she told him that he should have twenty shillings a day for his expenses. “Then, madam,” said he, “I will spend nineteen shillings a day.”—“And what will you do with the odd shilling?” asked the queen.—“I will reserve that for my Kate, and for Tom and Dick:” meaning his wife and children. This induced the queen to enlarge his allowance.—During the doctor’s stay abroad, he once sent, in a packet to the secretaries of state, two letters, one to the queen and the other to his wife; but that which was in-

tended for the queen was superscribed, "*To his dear wife*;" and the other, "For her most excellent majesty:" so that when the queen opened her letter, she found it beginning with "Sweet-heart," and afterwards met with the expressions "my dear," and "dear love," and others of the like kind, acquainting her with the embarrassed state of his circumstances. This mistake occasioned much mirth, but it procured the doctor a supply of money.

The doctor being engaged with some other ambassadors in a negotiation, a dispute arose concerning the language in which they should treat: the Spanish minister said that the French would be the most proper, "Because," said he to Dr. Dale, "your mistress calls herself Queen of France."—"Nay, then," said the doctor, "let us treat in Hebrew, for your master calls himself King of Jerusalem."

781.—WHEN PHILIP III., King of Spain, sent his ambassador to treat with the States of Holland about their independence, he was shown into an ante-chamber, where he waited to see the members of the States pass by. He stood for some time, and seeing none but a parcel of plain-dressed men, with bundles in their hands (which, as many of them came from distant provinces, contained their linen and provisions), he turned to his interpreter, and asked him, "When the States would come?" The man replied, "That those were the members whom he saw go by." Upon which he wrote to the commander-in-chief



of the Spanish army, to advise the king, his master, to make peace as soon as possible. In his letter was this remarkable passage:—"I expected to have seen in the States a splendid appearance; but instead of that, I saw only a parcel of plain-dressed men, with sensible faces, who came into council with provisions in their hands. Their parsimony will ruin the king, my master, in the course of the war, if it is continued; for there is no contending with people whose nobles can live upon a shilling a-day, and will do every thing for the service of their country." The king, struck with the account, agreed to treat with them, as an independent state, and put an end to the war.

782.—SIR FULK GREVILLE, was a member of the House of Commons when that body insisted much upon the value of precedents. "Why," said he, "do you stand so much upon precedents? The times hereafter will be good or bad. If good, precedents will do no harm; if bad, power will make a way where it finds none."

783.—THE GOOD HUMOURED BARON THOMPSON was once in a convivial party, at which several gentlemen ranking high in the legal profession were present. Much wine had been drank, and the company had been highly entertained by the facetious Henry W——, whose elegant and refined wit charmed all his hearers. He had given imitations of some of the barristers and most of the judges, and the

baron's mirth and applause were particularly loud. "There is one other person, Mr. W——," said the judge, "whose manner I should like to see imitated."—"Who is that, my lord?"—"Myself, Sir,"—"Oh, my lord, that is quite out of the question, present company are always excepted."—"Why, Sir, if you will try your powers on myself I shall be obliged to you." After considerable persuasion, W—— drew himself up in his chair, and blowing out his cheeks, presented to his auditors a complete duplicate of the Baron. A burst of applause immediately followed, in which the good natured judge heartily joined. The imitator apparently unmoved, proceeded in a charge to the grand jury, closely imitating the voice and manner of the judge. "Law is law, and men are made to live according to law, without any respect for the gospel; for that is another thing, to be considered at another time, in another place, and by another set of men, vide Coke upon Littleton, chap. ii. p. 312. Now, there are some men that are good men, and some men that are bad men, and the bad men are not the good men, and the good men are not the bad men; but the bad men and the good men, and the good men and the bad men, are two different sorts of men; and this we may glean from Magna Charter, an old man, who lived in the reign of King John the Wise. *Therefore, the law is made for the bad men, and the good men have nothing to do therewith, nor any profit or advantage to derive therefrom*

—therefore, bring up the prisoners, and hang them, for I must go out of town to-morrow.”

784.—PHILIP, the father of Alexander, knowing his son to be very swift, pressed him to run for the prize at the Olympic games. “I would comply with your wishes,” replied Alexander, “if kings were to be my competitors.”

785.—LORD ARMADALE, one of the Scotch judges, had a son, who, at the age of eleven or twelve, rose to the rank of a *major*. One morning his lady-mother hearing a noise in the *nursery*, rang to know the cause of it. “It is only,” said the servant, “the *major* greeting (crying) for his porridge!”

786.—HENRY VIII., after the death of Jane Seymour, had some difficulty to get another wife. His first offer was to the Duchess Dowager of Milan; but her answer is said to have been,—that she had but one head; if she had two, one should have been at his service.

787.—SIR WM. GOOCH being engaged in conversation with a gentleman in a street of the city of Williamsburgh, returned the salute of a negro, who was passing by about his master’s business. “Sir William,” said the gentleman, “do you descend so far as to salute a slave?” —“Why, yes,” replied the governor; “I cannot suffer a man of his condition to exceed me in good manners.”

788.—JOHN BASILOWITZ, the czar of Russia, perceiving Sir Jeremy Bowes, the ambassador of

Queen Elizabeth, with his hat on in his presence, thus rebuked him: "Have you not heard, Sir, of the person I have punished for such an insult?" He had, in fact, punished him very savagely, by causing his hat to be struck through with a nail, and thus fastened to his head. Sir Jeremy answered, "Yes, Sire, but I am the Queen of England's ambassador, who never yet stood bare-headed to any prince whatever: her I represent, and on her justice I depend to do me right, if I am insulted."—"A brave fellow this," said the czar, turning to his nobles; "a brave fellow truly, who dares thus to act and talk for his sovereign's honour! Which of you would do so for me?"

789.—LORD HUNSDON, a distinguished nobleman in the court of Elizabeth, once said, "To have the courage to notice an affront is to be upon a level with an adversary: to have the charity to forgive it, is to be above him."

790.—IT was some years ago said in the Parliament-house at Edinburgh, that a gentleman, who was notorious for a pretty good appetite, had *eaten away his senses*. "Pooh!" replied Harry Erskine, "they would not be a *mouthful* to a man of his bowels."

791.—MR. CARBONEL, the wine-merchant, who served George the Third, was a great favourite with the good old king, and was admitted to the honours of the royal hunt. Returning from the chase one day, his majesty entered, in

his usual affable manner, into conversation with him, riding side by side with him, for some distance. Lord Walsingham was in attendance, and watching an opportunity, whispered to Mr. Carbonel, that he had not once taken his hat off before his majesty. "What's that, what's that, Walsingham?" inquired the good-humoured monarch. Mr. Carbonel at once said, "I find I have been guilty of unintentional disrespect to your majesty, in not taking off my hat; but your majesty will please to observe, that whenever I hunt my hat is fastened to my wig, and my wig to my head, and I am on the back of a high-spirited horse; so that if any thing *goes off*, we must *all go off together!*" The king laughed heartily at this whimsical apology.

792.—WHEN FENELON was almoner to the king, and attending Louis XIV. at a sermon preached by a Capuchin, he fell asleep. The Capuchin perceived it, and breaking off his discourse, said, "Awake, thou sleeping Abbé, who comest here only to pay thy court to the king;" an anecdote which he often related with pleasure after he was Bishop of Cambray. At another time the king was astonished to find, instead of a numerous congregation in his chapel, only Fenelon and the priest. "What is the reason of all this?" said the king. "I caused it to be given out, Sire," replied Fenelon, "that your majesty did not attend chapel to-day, that you might know who came to worship God, and who to flatter the king."



793.—HENRY THE EIGHTH hunting in Windsor Forest, struck down about dinner to the abbey of Reading, where, disguising himself as one of the royal guards, he was invited to the abbot's table. A sirloin was set before him, of which he ate as lustily as any *beef-eater*. "Well fare thy heart," quoth the abbot, "and here in a cup of sack I remember the health of his grace your master. I would give a hundred pounds that I could feed on beef as hearty as you do. Alas! my poor queasy stomach will scarcely digest the wing of a chicken." The king heartily pledged him, thanked him for his good cheer, and departed undiscovered. Shortly afterwards the abbot was sent to the Tower, kept a close prisoner, and fed on bread and water, ignorant of the cause, and terrified at his situation. At last, a sirloin of beef was set before him, on which his long hunger made him feed voraciously. "My lord abbot," exclaimed the king, entering from a private closet, "instantly deposit your hundred pounds, or no going hence. I have been your physician; and here, as I deserve it, I demand my fee." The abbot would willingly have paid the sum, but Henry, laughing loudly, put him aside on that point, and left him to enjoy his improved powers of digestion in peace and quietness.

794.—A CERTAIN noble lord being in his early years much addicted to dissipation, his mother advised him to take example by a gentleman, whose food was herbs, and his drink

water. "What! madam," said he, "would you have me to imitate a man who *eats like a beast and drinks like a fish?*"

795.—A YOUNG LADY of Brunswick, an attendant on the late duchess, mortified that, from her neglected education, she was precluded from joining in the literary conversations which were frequently introduced at that court, requested her royal mistress to furnish her with such books as might enable her to remedy this defect. Her royal highness, smiling, handed her a Dictionary; and next day asked her how she liked it. "Oh! it is delightful!" said the fair student: "there are some books which I have seen, where the words are so huddled together, that one does not know what to make of them; but here it is quite a pleasure to see them all drawn up in order, like so many soldiers on a parade."

796.—CHARLES THE SECOND asked Bishop Stillingfleet how it happened that he preached in general without book, but always read the sermons which he delivered before the court. The bishop answered, that the awe of seeing before him so great and wise a prince made him afraid to trust himself. "But will your majesty," continued he, "permit me to ask you a question in my turn—Why do you read your speeches to parliament?"—"Why, doctor," replied the king, "I'll tell you very candidly. I have asked them so often for money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face!"

797.—THE republic of Genoa having irri-

tated Louis XIV, were forced to send to France an embassy to appease him, in the unexampled selection of the doge himself, and four senators. The doge was conducted, among other places, to Versailles, then in all its glory—which he could not but greatly admire: but when he was asked what struck him most in this extraordinary spot, he answered, “To see myself there.”

798.—WHEN all the court were sliding upon the Seine, which was frozen over, Henri Quatre wished also to join them. One of his courtiers wished to prevent him. “The others are skating,” said the king. “Ah, Sire,” replied the courtier, “but you are of *greater weight* than the others.”

799.—SIR JOSEPH WILLIAMSON, secretary of state to Charles the Second, wrote to the Lady Anne, widow of the Earl of Dorset and Pembroke, to ask her for the nomination of a member for the borough of Appleby. The countess, with all the spirit of her ancestors, returned the following laconic reply:—“I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject; your man sha’n’t stand. ANNE DORSET.”

800.—AT the commencement of the American war, Mr. Grenville, then in power, wishing to know how the Quaker-colonists stood affected, sent a message to Dr. Fothergill, intimating that he was indisposed, and desiring to see him in the evening. The doctor came, and his patient immediately entering on the popular topic of

American affairs, drew from him the information he wanted. The conversation held through a large portion of the evening, and it was concluded by Mr. Grenville saying, he found himself so much better for the doctor's visit, that he would not trouble him to prescribe. In parting, Mr. Grenville slipped five guineas into the doctor's hand, which Fothergill surveying, said with a dry, arch tone, "At *this* rate, friend, I will spare thee an hour now and then!"

801.—SIR ISAAC NEWTON, one evening in winter, feeling it extremely cold, instinctively drew his chair very close to the grate, in which a fire had been recently lighted. By degrees, the fire being completely kindled, Sir Isaac felt the heat intolerably intense, and rung his bell with unusual violence. John was not at hand; he at last made his appearance by the time Sir Isaac was almost literally roasted. "Remove the grate, you lazy rascal!" exclaimed Sir Isaac, in a tone of irritation very uncommon with that amiable and placid philosopher; "remove the grate, ere I am burned to death!"—"Please, your honour, might you not rather *draw back your chair?*" said John, a little waggishly. "Upon my word," said Sir Isaac, smiling, "I never thought of that."

302.—A CORPORAL of the life guards of Frederick the Great, who had a great deal of vanity, but at the same time was a brave fellow, wore a watch chain, to which he affixed a musket bullet, instead of a watch, which he was unable

to buy. The king being inclined one day to rally him, said, "Apropos, corporal, you must have been very frugal to buy a watch; it is six o'clock by mine: tell me what it is by yours." The soldier, who guessed the king's intention, instantly drew the bullet from his fob, and said, "Sire, my watch neither marks five nor six o'clock; but it tells me every moment that it is my duty to die for your majesty."—"Here, my friend," said the king, quite affected, "take this watch, that you may be able to tell the hour also." And gave him his watch, which was adorned with brilliants.

803.—THE late Duchess of York having desired her housekeeper to seek out a new laundress, a decent-looking woman was recommended to the situation. "But," said the housekeeper, "I am afraid she will not suit your royal highness, as she is a soldier's wife, and these people are generally loose characters!"—"What is it you say?" said the duke, who had just entered the room, "a soldier's wife! Pray, madam, what is your mistress? I desire that the woman may be immediately engaged."

804.—THE CELEBRATED HOGARTH was one of the most absent of men. Soon after he set up his carriage, he had occasion to pay a visit to the lord-mayor. When he went the weather was fine; but he was detained by business till a violent shower of rain came on. Being let out of the mansion-house by a different door from that at which he had entered, he immediately be-



gan to call for a hackney-coach. Not one could be procured; on which Hogarth sallied forth to brave the storm, and actually reached his house in Leicesterfields without bestowing a thought on his own carriage, till Mrs. Hogarth, astonished to see him so wet and hurried, asked him where he had left it.

805.—AT A CITY FEAST one of the company was expatiating on the blessings of Providence. “Aye,” said the late Sir William Curtis, smacking his lips, “it is a blessed place, sure enough; we get all our turtle from it.”

806.—As the late beautiful Duchess of Devonshire was one day stepping out of her carriage, a dustman, who was accidentally standing by, and was about to regale himself with his accustomed whiff of tobacco, caught a glance of her countenance, and instantly exclaimed, “Love and bless you, my lady, let me light my pipe in your eyes!” It is said the duchess was delighted with this compliment, that she frequently afterwards checked the strain of adulation, which was so constantly offered to her charms, by saying, “Oh! after the dustman’s compliment, all others are insipid.”

807.—WHEN BAJAZET, after his defeat, was carried into the presence of Timur Lench, that is, Timur the lame, vulgarly Timurlane; on perceiving that Bajazet had but one eye, Timur burst into loud laughter. The Turk, who could ill brook any incivility, said fiercely, “You may deride my misfortunes, Timur, but remember

they might have happened to yourself. The disposal of kingdoms is in the hands of God, and their states depend on his will." Timur replied with equal haughtiness, "I agree with your observation: I did not laugh at your misfortune, but at a reflection that just occurred to my mind how little value thrones and sceptres possess in the judgment of God; who has taken a kingdom from a man with *one eye*, to give it to another with *one leg*."

808.—ADMIRAL KEPPEL being sent to Algiers for the purpose of demanding satisfaction for the injuries done to his Britannic majesty's subjects by the corsairs of that state, the dey, enraged at the boldness of the ambassador, exclaimed, "that he wondered at the insolence of the English monarch, in sending him a message by a foolish beardless boy." The admiral immediately replied, that "if his master had supposed his wisdom was to be measured by the length of his beard, he would have sent his deyship a he-goat." Unused to such spirited language, this reply put the dey beside himself, and forgetting the laws of nations, ordered his mutes to attend with the bow-string, saying, that the admiral should pay for his audacity with his life. Unmoved by this menace, the ambassador took the dey to a window facing the bay, and showing him the English fleet, told him that if it were his pleasure to put him to death, there were Englishmen enough in that fleet to make him a glorious funeral pile. The dey was wise

enough to take the hint; the admiral came off in safety, and ample restitution was made.

809.—WHEN SPENSER had finished his famous poem of the *Fairy Queen*, he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of that day. The manuscript being sent up to the earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the writer twenty pounds. Reading on, he cried in a rapture, "Carry that man another twenty pounds." Proceeding farther, he exclaimed, "Give him twenty pounds more." But at length he lost all patience, and said, "Go, turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read farther, I shall be ruined."

810.—A YOUNG WOMAN had laid a wager she would descend into a vault, in the middle of the night, and bring from thence a skull. The person who took the wager had previously hid himself in the vault, and as the girl seized a skull, cried, in a hollow voice, "Leave me my head!"—"There it is," said the girl, throwing it down and catching up another. "Leave me my head!" said the same voice. "Nay, nay," said the heroic lass, "you cannot have had two heads;" so brought the skull and won the wager.

811.—IN some parish churches it is the custom to separate the men from the women. A clergyman, being interrupted by loud talking, stopped short; when a woman, eager for the honour of her sex, arose and said, "Your reverence, the noise is not among us."—"So much the

better," answered the priest, "it will be the sooner over."

812.—ALEXANDER THE GREAT, passing through Corinth, had the curiosity to go to see the philosopher Diogenes, who was there at that time. He found him seated in a covered tub, with the open part turned towards the sun. "I am the great King Alexander," said he to the philosopher. "And I am the dog Diogenes," replied the philosopher. "I am a good man," said Alexander. "Well, who has any reason to fear the good?" replied Diogenes. Alexander admired the subtlety of his mind, and the free manner in which he spoke. After having some conversation with him, he said to him, "I see, Diogenes, you are in want of many things. I shall be very glad to give you my assistance. Ask of me whatever you please."—"Get then from between me and the sun (said he), and do not take from me that which you cannot give me." Alexander was astonished, having never before met with any man who was above all human concerns. "Who is the richer man (continued Diogenes), he who is contented with his cloak and his wallet, or he who having an extensive kingdom, is not satisfied, and who every day exposes himself to a thousand dangers to extend its limits?" Alexander's courtiers were very angry, that so great a king should so long honour with his conversation such a surly wretch as Diogenes, who did not even rise from his seat while he spoke to him. The king perceived

their anger, and turning about said to them, "If I were not Alexander I would wish to be Diogenes."

813.—LORD MANSFIELD, on making a report to King George III. of the conviction of Mr. Malowny, a Catholic priest, who was found guilty, in Surrey, of celebrating mass, was induced, by a sense of reason and humanity, to represent to his majesty the excessive severity of the penalty which the law imposed for the offence. The king, in a tone of the most heartfelt benignity, immediately answered, "God forbid, my lord, that religious difference in opinion should sanction prosecution, or admit of one man within my realms to suffer unjustly! therefore, issue a pardon for Mr. Malowny, and see that he is set at liberty."

814.—WHEN OLIVER CROMWELL, accompanied by his secretary Thurlow, once went to dine with the Lord Mayor, the populace rent the air with their gratulations, and the streets echoed with "Long live my Lord Protector!"—"Your Highness," said the secretary, "may see by this that you have the voice of the people, as well as the voice of God."—"As to God," replied Cromwell, "we will not talk about him here; but for the people they would be just as noisy, and perhaps more rejoiced, if you and I were going to be hanged."

815.—WHEN MOLIERE, the comic poet, died, the Archbishop of Paris would not let his body be buried in consecrated ground. The



king, being informed of this, sent for the archbishop, and expostulated with him about it; but, finding the prelate inflexibly obstinate, his majesty asked how many feet deep the consecrated ground reached? This question coming by surprise, the archbishop replied about eight. "Well," answered the king, "I find there's no getting the better of your scruples, therefore, let his grave be dug twelve feet deep, that's four below your consecrated ground, and let him be buried there."

816.—DR. JOHNSON, in his tour through North Wales, passed two days at the seat of Colonel Middleton of Gwynagag. While he remained there, the gardener caught a hare amidst some potato plants, and brought it to his master, then engaged in conversation with the doctor. An order was given to carry it to the cook. As soon as Johnson heard this sentence, he begged to have the animal placed in his arms; which was no sooner done, than, approaching the window, then half open, he restored the hare to her liberty, shouting after her to accelerate her speed. "What have you done?" cried the colonel; "why, doctor, you have robbed my table of a delicacy, perhaps deprived us of a dinner."—"So much the better, Sir," replied the humane champion of a condemned hare; "for if your table is to be supplied at the expense of the laws of hospitality, I envy not the appetite of him who eats it. This, Sir, is not a hare *feræ naturæ*, but one which had placed herself under your

protection; and savage indeed must be that man who does not make his hearth an asylum for the confiding stranger."

817.—WHEN CORTEZ returned to Spain, he was coolly received by the emperor, Charles the Fifth. One day he suddenly presented himself to that monarch. "Who are you?" said the emperor, haughtily. "The man," said Cortez, as haughtily, "who has given you more provinces than your ancestors left you cities."

818.—JAMES I. being one day at play, with a fellow-pupil, his tutor, Buchanan, who was reading, desired them to make less noise. Finding that they disregarded his admonition, he told his majesty, if he did not hold his tongue, he would certainly whip him. The king, alluding to the fable, replied, he would be glad to see who would *bell the cat*. Buchanan, in a passion, threw the book from him, and inflicted on his majesty a sound flogging. The old Countess of Mar rushed into the room, and taking the king in her arms, asked how he dared to lay his hands *on the Lord's anointed*. "Madam," replied the elegant and immortal historian, "I have whipped his bottom: you may kiss it, if you please." When Buchanan was asked how he came to make a pedant of his royal pupil, he answered—He thought he did a great deal to make anything of him.

819.—AMONG the addresses presented upon the accession of James the First, was one from the ancient town of Shrewsbury, wishing his ma-

jesty might reign as long as the sun, moon, and stars endured. "Faith, mon," said the king to the person who presented it, "if I do, my son must reign by candle-light."—When the same monarch went to Salisbury, one of the active adventurers of those days climbed up the outside of the spire of the cathedral, and at the top made three summersets in honour of his Majesty; who, being applied to for a reward, gave him a patent, whereby every other of his subjects, except the aforesaid man, and his heirs male, was prohibited from climbing steeples forever.

820.—THIS MONARCH, soon after his accession to the English throne, was present in a court of justice, to observe the pleadings in a cause of some consequence. The counsel for the plaintiff having finished, the king was so perfectly satisfied, that he exclaimed, "'Tis a plain case!" and was about to leave the court. Being persuaded, however, to stay and hear the other side of the question, the pleaders for the defendant made the case no less plain on their side. On this the monarch arose and departed in a great passion, exclaiming, "They are all rogues alike."

821.—FREDERICK, conqueror as he was, sustained a severe defeat at Coslin in the war of 1755.—Some time after, at a review, he jocosely asked a soldier, who had got a deep cut in his cheek, "Friend, at what alehouse did you get that scratch?"—"I got it," said the soldier, "at Coslin, where your majesty paid the reckoning."

822.—SEVERAL years since, the bargemen of His Majesty's ship *Berwick*, then at Spithead, quarrelled with the bargemen of the ship which Admiral Milbank then commanded as captain, and the latter were heartily drubbed, to the no small mortification of the admiral, who was in his younger days exceedingly athletic, and somewhat addicted to boxing. A few days after, the admiral called the boat's crew together, upbraided them for a set of cowards, dressed himself in a common jacket and trousers, and observing the *Berwick's* barge rowing ashore to Portsmouth beach, ordered his own to be immediately manned: and thus disguised, took an oar as one of the crew. The coxswain, as particularly directed, run the head of his barge against the *Berwick's* barge quarter; in consequence of which a broadside of oaths were given and returned, which produced a challenge to fight with more substantial weapons. The admiral, as champion of his crew, beat the whole of the other barge's crew, one after the other (eleven in number), to the great joy and admiration of his sailors, and then making himself known, went and visited his friends in Portsmouth, as if nothing had happened.

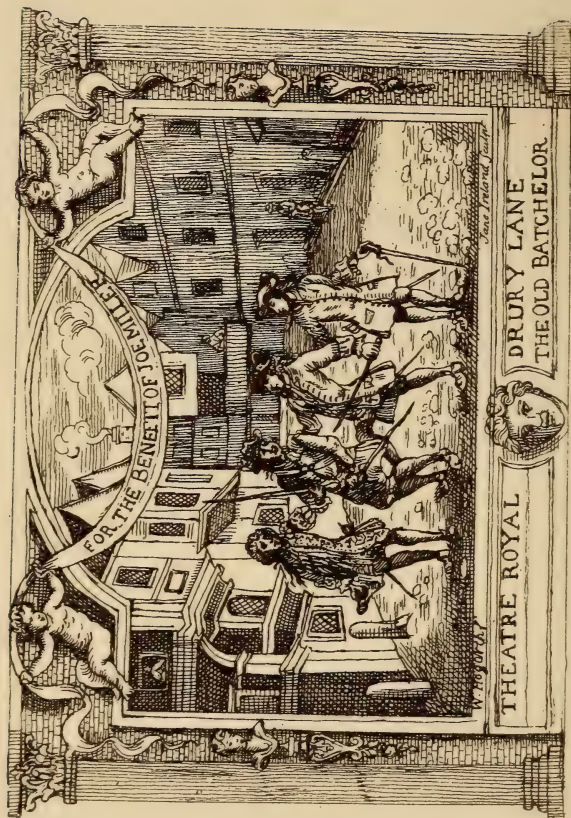
823.—WHEN the baggage of Lady Hamilton was landed at Palermo, Lord Nelson's coxswain was very active in conveying it to the ambassador's hotel. Lady Hamilton observed this, and presenting the man with a moidore, said, "Now, my friend, what will you have to drink?"—

“Why, please your honour,” said the coxswain, “I’m not thirsty.”—“But,” said her Ladyship, “Nelson’s steersman must drink with me, so what will you take, a dram, a glass of grog, or a glass of punch?”—“Why,” said Jack, “as I am to drink with your Ladyship’s honour, it wouldn’t be good manners to be backward, so I’ll take the dram now, and will be drinking the glass of grog while your Ladyship is mixing the tumbler of punch for me.”

824.—A SCOTCH pedestrian attacked by three highwaymen defended himself with great courage and obstinacy, but was at last overpowered, and his pockets rifled. The robbers expected, from the extraordinary resistance they had experienced, to lay their hands on some rich booty; but were not a little surprised to discover, that the whole treasure which the sturdy Caledonian had been defending at the hazard of his life, consisted of no more than a crooked sixpence: “The deuce is in him,” said one of the rogues; “if he had had eighteen pence, I suppose he would have killed the whole of us.”







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# JOE MILLER'S COMPLETE JEST BOOK

Being a Collection of the Most Excellent  
Bon Mots, Brilliant Jests, and Striking  
Anecdotes in the English Language

With an Introduction by Andrew G. Dickinson, Jr.

Unabridged Edition

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE

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## JOE MILLER

825.—IN THE ENGAGEMENT between the English fleet, under the Duke of Albemarle, and the Dutch fleet, commanded by De Ruyter and Van Tromp, the *Henry*, commanded by Sir John Harman, was surrounded and assailed from all quarters by the Zealand squadron; so that admiral Evertzen, who commanded it, hailed and offered him quarter. "No, Sir," said the gallant officer, "it is not come to that yet." The next broadside killed the Dutch admiral, by which means the squadron was thrown into confusion, and obliged to quit the *Henry*; but the Dutch sent three fire-ships to burn her. One of them grappled her starboard quarter, but the smoke was too thick to discern where the grappling irons had hooked, until the blaze had subsided, when the boatswain resolutely jumped on board, disentangled the irons, and instantly regained his own ship. Scarcely was this effected, before another fire-ship boarded her on the larboard side; the sails and rigging of the *Henry* taking fire, destruction seemed inevitable, and several of the crew threw themselves into the sea; upon which Sir John Harman drew his sword, and threatened to kill anyone who should quit



the ship. At length, the exertions of the remaining crew extinguished the flames. Sir John Harman, although his leg was broken, continued on deck, giving directions, and sunk another fire-ship, which was bearing down upon him. In this crippled state he got into Harwich, and repaired the damages his ship had sustained.

826.—THE HERO of this little narrative was a Hottentot, of the name of Von Wyhk, and we give the story of his perilous and fearful shot in his own words: "It is now," said he, "more than two years since in the very place where we stand, I ventured to take one of the most daring shots that ever was hazarded: my wife was sitting in the house near the door, the children were playing about her. I was without, near the house, busied in doing something to a waggon, when suddenly, though it was mid-day, an enormous lion appeared, came up, and laid himself quietly down in the shade upon the very threshold of the door. My wife, either frozen with fear or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered attracted my attention, and I hastened towards the door; but my astonishment may be well conceived, when I found the entrance barred in such a manner. Although the animal had not seen me, escape, unarmed as I was, appeared impossible. Yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, up to the window of my chamber,

where I knew my loaded gun was standing. By a happy chance, I had set it in a corner close by the window, so that I could reach it with my hand: for as you may perceive, the opening is too small to admit of my having got in; and still more fortunately, the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the intention of making a spring; there was no longer any time to think; I called softly to the mother not to be afraid, and, invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece. The ball passed directly over my boy's head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion immediately above his eyes, which shot forth as it were sparks of fire, and stretched him on the ground, so that he never stirred more."

827.—BARON D'ADRETS occasionally made his prisoners throw themselves headlong, from the battlements of a high tower, upon the pikes of his soldiers. One of these unfortunate persons having approached the battlements twice, without venturing to leap, the baron reproached him with his want of courage, in a very insulting manner. "Why, Sir," said the prisoner, "bold as you are, I would give you five times before you took the leap." This pleasantry saved the poor fellow's life.

828.—GEORGE II. passing through his chamber one evening, preceded by a single page, a small canvas bag of guineas, which he held in his hand accidentally dropped, and one of them

rolled under a closet door, in which wood was usually kept for the use of his bed-chamber. After the king had very deliberately picked up the money, he found himself deficient of a guinea; and, guessing where it went, "Come," said he to the page, "we must find this guinea; here, help me throw out the wood." The page and he accordingly went to work, and in a short time found it. "Well," said the king, "you have wrought hard, there is the guinea for your labour, but I would have nothing lost."

829.—DEAN SWIFT knew an old woman of the name of Margaret Styles, who was much addicted to drinking. Though frequently admonished by him, he one day found her at the bottom of a ditch, with a bundle of sticks, with which, being in her old way, she had tumbled in. The dean, after severely rebuking her, asked her, "Where she thought of going to?" (meaning after her death.) "I'll tell you, Sir," said she, "if you'll help me up." When he had assisted her, and repeated his question—"where do I think of going to?" said she, "where the best liquor is, to be sure."

830.—A JEW, who was condemned to be hanged, was brought to the gallows, and was just on the point of being turned off, when a reprieve arrived. Moses was informed of this, and it was expected he would instantly have quitted the cart, but he stayed to see his two fellow-prisoners hanged; and being asked, why he did not get about his business, he said, "He waited to

see if he could bargain with Maister Ketsch for the two gentlemen's clothes."

831.—AN ENGLISH DRUMMER having strolled from the camp, approached the French lines, and before he was aware, was seized by the piquet and carried before the commander, on suspicion of being a spy, disguised in a drummer's uniform. On being questioned, however, he honestly told the truth, and declared who and what he was. This not gaining credit, a drum was sent for, and he was desired to beat a couple of marches, which he readily performed, and thus removed the Frenchman's suspicion of his assuming a fictitious character. "But, my lad," said he, "let me now hear you beat a retreat."—"A retreat!" replied the drummer; "I don't know what it is, nor is it known in the English service!" The French officer was so pleased with this spirited remark, that he dismissed the poor fellow, with a letter of recommendation to his general.

832.—AN OLD WOMAN that sold ale, being at church, fell asleep during the sermon, and unluckily let her old-fashioned clasped Bible fall, which, making a great noise, she exclaimed, half awake, "So, you jade, there's another jug broke!"

833.—ADMIRAL BLAKE, when a captain, was sent with a small squadron to the West Indies, on a secret expedition against the Spanish settlements. It happened, in an engagement, that one of his ships blew up, which damped the

spirits of his crew; but Blake, who was not to be subdued by one unsuccessful occurrence, called out to his men, "Well, my lads, you have seen an English ship blown up; and now let's see what figure a Spanish one will make in the same situation." This well-timed harangue raised their spirits immediately, and in less than an hour he set his antagonist on fire. "There, my lads," said he, "I knew we should have our revenge soon."

834.—WHEN CITIZEN THELWALL was on his trial at the Old Bailey for high treason, during the evidence for the prosecution he wrote the following note, and sent it to his counsel, Mr. Erskine: "I am determined to plead my cause myself." Mr. Erskine wrote under it: "If you do, you'll be hanged"; to which Thelwall immediately returned this reply: "I'll be hang'd, then, if I do."

835.—CHATEAUNEUF, keeper of the seals of Louis XIII. when a boy of only nine years old, was asked many questions by a bishop, and gave very prompt answers to them all. At length the prelate said, "I will give you an orange if you will tell me where God is?"—"My lord," replied the boy, "I will give you two oranges, if you will tell me where he is not."

836.—DURING the siege of Fort St. Philip, a young lieutenant of marines was so unfortunate as to lose both his legs by a chain-shot. In this miserable and helpless condition he was conveyed to England, and a memorial of his case presented



to an honourable board; but nothing more than half-pay could be obtained. Major Manson had the poor lieutenant conducted to court on a public day, in his uniform; where, posted in the ante-room, and supported by two of his brother officers, he cried out, as the king, George I., was passing to the drawing-room, "Behold, great sire, a man who refuses to bend his knee to you; he has lost both in your service." The king, struck no less by the singularity of his address, than by the melancholy object before him, stopped, and hastily demanded what had been done for him. "Half-pay," replied the lieutenant, "and please your majesty,"—"Fye, fye on't," said the king, shaking his head; "but let me see you again—next levee day." The lieutenant did not fail to appear, when he received from the immediate hand of royalty a present of five hundred pounds, and an annuity of two hundred pounds a year for life.

. 837.—A CLERGYMAN preaching some time ago, in the neighbourhood of Wapping, observing that most of his audience were in the seafaring way, embellished his discourse with several nautical tropes and figures. Amongst other things, he advised them to be ever "on the watch, so that on whatever tack the devil should bear down upon them, he might be crippled in the action."—"Ay, master," cried a jolly son of Neptune, "but let me tell you, that will depend on your having the weather-gauge of him."

838.—EVERY ONE has heard of the brave

Macpherson, who, with his trusty *ferrara*, mowed down whole ranks of the Gallic foe, in that memorable battle where the immortal Wolfe expired in the arms of victory! His captain, who had marked the incredible valour of the gallant Caledonian, saw him, after the fate of the glorious day was decided, set himself down by a heap of Frenchmen slain by his valiant arm, wipe the dust and sweat from his sunburnt brow, and refresh himself with a hearty pinch from his snuff-mill. The king, on the regiment's return to Britain, expressed a desire to see this brave old highlander, who being introduced by his captain, his Majesty presented his hand to Donald to kiss: honest Donald, unacquainted with the ceremonial of courts, and thinking the king asked him for a pinch of snuff, clapped his horn into the monarch's fist, accompanied with a hearty squeeze. The king laughed heartily, accepted of a pinch, made Donald a lieutenant, and gave him half-pay for life.

839.—SOME YEARS AGO, Dr. Warner happened to be in a stationer's shop, when a member of the House of Commons came in to purchase a hundred pens for six shillings. When he was gone, the doctor exclaimed, "Oh! the luxury of the age! Six shillings for a hundred pens! Why, it never cost me sixpence for pens in all my life."—"That is somewhat very surprising, doctor," said the stationer, "for your writings are very voluminous."—"I declare," replied the doctor, "I wrote my Ecclesiastical History, two

volumes in folio, and my Dissertation on the Book of Common Prayer, a large folio, first and corrected copies, with one single pen: it was an old one before I began, and it is not now worn out that I have finished.”—This relation was spread about, and the merits of this pen esteemed so highly, that a certain Countess begged the doctor to make her a present of it: he did so, and her ladyship had a gold case made, with a short history of the pen wrought upon it, and placed it in her cabinet of curiosities.

840.—AN OFFICER in Admiral Lord St. Vincent’s fleet, asking one of the captains, who was gallantly bearing down upon the Spanish fleet, whether he had reckoned the number of the enemy? “No,” replied the captain, “it will be time enough to do that, when we have made them strike.”

841.—THAT laughter is by no means an unequivocal symptom of a merry heart, there is a remarkable anecdote of Carlini, the drollest buffoon ever known on the Italian stage at Paris, A French physician being consulted by a person who was subject to the most gloomy fits of melancholy, advised his patient to mix in scenes of gaiety, and particularly, to frequent the Italian theatre: “And,” said he, “if Carlini does not dispel your gloomy complaint, your case must be desperate indeed!”—“Alas, Sir,” replied the patient, “I myself am Carlini, but while I divert all Paris with mirth, and make them almost die with laughter, I am myself actually dying with

chagrin and melancholy!" Immoderate laughter, like the immoderate use of strong cordials, gives only a temporary appearance of cheerfulness, which is soon terminated by an increased depression of spirits.

842.—LORD CAMELFORD entering one evening a coffee-house in Conduit street, meanly attired, as he often was, he sat down to peruse the papers of the day. Soon after came in a *dashing fellow*, a *first-rate blood*, who threw himself into the opposite seat of the same box with him, and in a most consequential tone bawled out, "Waiter! bring me a pint of Madeira, and a couple of wax candles, and put them into the next box." He then drew to himself Lord Camelford's candles, and set himself to read. His lordship glanced a look of indignation, but, exerting his optics a little more, continued to decypher his paper. The waiter soon re-appeared, and announced his having completed the commands of the gentleman, who immediately lounged round into his box. Lord Camelford having finished his paragraph, called out in a mimic tone, "Waiter! bring me a pair of snuffers." These were quickly brought, when his lordship laid down his paper, walked round to the box in which the gentleman was seated, snuffed out both the candles, and leisurely returned to his seat. Boiling with rage and fury, the indignant beau roared out, "Waiter! waiter! waiter! who the devil is this fellow that dares thus to insult a gentleman? Who is he? What

is he? What do they call him?"—"Lord Camelford, Sir," said the waiter. "Who? Lord Camelford!" returned the former, in a tone of voice scarcely audible; horror-struck at the recollection of his own impertinence, and almost doubting whether he was still in existence; "Lord Camelford! What have I to pay?" On being told, he laid down his score, and actually stole away, without daring to taste his Madeira.

843.—A VETERAN at the battle of Trafalgar, who was actively employed at one of the guns on the quarter-deck of the *Britannia*, had his leg shot off below the knee, and observed to an officer, who was ordering him to be conveyed to the cock-pit, "That's but a shilling touch; an inch higher and I should have had my eighteen pence for it"; alluding by this to the scale of pensions allowed for wounds, which, of course, increase according to their severity. The same hearty fellow, as they were lifting him on a brother tar's shoulders, said to one of his friends, "Bob, take a look for my leg, and give me the silver buckle out of my shoe; I'll do as much for you, please God, some other time."

844.—THE following is an account of a most ingenious stratagem played off at Paris before the Revolution: the last time that the late queen of France visited the theatre in Paris, the wife of a financier, whose whole merit consisted in a heavy purse, and an ostentatious display of eastern magnificence, sat alone in a box opposite to that of her majesty. She affected to make a



parade of a costly pair of bracelets, which, as the queen now and then cast her eyes upon her, she fondly supposed attracted the admiration of her sovereign. She was hugging herself in thoughts that exceedingly flattered her vanity, when a person dressed in the queen's livery, entered the box. "Madam," said he, "you may have perceived how attentively the queen has surveyed those magnificent bracelets, which though so precious and costly, still receive greater lustre from the dazzling beauty of the arm which bears them; I am commissioned by her majesty to request you will entrust me with one of them, that her majesty may have a nearer view of the unparalleled jewels." Melted by the flattering compliment, she did not hesitate, and delivered one of her bracelets. Alas! she soon repented her blind confidence, and heard nothing more of her bracelet till the next morning, when an exempt of the police begged to be admitted, and chid her politely for trusting so valuable a trinket in the hands of a stranger; "but, madam," added he, "the rogue is taken up, and here is a letter from the *Lieutenant de Police*, which will explain the whole." The letter was, indeed, signed "De Crone," and contained a request, that the lady would repair at twelve o'clock to the office, and in the meantime deliver to the exempt the other bracelet, that it might be compared with the first, then in his hand, that he might have sufficient proof to commit the sharper. So much attention from the chief

magistrate filled her with gratitude, which she expressed in the liveliest terms, bestowing the greatest praise on the vigilance of the police, which in no country was so vigilant as at Paris. In fine, after ordering up a dish of chocolate for the exempt, she put the other bracelet in his hand. They parted, but it was forever—this pretended exempt, proving neither more nor less than the *worthy associate of the queen's bold messenger!*

845.—THE WRITER of this article having, many years ago, accompanied Doctor Arne to Cannons, the seat of the late Duke of Chandos, to assist at the performance of an oratorio in the chapel of Whitechurch, such was the throng of company, that no provisions were to be procured at the duke's house. On going to the Chandos' Arms, in the town of Edgeware, we made our way into the kitchen, where we found nothing but a solitary leg of mutton on the spit. This, the waiter informed me, was bespoke by a party of gentlemen. The doctor (rubbing his elbow—his usual manner), says to me, "I'll have that mutton—give me a fiddle-string." He took the fiddle-string, cut it in pieces, and privately sprinkling it over the mutton, walked out of the kitchen. Then waiting very patiently till the waiter had served it up, he heard one of the gentlemen exclaim—"Waiter! this meat is full of maggots, take it away." This was what the doctor expected, who was on the watch.—"Here, give it to me."—"O, Sir," said the waiter, "you

can't eat it, it is full of maggots."—"O, never mind," cries the doctor, "fiddlers have strong stomachs." So bearing it away, and scraping off the fiddle-strings, we made a hearty dinner on the apparently maggoty mutton.

846.—AT the time when Frederic Moul was engaged in translating Libanius, a servant came to tell him, that his wife, who had long been in a declining state, was very ill, and wished to speak to him. "Stop a minute, stop a minute," said he, "I have but two sentences to finish, and then I will be with her directly." Another messenger came to announce, that she was at the last gasp. "I have but two words to write," answered he, "and then I'll fly to her." A moment after word was brought to him that she had expired. "Alas! I am very sorry for it," exclaimed the tranquil husband, "she was the best wife in the world!" Having uttered this brief funeral oration, he went on with his work.

847.—AFTER their victories over the Persians, the Athenians made a law, that on one day in every year there should be an exhibition of a cock-fight. This custom is said to have arisen from the following circumstance:—When Themistocles led an army of his countrymen against the Barbarians, he saw two cocks fighting. The spectacle was not lost on him: he made his army halt, and thus addressed them:—"These cocks," said he, "are not fighting for their country, nor for their paternal gods; nor do they endure this for the monuments of their

ancestors, for the sake of glory in the cause of liberty, or for their offspring. The only motive is, that one is determined not to yield to the other."

848.—AMONG the many anecdotes which the great Lord Mansfield used to relate, was the following: A St. Giles's bird appeared as an evidence before him in some trial concerning a quarrel, and so confounded his lordship with his slang, that he was obliged to dismiss him without getting any information. He was desired to give an account of all he knew about the business. "Why, my lord," said he, "as I was coming round the corner of the street, I *stagged* the man."—"Pray," said Lord Mansfield, "what is *stagging* a man?"—"Stagging, my lord; why you see I was *down upon him*."—"Well, but I don't understand *down upon him* any more than *stagging*. Do speak to be understood."—"Why, an't please your lordship, I speak as well as I can. I was up, you see, *to all he knew*."—"To all he knew? I am as much in the dark as ever."—"Well, then, my lord, I'll tell you how it was."—"Do so."—"Why, my lord, seeing as how he was a *rum kid*, I was *one upon his tiboy*." The fellow was at length sent out of court, and was heard to say to one of his companions, that he had gloriously *queered* old full-bottom.

849.—A POOR WOMAN, who had attended several confirmations, was at length recognised by the bishop. "Pray, have I not seen you here

before?" said his lordship. "Yes," replied the woman, "I get me conformed as often as I can; they tell me it is good for the rheumatis."

850.—TAXES upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes upon every thing which is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, and taste; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth; on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes on the raw materials; taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health; on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbands of the bride; at bed and board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The school-boy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a road taxed; and the dying Englishman pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent. into a spoon which has paid 15 per cent. flings himself back upon his Chintz bed which has paid 22 per cent., makes his will on an eight pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of an hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from 2 to 10 per cent. Besides the probate,



large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more.

851.—DURING the action against the Algerines, as Lord Exmouth and Captain Brisbane were conversing together, the latter was struck flat on the ground by a spent ball, or some other cause. Lord Exmouth immediately called the first lieutenant, and exclaimed, “Poor Brisbane! he’s gone! take the command.” The captain, raising himself in a sitting posture, coolly said, “Not yet, my lord”; and in a moment after resumed his share in the business of the day.

852.—THE REV. CALEB COLTON, nephew of the late Sir George Staunton, gives in a recent publication the following anecdote:—“My late uncle, Sir G. Staunton, related to me a curious anecdote of old Kien Long, Emperor of China. He was inquiring of Sir George the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When, after some difficulty, his majesty was made to comprehend the system, he exclaimed, “Is any man well in England, that can afford to be ill? now, I will inform you,” said he, “how I manage my physicians. I have four, to whom the care of my health is committed: a certain weekly salary is allowed them, but the moment I am ill, the salary stops till I am well again. I need not inform you my illnesses are usually short.”

853.—SIR JOHN BERNARD distinguished himself in parliament by his integrity and his firm-

ness. When Sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister, was one day whispering to the Speaker of the House of Commons, who leaned towards him over the arm of his chair, at the time Sir John Bernard was speaking, he exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, I address myself to you, and not to your chair; I will be heard; I call that gentleman to order." The Speaker immediately dismissed Sir Robert, and begged Sir John's pardon, requesting him to proceed.

Sir Robert Walpole, whose measures Sir John generally opposed, once paid him a high compliment. They were riding in two different parties in a narrow lane, and one of Sir Robert's companions hearing some person speaking before he came up to them, inquired of Sir Robert whose voice it was. "Do you not know?" replied the minister. "It is one I shall never forget; I have often felt its power."

854.—"SUSAN!" said an Irish footman to his fellow servant, "what are the bells ringing for again?"—"In honour of the Duke of York's birthday, Mr. Murphy."—"Be *aisy* now," rejoined the Hibernian, "none of your *blarney*—sure, 'twas the Prince Regent's on Tuesday, and how can it be his brother's to-day, unless indeed they are twins?"

855.—It was so natural for Dr. Watts, when a child, to speak in rhyme, that even at the very time he wished to avoid it, he could not. His father was displeased at this propensity, and threatened to whip him if he did not leave off

making verses. One day when he was about to put his threat in execution, the child burst into tears, and on his knees said,

“Pray, father, do some pity take,  
And I will no more verses make.”

856.—HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the late Duke of Cumberland, being at Newmarket, missed his pocket-book just before the horses started, containing a quantity of bank notes. When the *cognoscenti* of the turf came about him, and offered him several bets, he said, “I have lost my money already, and cannot afford to venture any more to-day.” The horse which the duke had intended to back was distanced; so he consoled himself that the loss of his pocket-book was only a temporary evil, as he should have forfeited its contents to the worthies of the turf. The race was no sooner finished than a veteran half-pay officer presented his royal highness with the lost pocket-book, saying he had found it near the stand, but had not an opportunity of approaching him earlier. The duke refused to receive it, most generously saying, “I am glad it has fallen into such hands; keep it; had it not been for this accident, it would have been by this time dispersed among the *black legs* of Newmarket.”

857.—A CHILD of one of the crew of his majesty's ship *Peacock*, during the action with the United States vessel, *Hornet*, amused himself with chasing a goat between decks. Not in the

least terrified by destruction and death all around him, he persisted, till a cannon ball came and took off both the hind legs of the goat, when seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying, "Now I've caught you."

858.—DURING an action of Admiral Rodney with the French, a woman assisted at one of the guns on the main-deck, and being asked by the admiral what she did there, she replied, "An't please your honour, my husband is sent down to the cock-pit wounded, and I am here to supply his place. Do you think, your honour, I am afraid of the French?" After the action, Lord Rodney called her aft, told her she had been guilty of a breach of orders, by being on board, but rewarded her with ten guineas for so gallantly supplying the place of her husband.

859.—IN THE ATTACK on the strong fortress of St. Fernando de Omas, in the year 1780, an English sailor who had scrambled singly over the wall, had, for the better annoyance of the enemy on all sides, armed himself with a cutlass in each hand. Thus equipped, he fell in with a Spanish officer just roused from sleep, and who in the hurry and confusion had forgotten his sword. The circumstance restrained the fury of the British tar, who, disdaining to attack an unarmed foe, but unwilling to relinquish so happy an opportunity of displaying his courage in single combat, presented one of the cutlasses to him, saying, "I scorn any advantage: you are now upon an equal footing with me." The aston-

ishment of the officer at such an act of generosity, and the facility with which a friendly parley took place, when he expected nothing else from the uncouth and hostile appearance of his foe, than being cut into pieces instantly, and without mercy, could only be rivalled by the admiration which his relation of the story excited in his countrymen.

860.—IN THE LATE AMERICAN WAR, a New York trader was chased by a small French privateer, and having four guns with plenty of small arms, it was agreed to stand a brush with the enemy rather than be taken prisoners. Among several other passengers was an athletic quaker, who, though he withstood every solicitation to lend a hand, as being contrary to his religious tenets, kept walking backwards and forwards on the deck, without any apparent fear, the enemy all the time pouring in their shot. At length the vessels having approached close to each other, a disposition to board was manifested by the French, which was very soon put in execution; and the quaker being on the lookout, unexpectedly sprung towards the first man that jumped on board, and, grappling him forcibly by the collar, coolly said, "Friend, thou hast no business here," at the same time hoisting him over the ship's side.

861.—DR. BROCKLESBY had been sent for to attend the Duchess of Richmond's woman, who was so ill as to be confined to her bed. In the hall he was met by the duke's valet, who was the



woman's husband, and who either by nature or locality was as warm a politician as the Doctor. Public affairs being then peculiarly critical, they became so interested in debate, that the patient was little thought of as they ascended stairs, nor did the conversation relax when they reached the sick woman's chamber. In short, they both quitted the room, returned downstairs, and the Doctor quitted Richmond-house, without either of them being aware that they had neither looked at the patient nor spoken to her, or of her.

862.—THE CELEBRATED BUBB DODDINGTON, was very lethargic. Falling asleep one day after dinner with Sir Richard Temple and Lord Cobham, the general, the latter reproached Doddington with his drowsiness. Doddington denied having been asleep; and to prove he had not, offered to repeat all Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story, and Lord Cobham owned he had been telling it. "And yet," said Doddington, "I did not hear a word of it; but I went to sleep because I knew that about this time of day you would tell that story."

863.—IT is recorded to the honour of our Edward the Third, that one day, having laid down upon a couch, one of his domestics, who did not know that he was in the chamber, came softly into it, and stole some money out of a chest he found open, which the king let him carry off without saying a word. Presently after, the boy returned to make a second attempt: at this

the king called out to him, without any violence of passion, "Sirrah, you had best be satisfied with what you have got; for if my chamberlain come and catch you, he will not only take away what you have stolen, but also whip you severely." The chamberlain came in at this instant, and seizing the money, fell into a great rage; but the king calmly said, "Tut, man, be content; the chest should not have been left open; the temptation was too strong for the poor youth: he perhaps wanted money more than we do, and there is, you see, enough left for us!"

864.—WHEN THE EARL OF CLANCARTY was captain of a man-of-war, and was cruising on the coast of Guinea, he happened to lose his chaplain by a fever, on which the lieutenant, who was a Scotchman, gave him notice of it, saying, at the same time, "that he was sorry to inform him that he died a Roman Catholic."—"Well, so much the better," said his lordship. "Oot, oot, my lord, how can you say so of a British clergyman?"—"Why," said his lordship, "because I believe I am the first captain of a man-of-war that could boast of having a chaplain *who had any religion at all.*"

865.—DIOGENES, visiting Plato at his villa, and perceiving that the floors were beautifully spread with carpets of the richest wool and finest dye, stamping his foot in sardonic scorn, he exclaimed, "Thus do I tread on the pride of Plato!"—"With greater pride," mildly replied Plato.

866.—VOITURE having satirized a nobleman who was powerful at court, the latter sought every occasion to revenge himself, and challenged Voiture to fight him with swords. "We are not equals," replied the poet; "you are very great, I am little; you are brave, I am cowardly; you wish to kill me—*eh bien*; I will consider myself as dead." This timely jest turned the anger of the nobleman into irrestrainable laughter, and they parted good friends.

867.—IN the time of the old court, the faces of the Parisian ladies were spotted with patches like pards, and plastered with rouge like so many red lions of the road-side. Lord Chesterfield being at Paris, was asked by Voltaire if he did not think some French ladies, then in company, whose cheeks were fashionably tinted, very beautiful. "Excuse me," said Chesterfield, "from giving an opinion: I am really no judge of paintings."

868.—LORD CHANCELLOR HARDWICK was very fond of entertaining his visitors with the following story of his bailiff, who, having been ordered by his lady to procure a sow of a particular description, came one day into the dining-room when full of company, proclaiming with a burst of joy he could not suppress, "I have been at Royston fair, my lady, and I have got a sow exactly of your ladyship's size."

869.—KING JAMES II. treated Waller, the

poet, with great kindness and familiarity. Taking him one day into his closet, the king asked him how he liked a particular picture, which he pointed out. "My eyes," said Waller, then at an advanced age, "are dim, and I do not know it." The king said it was the Princess of Orange. "She is," said Waller, "like the greatest woman in the world." The king asked who that was; and was answered, "Queen Elizabeth."—"I wonder," said James, "you should think so; but I must confess she had a wise council."—"And, Sire," returned Waller quickly, "did you ever know a fool choose a wise one?"

870.—IN MR. FOX'S frolicsome days, a tradesman, who held his bill for two hundred pounds, called for payment. Charles said he could not then discharge it. "How can that be," said the creditor; "you have just now lying before you bank notes to a large amount."—"Those," replied Mr. Fox, "are for paying my debts of honour." The tradesman immediately threw his bill into the fire. "Now, Sir," said he, "mine is a debt of honour, which I cannot now oblige you to pay." Charles, much to his honour, instantly paid him his full demand.

871.—IN THE EVENING of the day on which Sir Eardley Wilmot kissed hands on being appointed chief-justice, his son, a youth of seventeen, attended him to his bedside. "Now," said he, "my son, I will tell you a secret, worth knowing and remembering. The elevation I have met with in life, particularly this last instance

of it, has not been owing to any superior merit or abilities, but to my *humility*; to my not setting up myself above others; and to an uniform endeavour to pass through life, void of offense towards God and man."—A gentleman once went to him, under the impression of great wrath and indignation at a real injury he had received from a person high in power, and which he was meditating how to resent in the most effectual manner. After relating the particulars, he asked Sir Eardley if he did not think it would be *manly* to resent it? "Yes," said the christian knight, "it will be *manly to resent it*, but it will be *God-like to forgive it*." This had such an effect upon the gentleman, that he came away quite a different man, and in a very subdued temper from that in which he went.

872.—LORD WALDEGRAVE abjured the Catholic religion; he was afterwards appointed ambassador at Paris, and was one day teased upon the subject of his conversion, by the Duke of Berwick. "Pray, Mr. Ambassador," said he, "who had most to do in your conversion—the ministers of state, or the ministers of religion?"—"That is a question," said his lordship calmly, "you must excuse my answering, for when I ceased to be a Catholic, I renounced confession."

873.—FLETCHER, BISHOP OF NISMES, was the son of a tallow-chandler. A proud duke once endeavoured to mortify the prelate, by saying, at the levee, that he smelt of tallow: to which the bishop replied, "My lord, I am the son of



a chandler, it is true, and if your lordship had been the same, you would have remained a tallow-chandler all the days of your life."

874.—LORD STANLEY came plainly dressed to request a private audience of King James I., but was refused admittance into the royal closet by a sprucely-dressed countryman of the king's. James hearing the altercation between the two, came out, and inquired the cause. "My liege," said Lord Stanley, "this gay countryman of yours has refused me admittance to your presence."—"Cousin," said the king, "how shall I punish him? Shall I send him to the Tower?"—"O no, my liege," replied Lord Stanley, "inflict a severer punishment—send him back to Scotland!"

875.—ARCHBISHOP LAUD was a man of very short stature. Charles the First and the Archbishop were one day sat down to dinner, when it was agreed that Archy, the king's jester, should say grace for them, which he did in this fashion:—"Great praise be given to God, but *little Laud* to the devil!"—For this sally Laud was weak enough to insist upon Archy's dismissal.

876.—A VACANT SEE was to be supplied, and the synod observed to the Emperor Peter the Great, that they had none but ignorant men to present to his majesty. "Well then," replied the Czar, "you have only to pitch upon the most *honest* man: he will be worth two *learned* ones."

877.—THE WITTY LORD ROSS, having spent all his money in London, set out for Ireland, in

order to recruit his purse. On his way, he happened to meet with Sir Murrough O'Brien, driving for the capital in a lofty phaeton, with six prime dun-coloured horses. "Sir Murrough," exclaimed his lordship, "what a contrast there is betwixt you and me? You are driving your *duns* before you, but my *duns* are driving me before them."

878.—RICHARD THE FIRST, on the Pope reclaiming as a son of the church, a bishop whom that king had taken prisoner in battle, sent him the prelate's coat-of-mail, and in the words of the scripture, asked him, "Know now whether this be thy son's coat or not?"

879.—WHEN THE DUKE OF SULLY was called upon by Louis the Thirteenth to give his advice in some great emergency, he observed the favourites of the new king whispering to one another, and smiling at his plain and unfashionable appearance. "Whenever your Majesty's father," said the old warrior and statesman, "did me the honour to consult me, he ordered the buffoons of the court to retire into the antechamber." This severe reproof silenced the satellites, who instantly hid "their diminished heads."

880.—WHEN JAMES THE FIRST proposed to some of his council this question,—“Whether he might not take his subjects' money when he needed it for the affairs of his government, without all the formality of parliament?” Bishop Neile replied, “God forbid you should not, for you are the breath of our nostrils.” Bishop

Andrews declined answering, saying, that he was not skilled in parliamentary questions; but upon the king's urging him, and saying that he would admit no evasion, the bishop replied, "Why, then, I think your Majesty may lawfully take my brother Neile's money, for he says you may."

881.—THE LATE LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE was a very singular character, and had more peculiarities than any nobleman of his day. Coming once out of the house of peers, and not seeing his servant among those who were waiting at the door, he called out in a very loud voice, "Where can my *fellow be?*"—"Not in Europe, my lord," said Anthony Henley, who happened to be near him, "*not in Europe.*"

882.—THE MARQUIS DELLA SCALAS, an Italian nobleman, having invited the neighbouring gentry to a grand entertainment, where all the delicacies of the season were provided, some of the company arrived very early, for the purpose of paying their respects to his excellency: soon after which, the major-domo, entering the dining-room in a great hurry, told the marquis that there was a most wonderful fisherman below, who had brought one of the finest fish in all Italy; for which, however, he demanded a most extravagant price. "Regard not his price," cried the marquis; "pay him the money directly."—"So I would, please your highness, but he refuses to take any money."—"What, then, would the fellow have?"—"A hundred strokes of the strappado on his bare shoulders,

my lord; he says he will not bate a single blow." On this the whole company ran down stairs, to see so singular a man. "A fine fish!" cried the marquis. "What is your demand, my friend?"—"Not a quatrini, my lord," answered the fisherman: "I will not take money. If your lordship wishes to have the fish, you must order me a hundred lashes of the strappado on my naked back; otherwise I shall apply elsewhere."—"Rather than lose the fish," said the marquis, "we must e'en let this fellow have his humour. Here!" cried he to one of his grooms, "discharge this honest man's demands, but don't lay on too hard; don't hurt the poor devil very much!" The fisherman then stripped, and the groom prepared to execute his lordship's orders. "Now, my friend," said the fisherman, "keep an exact account, I beseech you; for I don't desire a single stroke more than my due." The whole company were astonished at the amazing fortitude with which the man submitted to the operation, till he had received the fiftieth lash; when, addressing himself to the servant, "Hold, my friend," cried the fisherman; "I have now had my full share of the price."—"Your share?" exclaimed the marquis; "what is the meaning of all this?"—"My lord," returned the fisherman, "I have a partner, to whom my honour is engaged, that he shall have his full half of whatever I receive for the fish; and your lordship, I dare venture to say, will by and by own that it would be a thousand pities to defraud him of a

single stroke.”—“And pray, honest friend,” said the marquis, “who is this partner?”—“Your porter, my lord,” answered the fisherman, “who keeps the outer gate, and refused to admit me, unless I would promise him half what I should obtain for the fish.”—“Ho! ho!” exclaimed the marquis, laughing very heartily, “by the blessing of heaven, he shall have double his demand in full tale!” The porter was accordingly sent for; and, being stripped to the skin, two grooms were directed to lay on with all their might till he had fairly received what he was so well entitled to. The marquis then ordered his steward to pay the fisherman twenty sequins; desiring him to call annually for the like sum, as a recompense for the friendly service he had rendered him.

883.—MR. POPE being one night crossing the street from Button’s coffee-house, when the moon occasionally peeped through a cloud, was accosted by a link-boy with, “Light, your honour, light, your honour!” He repeatedly exclaimed, “I do not want you.” But the lad still following him, he peevishly cried out, “Get about your business, God mend me! I will not give you a farthing; it’s light enough.”—“It’s light enough,” echoed the lad, “what’s light enough? your *head* or your *pocket*? God *mend* you, indeed! it would be easier for God Almighty to *make* two men, than *mend* one such as you.”

884.—THE CELEBRATED FLORENTINE PHYSICIAN, Andrea Baccio, who has been styled the



Italian Radcliffe, for his astonishing penetration as to diseases, resembled that singular man, also, in the blunt method of delivering his sentiments. He was one day called to attend on a woman of quality. He went, felt her pulse, and asked her how old she was. She told him, "above four-score."—"And how long *would* you live?" said the cross physician, quitting her hand, and making the best of his way out of her house.

885.—"YOUR unchristian virulence against me," said a Huguenot who had been persecuted for preaching, "shall cost hundreds of people their lives." This menace brought the author into trouble; he was cited to a court justice, and was charged with harbouring the most bloody designs against his fellow-subjects. "I am innocent," said he, "of all you lay to my account. My only meaning was, that I meant (since I could not act as a minister) to practise as a physician."

886.—THE FATHER OF THE LATE LORD HARDWICK was hanged for forgery. When Lord H. sat as chancellor, an old countryman was examined as to a particular fact, the date of which he could not recollect. "All that I remember about it," says he, "is, that it happened on the day old Yorke was hanged."

887.—JUDGE D—— married the sister of Mr. P——, who killed a gentleman unfairly. He applied to king George I. to pardon his relation, confessing at the same time, that little could be urged in his favour; but hoped his majesty

would save him and his family from the infamy of P——'s execution. "So, Mr. Judge," says the King, "what you want is, that I should transfer the infamy from you and your family, to me and my family."

888.—TWO TARS, just landed, went to see an old acquaintance, who keeps what they humourously called a grog-shop, in a village near Portsmouth, the sign of the Angel. On their entering the place, they stared about for the wished-for sign. "There it is!" said one. "Why, you fool," replied the other, "that's a peacock."—"Who do you call fool?" retorted Ben, "how the devil should I know the difference, when I never saw an angel in my life."

889.—AN AMERICAN GENERAL, L——, was in company where there were some few Scotch. After supper, when the wine was served up, the general rose, and addressed the company in the following words:—"Gentlemen, I must inform you, that when I get a little groggish, I have an absurd custom of railing against the Scotch, I hope no gentleman in company will take it amiss." With this he sat down. Up starts M——, a Scotch officer, and without seeming the least displeased, said, "Gentlemen, I, when I am a little groggish, and hear any person railing against the Scotch, have an absurd custom of kicking him out of the company, I hope no gentleman will take it amiss." It is superfluous to add, that that night he had no occasion to exert his talents.

890.—FRANCIS I., of France, being told the people made very free with his character in their songs, answered, "It would be hard indeed not to allow them a song for their money."

891.—AN HONEST HIBERNIAN, whose *bank-pocket* (to use his own phrase) had stopped payment, was forced to the sad necessity of perambulating the streets of Edingurgh two nights together for want of a few pence to pay his lodgings, when accidentally hearing a person talk of the *Lying-in* Hospital, he exclaimed, "That's the place for me! Where is it, honey? for I've been *laying-out* these two nights past."

892.—ARIOSTO built for himself a small house, which when a friend saw, he expressed an astonishment that he, who had described such magnificent edifices in his poem should be content with so poor a house. Ariosto aptly replied, "Words are much easier to put together than bricks."

893.—THE BISHOP OF ERMELAND lost a great portion of his revenues, in consequence of the occupation of part of Poland by the king of Prussia. Soon after this event, in the year 1773, he waited on his majesty at Potsdam; when the king asked him, if he could, after what had happened, still have any friendship for him? "Sire!" said the prelate, "I shall never forget my duty, as a good subject, to my sovereign."—"I am," replied the king, "still your very good friend: and likewise presume much on your friendship towards me; for, should St. Peter re-

fuse my entrance into Paradise, I hope you will have the goodness to hide me under your mantle, and take me in along with you.”—“Sire!” returned the bishop, “that will, I fear, scarcely be possible: your majesty has cut it too short to admit of my carrying any contraband goods beneath it.”

894.—WHEN the great earl of Stair was ambassador in Holland, he made frequent entertainments, to which the foreign ministers were constantly invited, not excepting even France, though hostilities were then commencing between the two countries. In return, the French resident as constantly invited the English and Austrian ambassadors upon the like occasions. The French minister was a man of considerable wit and vivacity. One day he proposed a health in these terms: “The rising sun, my master;” alluding to the motto of Louis XIV., which was pledged by the whole company. It then came to the Baron de Riesbach’s turn to give a health, and he, in the same humour, gave “The moon and fixed stars,” in compliment to the empress queen. When it came to the English ambassador’s turn, the eyes of all the company were turned upon him; but he, no way daunted, drank his master by the name of “Joshua the son of Nun, who made the sun and moon to stand still.”

895.—DEAN SWIFT, whose character is well known, having dined one day at a lord mayor’s feast in Dublin, was teased by an opulent, boisterous, half-intoxicated squire, who happened to

sit next to him: he bore the awkward raillery for some time, and on a sudden called out, in a loud voice, to the mayor, "My lord, here is one of your bears at my shoulders; I desire you will order him to be taken off."

896.—SIR FRANCIS —— used to plague Lord N—— with many impertinent visits, till at last lord N—— ordered his porter to deny him admittance. Sir Francis came as usual. "My lord is not at home, Sir."—"Ah! friend—Oh, though! give me leave to speak two words to—the monkey."—Away he flew up stairs, and took lord N—— unawares. The porter was scolded. In a few days Sir Francis called again. "Is my lord at home?"—"No, Sir."—"Pray what says your clock? My watch stands; I must set it right." In he went, and made a second attack on his lordship. The porter was then told, if ever he let Sir Francis in again, he should be turned away. When the baronet knocked, he half opened the door, keeping it in his hand, and, without giving him time to speak, bawled out, "My lord is gone out, the monkey is dead, the clock is broke," and slapped the door full in his face!

897.—A GENTLE sprinkle of rain happening, a plough-boy left his work, and went home: but his master seeing him there, told him that he should not have left his work for so trifling an affair, and begged for the future he would stay till it rained downright. A day or two afterwards proving a very rainy day, the boy staid



till dusk, and being almost drowned, his master asked him why he did not come home before. "Why I should," says the boy, "but you zed I shou'dn't come hoam vore it rained *downright*; and it has not rained *downright* yet, for it was *aslaunt* all day long."

898.—A LADY desired her butler to be saving of an excellent tun of small beer, and asked him how it might be preserved. "I know of no method so effectual, my lady," says the butler, "as placing a barrel of good ale by it."

899.—A HUMOUROUS fellow being subpoenaed as a witness on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel, who had been notorious for brow-beating witnesses, asked him what distance he was from the parties when the assault happened; he answered, "Just four feet five inches and a half."—"How come you to be so very exact, fellow?" said the counsel. "Because I expected some fool or other would ask me," said he, "and so I measured it."

900.—MR. WESLEY, travelling in a stage-coach with a young officer, who swore and d——d himself at every word, asked him if he had read the common prayer book; for if he had he might remember the collect, "O God, who art ever more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve." The young man had sense enough to make the application, and was decent the rest of the journey.

901.—PIERRE ZAPATA, court jester to Charles V., being one day made a butt of by his master,

that prince, expecting some joke in return, said to his courtiers:—"I shall be soon paid for this."—To which the jester replied: "Not so soon as you imagine, sire; I am not prompt in paying those who are so tardy in paying others!" This repartee was found the more lively, owing to Zapata and the officers of the court not having for a long time received their pensions.

902.—WHEN the late Duchess of Kingston wished to be received at the court of Berlin, she got the Russian minister there to mention her intention to his Prussian Majesty, and to tell him at the same time, "That her fortune was at Rome, her bank at Venice; but that her heart was at Berlin." The king replied, "I am sorry we are only intrusted with the worst part of her Grace's property."

903.—KING WILLIAM being once extremely embarrassed about a matter of state, was advised to consult Sir Isaac Newton. "Newton," replied he, "Newton!—why he is nothing but a philosopher!"

904.—SIR GODFREY KNELLER having painted a whole length portrait of the Duke of Hamilton, requested, that before it was sent home, his grace would come to inspect it, and see if he wished any alteration. The duke examined it closely, looked serious, went to the glass and looked at himself, then returned and looked at the picture, and with some appearance of ill-humour, returned to the glass. Sir Godfrey,

rather piqued at this strange behaviour, asked him if anything was wrong? "Why, yes;" said the duke, "when I look at the picture I feel myself a man of rank; when I return to the glass I look like a poltroon; however, for making me so much better than I am, you ought to be well paid; here is a bank bill."—"No, my lord," replied Sir Godfrey, "I will not be paid more than once for the same picture; you have overpaid it already."

905.—IN the time of the persecution of the protestants in France, the English Ambassador solicited of Louis XIV. the liberation of those sent to the galleys on account of their religion. "What," exclaimed the monarch, "would the king of England say, were I to demand the liberation of the prisoners in Newgate?"—"The king, my master," replied the minister, "would grant them to your majesty, if you claimed them as brothers."

906.—THE DUKE D'OSSUNA, being viceroy of Naples, went on board a Spanish galley, on a festival, to exercise his right of delivering one of the wretches from punishment. On interrogating them why they were brought there, they all asserted their innocence but one, who confessed that his punishment was too small for his crimes. The duke said, "Here, take away this rascal, lest he should corrupt all these honest men!"

907.—PETER THE GREAT was once shewn a parallel, in a foreign paper, between himself and Louis XIV., in which the latter was pronounced

to be greatly inferior to him. "If there be anything in which I may claim superiority," said Peter, "it is, that I have been able to govern the clergy, instead of being governed by them, as was my brother Louis."

908.—LORD YARMOUTH (now Marquis of Hertford) visiting Spain, was shown the Escorial, and the superb convent of monks of the order of St. Hierom. The superior, who conducted him, related, among other particulars, that this vast structure had been built by Philip the Second, to fulfil a vow he had made on the eve of the battle of St. Quintin. His lordship, admiring the immense extent of the edifice, observed, "When the monarch made such a vow, he must have been terribly frightened."

909.—THE DUKE DE ROQUELAURE meeting a very ugly country-gentleman at court, who had a suit to offer, presented it to the king, and urged his request, saying, he was under the greatest obligation to the suitor. The king asked what were these great obligations? "Ah, Sire, were it not for him, I should be the ugliest man in your Majesty's dominions!"

910.—GEORGE THE FIRST was once present at a masked ball, where he fell into conversation with a lady likewise masked, and with whom he was unacquainted. The lady proposed to his majesty to go to the sideboard to refresh themselves; the king consented. They were served with wine:—"To the health of the Pretender," said the lady. "With all my heart," replied the

generous Monarch; "I drink willingly to the health of all unfortunate princes!"

911.—WHEN BUONAPARTE, then First Consul for life, wished to take the title of Emperor, his brother Lucien opposed himself to the project with all his power—"Your ambition knows no bounds," exclaimed he; "you are master of France, you wish to be master of all Europe. Do you know what the result will be? You will be smashed to pieces like this watch,"—flinging his watch violently on the floor.

912.—AT A DINNER PARTY at the Duke of Ormond's, in 1715, Sir William Wyndham, in a jocular dispute about short prayers, told the company, among whom was Bishop Atterbury, that the shortest prayer he had ever heard was that of a common soldier just before the battle of Blenheim:—"O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul." This was followed by a general laugh. Atterbury seemed to join in the conversation, and applying himself to Sir William Wyndham, said, "Your prayer, Sir William, is indeed very short; but I remember another as short, but much better, offered up likewise by a poor soldier in the same circumstances—"O God, if in the day of battle I forget thee, do not thou forget me!"

913.—LORD ALBEMARLE being at Aix-la-Chapelle, wished not to be known, and desired his Negro servant, in case he should be asked about him, to say that his master was a Frenchman. The Negro was at last questioned on that



head, and answered, "My master is a Frenchman, and so am I."

914.—ONE OF CROMWELL'S GRAND-DAUGHTERS was remarkable for her vivacity and humour. One summer, being in company at Tunbridge Wells, a gentleman having taken great offence at some sarcastic observation she made, intending to insult her, said, "You need not give yourself such airs, madam; you know your grandfather was hanged."—To which she instantly replied, "But not till he was *dead*."

915.—BAUTRU, a celebrated French wit, being in Spain, went to visit the famous library of the Escorial, where he found a very ignorant librarian. The king of Spain interrogated him respecting it. "'Tis an admirable one, indeed," said he; "but your majesty should give the man who has the care of it the administration of your finances."—"Wherefore?" asked the king. "Because," replied Bautru, "the man never touches the treasure that is confided to him."

916.—A CERTAIN WITTY PHYSICIAN, but whose humour occasionally verged on buffoonery, was to dine one day at the table of the Elector of ——. This prince, anxious to divert himself by embarrassing the doctor, ordered that no spoon should be given him; soup was served up, and the Elector invited him to partake of it, which he declined as well as he could; but the prince, in order to deprive him of all pretext, said: "Eh! a rogue that won't eat soup!"—At this threat, the doctor took up a roll, hol-

lowed it by taking out the crumb, stuck it on the end of a fork, and used it as a spoon!—The guests looked at each other, the prince acknowledged himself beaten, and the doctor's imagination diverted every one.

917.—KING JAMES I., made a progress to Chester in 1617, and was attended by a great number of the Welsh, who came out of curiosity to see him. The weather was very warm, the roads dusty, and the king almost suffocated. He did not know how to get civilly rid of them, when one of his attendants, putting his head out of the coach, said, "It is his majesty's wish, that those who are the best gentlemen shall ride forwards." Away scampered the Welsh gentry at full gallop: one, however, was left behind—"And so," said the king to him, "you are not a gentleman, then?"—"Oh yes, and please your majesty, hur is as goot a gentleman as the rest; but hur horse, Cot help hur, is not so goot."

918.—THE employment of Bonaparte's confidential secretaries was, of all kinds of slavery, the least supportable. Day and night it was necessary to be on the spot. Sleep, meals, health, fatigue, nothing was regarded. A minute's absence would have been a crime. Friends, pleasures, public amusements, promenades, rest, all must be given up. The Baron de Maineval, and the Baron Fain, knew this by hard experience; but at the same time they enjoyed his boundless confidence, the most implicit reliance on their discretion, and a truly royal liberality; they both

deserved his confidence. One day at two o'clock the Emperor went out to hunt: "He will probably, as usual, be absent four hours," Maineval calculates: it is his father's *jour-de-fête*: he may surely venture to leave the palace for a short time. He has bought a little villa, and is desirous to present it to his beloved father, and to give him the title-deeds. He sets out, the whole family is collected, he is warmly greeted, they see him so seldom! The present is given, the joy increases, dinner is ready, and he is pressed to stop: he refuses, "The Emperor may return and ask for me."—"Oh, he won't be angry—you are never away." The entreaties redouble: at last he yields, and time flies swiftly when we are surrounded by those we love. In the meantime the Emperor returns, even sooner than usual. He enters his cabinet.—"Maineval! let him be called." They seek him in vain. Napoleon grows impatient—"Well, Maineval!"—They fear to tell him that he is absent, but at last it is impossible to conceal it. At length Maineval returns.—"The Emperor has inquired for you; he is angry."—"All is lost!" said Maineval to himself. He makes up his mind, however, and presents himself: his reception was terrible.—"Where do you come from? go about your business!" exclaimed Napoleon: "I do not want men who neglect their duty." Maineval, trembling, retires; he did not sleep all night; he saw his hopes deceived, his services lost, his fortune missed—it was a dreadful night. Day at length

came; he reflected "He did not give me a formal dismission."—He dressed himself, and at the usual hour went to the Emperor's cabinet. Some minutes after Napoleon enters, looks at him without speaking, writes a note, rises, and walks about. Maineval continues the task he has in hand without lifting up his eyes. Napoleon, with his hands behind his back, stops before him, and abruptly asks—"What ails you?—Are you ill?"—"No, Sire," timidly replies Maineval, rising up to answer.—"Sit down, you are ill; I don't like people to tell me falsehoods; I insist on knowing."—"Sire, the fear of having forfeited the kindness of your majesty deprived me of sleep."—"Where were you then yesterday?"—Maineval told him the motive of his absence—"I thought this little property would gratify my father."—"And where did you get the money to buy this house?"—"Sire, I had saved it out of the salary your majesty condescends to assign me."—Napoleon, after having looked on him steadily for a few minutes, said, "Take a slip of paper and write, 'The treasurer of my civil list will pay the bearer the sum of eighty thousand francs.'"—He took the draft and signed it.—"There, put that in your pocket, and now let us set about our regular business."

919.—SIR HENRY SIDNEY was the virtuous and brave father of a still more renowned son, Sir Philip Sidney. He once said to a friend of a fretful and querulous temper, with all the sen-

tentiousness and wisdom of the philosophers of old, "Take from me, Sir, this maxim: a weak man complains of others, an unfortunate man complains of himself, but a wise man complains neither of others nor of himself."

920.—ZIMMERMAN, who was very eminent as a physician, went from Hanover to attend Frederick the Great in his last illness. One day the king said to him, "You have, I presume, Sir, helped many a man into another world?" This was rather a bitter pill for the doctor; but the dose he gave the king in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery: "Not so many as your majesty, nor with so much honour to myself."

921.—A SPANISH AMBASSADOR one day entered rather unexpectedly into a room in which Henry IV. was discovered on all-fours, with his little son upon his back. The king stopped, and looking earnestly at the ambassador, said to him, "Pray, Sir, have you any children?"—"Yes, Sire, several."—"Well, then, I shall complete my round;" and he immediately set off on hands and knees again, till both boy and father were tired with the sport.

922.—ADMIRAL MONTAGUE once addressed a wretched little chimney-sweeping boy, who had been sweeping his chimneys—"Suppose now I give you a shilling?"—"God bless your honour, and thank you!" said the forlorn boy. "And what if I give you a fine tye-wig to wear on May-day, which is just at hand?"—"Ah, bless your



honour! my master won't let me out on May-day—he says it's low life."

923.—AT A GRAND REVIEW by George III. of the Portsmouth fleet in 1789, there was a boy who mounted the shrouds with so much agility, as to surprise every spectator. The king particularly noticed it, and said to Lord Lothian, "Lothian, I have heard much of your agility; let us see you run up after that boy."—"Sire," replied Lord Lothian, "it is my duty to *follow your majesty*."

924.—A FRENCH AMBASSADOR at an audience with James I. conversed with such rapidity, gesticulation, and grimace, as excited the wonder and conversation of the court. James afterwards asked Lord Chancellor Bacon, what he thought of the ambassador. "Sire," replied the philosopher, "he appears a fine, tall, well-built man."—"I mean," interrupted the king, "what do you think of his head? Is it equal to his employ?"—"Sire," answered Bacon, "men of high stature very often resemble houses of four or five stories, where the upper one is always the worst furnished."

925.—FREDERICK THE GREAT rang one day, and nobody answered. He opened the door, and found the page sleeping on a sofa. About to wake him, he perceived the end of a billet out of his pocket, and had the curiosity to know the contents: Frederick carefully drew it out, and read it; it was a letter from the mother of the young man, who thanked him for having sent

her part of his wages, to assist her in her distress; and it concluded by beseeching God to bless him for his filial goodness. The king returned softly to his room, took a roller of ducats, and slid them, with the letter, into the page's pocket; and then returning to his apartment, rung so violently, that the page came running breathlessly to know what had happened. "You have slept well," said the king. The page made an apology, and, in his embarrassment, he happened to put his hand into his pocket, and felt with astonishment the roller. He drew it out, turned pale, and looking at the king, burst into tears, without being able to speak a word. "What is the matter?" said the king, "what ails you?"—"Ah, Sire," answered the youth, throwing himself at his feet, "somebody would wish to ruin me; I know not how I came by this money in my pocket."—"My friend," said Frederick, "God often sends us good in our sleep. Send this to your mother. Salute her in my name, and assure her I shall take care of her and of you."

926.—"MADEMOISELLE," said Louis XV. to a young lady belonging to his court, "I am assured that you are very learned, and understand four or five continental languages."—"I know only two, sire," answered she, trembling.—"Which are they?"—"English and Italian."—"Do you speak them fluently?"—Yes, sire, very fluently."—"That is quite enough to drive a husband mad!"

927.—A LADY had a tame bird which she was in the habit of letting out of its cage every day. One morning as it was picking crumbs of bread off the carpet, her cat, who always before showed great kindness for the bird, seized it on a sudden, and jumped with it in her mouth upon a table. The lady was much alarmed for the fate of her favourite, but, on turning about, instantly discerned the cause. The door had been left open, and a strange cat had just come into the room! After turning it out, her own cat came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird without doing it the smallest injury.

928.—IN THE YEAR 1765, one Carr, a waterman, having laid a wager that he and his dog would both leap from the centre arch of Westminster bridge, and land at Lambeth within a minute of each other; he jumped off first, and the dog immediately followed; but not being in the secret, and fearing his master should be drowned, the dog laid hold of him by the neck, and dragged him on shore to the no small diversion of the spectators.

929.—THE LAIRD OF M'N——b was writing to one of his Dulcineas from an Edinburgh coffee-house, when a gentleman of his acquaintance observed that he was setting at defiance the laws of orthography and grammar. “D—n your blood!” exclaimed the Highland chieftain, “how can a man write grammar with a pen like this?”

930.—SHENSTONE was one day walking

through his romantic retreat in company with his Delia (her real name was Wilmot) when a man rushed out of a thicket, and presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. Shenstone was surprised, and Delia fainted. "Money," said the robber, "is not worth struggling for; you cannot be poorer than I am."—"Unhappy man!" exclaimed Shenstone, throwing his purse to him, "take it and fly as quick as possible." The man did so, threw his pistol in the water, and instantly disappeared. Shenstone ordered his foot-boy to follow the robber, and observe where he went. In two hours the boy returned, and informed his master that he followed him to Halesowen, where he lived; that he went to the door of his house, and peeping through the key-hole, saw the man throw the purse on the ground, and say to his wife, "Take the dear-bought price of my honesty;" then taking two of his children, one on each knee, he said to them, "I have ruined my soul to keep you from starving;" and immediately burst into a flood of tears. Shenstone, on hearing this, lost no time in inquiring the man's character, and found that he was a labourer oppressed by want, and a numerous family; but had the reputation of being honest and industrious. Shenstone went to his house; the poor man fell at his feet, and implored mercy. The poet took him home with him, and provided him with employment.

931.—GEORGE III. in his walks about his farms, was often alone, and many pleasant little

incidents occurred on meeting with rustics, to whom he was sometimes unknown. One day he had to pass through a narrow hedge-gate, on which sat a young clown, who showed no readiness in moving. "Who are you, boy?" said the king. "I be a pig boy," answered he. "Where do you come from? Who do you work for here?"—"I be from the low country; out of work at present."—"Don't they want lads here?" said the king. "I doan't know," rejoined the boy, "all belongs hereabouts to *Georgy*."—"Pray," said his Majesty, "who is *Georgy*?"—"He be the king, and lives at the Castle, but he does no good for me." His Majesty, immediately gave orders at his farm hard by, to have the boy employed; and when he saw him, told him to be a steady lad, and "*Georgy*" might do some good for him.

932.—IN one of the excursions of George III. during the hay harvest in the neighbourhood of Weymouth, he passed a field where only one woman was at work. His Majesty asked her where the rest of her companions were? The woman answered, they are gone to see the king. "And why did you not go with them?" rejoined his Majesty. "I would not give a pin to see him," replied the woman; "besides, the fools that have gone to town will lose a day's work by it, and that is more than I can afford to do. I have five children to work for," &c. "Well, then," said his Majesty, putting some money into her hands, "you may tell your companions



who are gone to see the king, that the king came to see you."

933.—IN THE FAMOUS TRIAL of the Dean of Asaph, Mr. Erskine put a question to the jury, relative to the meaning of their verdict. Mr. Justice Buller objected to its propriety. The counsel reiterated his question, and demanded an answer. The judge again interposed his authority in these emphatic words: "Sit down, Mr. Erskine; know your duty, or I shall be obliged to make you know it." Mr. Erskine with equal warmth replied, "I know my duty as well as your lordship knows your duty. I stand here as the advocate of a fellow-citizen, and I will not sit down." The judge was silent, and the advocate persisted in his question.

934.—ADMIRAL LORD HOWE, when a captain, was once hastily awakened in the middle of the night by the lieutenant of the watch, who informed him with great agitation that the ship was on fire near the magazine. "If that be the case," said he, rising leisurely to put on his clothes, "we shall soon know it." The lieutenant flew back to the scene of danger, and almost instantly returning, exclaimed, "You need not, Sir, be afraid, the fire is extinguished."—"Afraid," exclaimed Howe, "what do you mean by that, Sir? I never was afraid in my life;" and looking the lieutenant full in the face, he added, "Pray, how does a man feel, Sir, when he is afraid? I need not ask how he looks."

935.—IN EARL HOWE'S ENGAGEMENT with

the French fleet, on the 1st of June, 1794, the Marlborough, by intrepidly breaking the enemy's line, became totally dismasted, and in that situation dropped with her stern on the bows of a French eighty-four, whose bowsprit came over the Marlborough's poop. The Frenchmen were preparing to board, though with evident reluctance, when an English sailor of the name of Appleford, to be beforehand with them, mounted their bowsprit, and with his cutlass boldly leaped upon their forecastle, which he not only took possession of, but forced his adversaries to fly for safety to the waist of the ship. A French officer, observing the uncommon behaviour of the British tar, rushed from the quarter-deck, to reproach so many of his men for running away from one; and to convince them of his own honour, instantly made an attack upon Appleford, who, however, was fortunate enough to conquer him. His situation by this time becoming extremely dangerous, he thought it best to effect his retreat, as he was not at that time assisted on the spot by any of his countrymen; with this intention he again mounted the bowsprit, and by courageously springing from it, reached the poop-deck of his own ship at the moment when the vessels were drifting from each other.—During the confusion of the battle, the Marlborough was taken by several English ships for a Frenchman, more particularly so, as the whole of her colours had been shot away, but one white ensign which was then hoisted. This circum-

stance occasioned much destruction from the fire of those ships which fell into the mistake. At length the solitary ensign was also shot away; and by this circumstance, the honour of Old England for a moment appeared to suffer. From the impossibility of replacing the colours, it seemed as if the ship had struck to the French, an idea which operated so strongly on the mind of Appleford, that he loudly exclaimed, "The English colours shall never be dous'd where I am!" Then casting his eyes round the deck, he perceived the dead body of a marine, who had been shot through the head; he instantly stripped off his red coat, stuck it on a boarding pike, and exalted it in the air, swearing that the Englishmen would not desert their colours, and that when all the red coats were gone, they would hoist blue jackets. The singularity of such conduct infused fresh spirit into the hardy sons of Neptune, and they bravely fought till the glorious moment when the terrific struggle ended in victory.

936.—WHEN ROCHELLE WAS BESIEGED by the Royalist armies in 1627, the inhabitants elected for their Mayor, Captain, and Governor, Jean Guiton. This brave man at first modestly refused the office; but being pressed by all his fellow townsmen, he took up a poignard and said, "I will be mayor since you wish it, but on the condition that I may be permitted to strike this poignard to the heart of the first who speaks of surrendering. I consent that you shall do

the same to me, if I mention capitulating; and I demand that this poignard lie always ready on the table, when we assemble in the Town House." Cardinal de Richelieu, who conducted the operations of the siege, had raised a mole before the gate of the city, which shut up the entrance, and prevented provisions from reaching it. Someone saying to Guiton that many of the people had perished of hunger, and that death would soon sweep away all the inhabitants: "Well," said he coolly, "it will be sufficient if *one* remains to shut the gates."

937.—THE SPIRIT OF LITIGATION was, perhaps, never carried to a greater extent, than in the cause between two eminent potters of Handley Green, Staffordshire, for a sum of two pounds, nine shillings, and one penny. After being in chancery eleven years, from 1749 to 1760, it was put an end to by John Morton and Randle Wilbraham, Esquires, to whom it was referred; when they determined that the complainant filed his bill without any cause, and that he was indebted to the defendant at the same time the sum for which he had brought this action. This they awarded him to pay, with a thousand guineas of costs!

938.—THE LONGEST SUIT on record in England, is one which existed between the heirs of Sir Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, and the heirs of a Lord Berkeley, respecting some property in the county of Gloucester, not far from Wotton-under-Edge. It began at the end of the reign

of Edward the Fourth, and was pending until the beginning of that of James the First, when it was finally compounded, being a period of not less than one hundred and twenty years!

939.—“I HAVE always remarked,” says the celebrated traveller Ledyard, “that women in all countries are civil, obliging, tender, and humane. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man, it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark; through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland: rude and churlish Finland; unprincipled Russia; and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue (so worthy the appellation of benevolence), these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught; and if hungry I ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish.”

940.—WHEN ADMIRAL CORNWALLIS commanded the Canada, a mutiny broke out in the ship, on account of some accidental delay in the clerks paying some of the crew, in consequence of which they signed what is termed a round robin, wherein they declared, to a man, that they would not fire a gun till they were paid. Captain Cornwallis, on receiving this declaration, caused all hands to be called upon deck, and thus



addressed them: "My lads, the money cannot be paid till we return to port, and as to your not fighting, that is mere nonsense:—I'll clap you alongside the first large ship of the enemy I see, and I know that the devil himself will not be able to keep you from it." The tars were so pleased with this compliment that they returned to their duty, better satisfied than if they had been paid the money ten times over.

941.—THE LATE EARL OF PEMBROKE, who had many good qualities, but always persisted inflexibly in his own opinion, which, as well as his conduct, was very often singular, thought of an expedient to prevent the exhortations and importunities of those about him. This was to feign himself deaf; and under pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his answer not by what was really said to him, but by what he desired to have said. Among other servants was one who had lived with him from a child, and served him with great fidelity and affection, till at length he became his coachman. This man by degrees got a habit of drinking, for which his lady often desired that he might be dismissed. My lord always answered, "Yes, indeed, John is an excellent servant."—"I say," replied the lady, "that he is continually drunk, and desire that he may be turned off."—"Aye," said his lordship, "he has lived with me from a child, and, as you say, a trifle of wages should not part us." John, however, one evening, as he was driving from Kensington, overturned his

lady in Hyde Park; she was not much hurt, but when she came home, she began to rattle the earl. "Here," says she, "is that beast John, so drunk that he can scarcely stand; he has overturned the coach, and if he is not discharged, may break our necks."—"Aye," says my lord, "is poor John sick? Alas, I am sorry for him."—"I am complaining," says my lady, "that he is drunk, and has overturned me."—"Aye," answered his lordship, "to be sure he has behaved very well, and shall have proper advice." My lady, finding it hopeless to remonstrate, went away in a pet; and my lord having ordered John into his presence, addressed him very coolly in these words: "John, you know I have a regard for you, and as long as you behave well you shall be taken care of in my family: my lady tells me you are taken ill, and indeed I see that you can hardly stand; go to bed, and I will take care that you have proper advice." John, being thus dismissed, was taken to bed, where, by his lordship's order, a large blister was put upon his head, another between his shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood taken from his arm. John found himself next morning in a woful plight, and was soon acquainted with the whole process, and the reason upon which it was commenced. He had no remedy, however, but to submit, for he would rather have incurred as many more blisters than lose his place. My lord sent very formally twice a day to know how he was, and frequently congratulated my lady upon John's

recovery, whom he directed to be fed only with water-gruel, and to have no company but an old nurse. In about a week, John having constantly sent word that he was well, my lord thought fit to understand the messenger, and said, "that he was extremely glad to hear that the fever had left him, and desired to see him." When John came in, "Well, John," says he, "I hope this bout is over."—"Ah, my lord," says John, "I humbly ask your lordship's pardon, and I promise never to commit the same fault again."—"Aye, aye," says my lord, "you are right, nobody can prevent sickness, and if you should be sick again, John, I shall see it, though perhaps you should not complain, and I promise you shall always have the same advice, and the same attendance that you have had now."—"God bless your lordship," says John, "I hope there will be no need."—"So do I, too," said his lordship, "but as long as you do your duty to me, never fear, I shall do mine to you."

942.—WHEN that great statesman, Lord Chatham, had settled a plan for some sea expedition he had in view, he sent orders to Lord Anson to see the necessary arrangements taken immediately, and the number of ships required, properly fitted out by a given time. On the receipt of the orders, Mr. Cleveland was sent from the Admiralty to remonstrate on the impossibility of obeying them. He found his lordship in the most excruciating pain, from one of the most severe fits of the gout he had ever experienced.

"Impossible, Sir," said he, "don't talk to me of impossibilities:" and then raising himself upon his legs, while the sweat stood in large drops upon his forehead, and every fibre of his body was convulsed with agony. "Go, Sir, and tell his lordship, that he has to do with a minister who actually treads upon impossibilities."

943.—DR. GOLDSMITH, sitting one evening at the tavern where he was accustomed to take his supper, called for a mutton chop, which was no sooner placed on the table, than a gentleman near him, with whom he was intimately acquainted, showed great tokens of uneasiness, and wondered how the Doctor could suffer the waiter to place such a stinking chop before him. "Stinking!" said Goldsmith, "in good troth I do not smell it."—"I never smelled anything so unpleasant in my life," answered the gentleman; "the fellow deserves a caning for bringing you meat unfit to eat."—"In good troth," said the poet, relying on his judgment, "I think so too: but I will be less severe in my punishment." He instantly called the waiter, and insisted that he should eat the chop as a punishment. The waiter resisted; but the Doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane if he did not immediately comply. When he had eaten half the chop, the Doctor gave him a glass of wine, thinking that it would make the remainder of the sentence less painful to him. When the waiter had finished his repast, Goldsmith's friend burst into a loud laugh. "What ails you now?" said the

poet.—“Indeed, my good friend,” said the other, “I could never think that a man whose knowledge of letters is so extensive as yours, could be so great a dupe to a stroke of humour; the chop was as fine a one as ever I saw in my life.”—“Was it?” said Dr. Goldsmith, “then I will never give credit to what you say again; and so, in good troth, I think I am even with you.” What a truly mortifying answer must this have been, if the heart of his acquaintance was not callous to reproof.

944.—A LOVING HUSBAND once waited on a physician to request him to prescribe for his wife’s eyes, which were very sore. “Let her wash them,” said the doctor, “every morning with a small glass of brandy.” A few weeks after, the doctor chanced to meet the husband.—“Well, my friend, has your wife followed my advice?”—“She has done everything in her power to do it, doctor,” said the spouse, “but she never could get the glass higher than her mouth.”

945.—AFTER THE BATTLE of Culloden, in the year 1745, a reward of thirty thousand pounds was offered to any one who should discover or deliver up the young Pretender. He had taken refuge with the Kennedies, two common thieves, who protected him with the greatest fidelity, robbed for his support, and often went in disguise to Inverness to purchase provisions for him. A considerable time afterwards, one of these men, who had resisted the



temptation of thirty thousand pounds from a regard to his honour, was hanged for stealing a cow of the value of thirty shillings.

946.—WHEN GEORGE I. succeeded to the throne of England, he brought over with him from Hanover his cook, to whom he was extremely partial. After some stay at St. James's, the cook grew melancholy, and wanted leave to return home to Hanover. The king being informed of this, desired to see him; and when the cook came into his presence, he asked him why he wished to leave his service. The cook replied: "I have long lerved your majesty with diligence and honesty, and never suffered any of your property to be embezzled in your kitchen; but here the dishes no sooner come from the table than one steals a fowl, another a pig, a third takes a joint of meat, a fourth a pie, and so on, till the whole is gone; and I cannot bear to see your majesty so injured." The king laughed heartily, and said, "My revenues here are sufficient to enable me to bear these things, and therefore, to reconcile you to your place, do you *steal* as well as the rest, and mind that you take enough." The cook followed his master's advice, and in a short time became more expert than his fellow-servants.

947.—JOHN HORNE TOOKE's opinion upon the subject of law was admirable. "Law," he said, "ought to be, not a luxury for the rich, but a remedy, to be easily, cheaply, and speedily obtained by the poor." A person observed to

him, how excellent are the English laws, because they are impartial, and our courts of justice are open to all persons without distinction. "And so," said Tooke, "is the *London Tavern*, to such as can afford to pay for their entertainment."

943.—GENERAL WOLFE invited a Scotch officer to dine with him: the same day he was also invited by some brother officers. "You must excuse me," said he to them: "I am already engaged to Wolfe."—A smart young ensign observed, he might as well have expressed himself with more respect, and said *General Wolfe*.—"Sir," said the Scotch officer, with great promptitude, "we never say General Alexander, or General Cæsar." Wolfe, who was within hearing, by a low bow to the Scotch officer, acknowledged the pleasure he felt at the high compliment.

949.—WHILE COMMODORE ANSON'S SHIP, the Centurion, was engaged in close fight with the rich Spanish galleon, which he afterwards took, a sailor came running to him, and cried out, "Sir, our ship is on fire very near the powder magazine."—"Then pray, friend," said the commodore, not in the least degree discomposed, "run back and assist in putting it out."

950.—"MADAM," said the keeper at the gate of Kensington Gardens, "I cannot permit you to take your dog into the garden."—"Don't you see, my good friend," said the lady, putting a couple of shillings into the keeper's hand, "that it is a cat, and not a dog?"—"Madam,"

said the keeper, instantly softening the tone of his voice, "I beg your pardon for my mistake; I now see clearly, by the aid of the pair of spectacles you have been so good as to give me, that it is a cat, and not a dog."

951.—THE AMERICANS are so inquisitive, that Dr. Franklin tells us, when he travelled in America, and wished to ask his road, he found it necessary to save time by prefacing his question with—"My name is Benjamin Franklin—I am by trade a printer; I am come from such a place, and am going to such a place; and now tell me which is my road."

952.—ELWES, the noted miser, used to say, "if you keep one servant, your work is done; if you keep two, it is half done; and if you keep three, you may do it yourself."

953.—THE EXPRESSION OF GARRICK'S EYES, and the flexibility of his features, are well known to have given him the most extraordinary advantages in the representation of various characters. He sometimes availed himself of these natural assistances, to produce a ludicrous scene among his friends. He frequently visited Mr. Rigby, of Misley Thorn, in Essex. Mr. Rigby one day inquired of his servant, what company was arrived. The servant said, Lord M—— was come, and had brought with him a short gentleman with very bright eyes, meaning Mr. Garrick. "Why have I not the pleasure of seeing them here?" said Mr. Rigby.—"I don't know," said the servant, "how long it will be before my lord

can make his appearance; for the case is this: the barber came to shave his lordship; and just as he had shaved half his lordship's face, the short gentleman with the bright eyes began to read the newspaper to him; but he read it in such a droll way, and made so many odd faces, that my lord laughed, and the barber laughed, and when I went into the room I could not help laughing too; so that, Sir, if you don't send for the short gentleman, his lordship must appear at dinner with one side of his face smooth, and the other with a beard of two days' growth."

954.—DR. JOHNSON insisted upon the necessity of the subordination of rank in society. "Sir," said he to Mr. Boswell, "there is one Mrs. Macauley in this town, a great republican. One day, when I was at her house, I put on a very grave countenance, and said, 'Madam, I am become a convert to your system. To give you a decisive proof I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, well-behaved fellow-citizen, your footman, I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us.' She has never liked me since this proposal. Your levellers wish to level *down* as far as themselves, but they cannot bear leveling *up* to themselves."

955.—AS CHARLES XII. of Sweden was dictating a letter to his secretary during the siege of Stralsund, a bomb fell through the roof into the next room in the house where they were sitting. The terrified secretary let the pen drop from his hand. "What is the matter?" said

Charles, calmly. The secretary replied, "Ah, sire, the bomb!"—"But what has the bomb to do," said Charles, "with what I am dictating to you?—go on."

956.—A FELLOW, walking down Holborn-hill on a sultry summer evening, observed an old gentleman, without his hat, panting and leaning upon a post, and courteously asked him what was the matter? "Sir," says the old man, "an impudent puppy has just snatched my hat off, and run away with it: I have run after him until I have quite lost my breath, and cannot, if my life depended on it, go a step farther."—"What, not a step?" said the fellow. "Not a step," returned he. "Why, then, by Jupiter, I must have *your wig*;" and snatching off his fine flowing caxon, the thief was out of sight with it in a minute.

957.—A GENTLEMAN crossing a very narrow bridge, which was not railed on either side to secure passengers from falling, said to a countryman whom he met, "Methinks this narrow causeway must be very dangerous, honest friend! pray are not people lost here sometimes?"—"Lost!—no, Sir," replied the man; "I never knew anybody lost here in my life; there have been several drowned indeed, but they were always found again."

958.—THE EARL OF P—— kept a number of swine at his seat in Wiltshire, and crossing the yard one day he was surprised to see the pigs gathered round one trough, and making a great



noise. Curiosity prompted him to see what was the cause, and on looking into the trough he perceived a large silver spoon. Just at this crisis a servant maid came out, and began to abuse the pigs for crying so. "Well they may," said his lordship, "when they have got but one *silver spoon* among them all."

959.—DR. JOHN TAYLOR, the learned critic and philologist, though a close student, was of a temper remarkably social, and possessed talents fitted to adorn and gladden society. An intimate friend and fellow-collegian of the doctor informs us, "If you called on him in the college after dinner, you were sure to find him sitting at an old oval walnut-table covered with books: yet when you began to make apologies for disturbing a person so well employed, he immediately told you to advance, and called out, 'John, John, bring pipes and glasses,' and instantly appeared as cheerful and good-humoured, as if he had not been at all engaged or interrupted. Suppose now, you had staid as long as you would, and been entertained by him most agreeably, you took your leave, and got half way down the stairs; but recollecting somewhat you had to say to him, you go in again; the bottles and glasses were gone, the books had expanded themselves so as to re-occupy the whole table, and he was just as much buried in them as when you first came in."

960.—DR. MONCEY was always strangely infatuated with fears of the public funds, a bug-

bear that drove him to risk his money on troublesome securities, and ultimately produced heavy losses. He used to speak feelingly of a Welsh parson and a London attorney. The doctor was frequently anxious, in his absence from his apartment, for a place of safety in which to deposit his cash and notes; bureaux and strong boxes, he was conscious, had often failed in security. Previous to a journey to Norfolk to visit his brother and friends during the hot weather in July, he chose the fire-place of his sitting-room for his treasury, and placed bank-notes and cash to a considerable amount in that unusual situation, in one corner, under the cinders and shavings. On his return after a month's absence, he found his old woman (as he always called his house-keeper) preparing to treat a friend or two with a cup of tea; and by way of shewing respect to her guests, the parlour (or master's sitting-room) fire-place was chosen to make the kettle boil, as she never expected her master till she saw him. The fire had not long been lighted, when her master arrived at the critical moment. When the doctor entered the room the company had scarcely began tea. He ran across the room like a madman, saying, "Hang it, you have ruined me forever: you have burned all my bank-notes!"—First went the contents of the slopbason, then the tea-pot; then he rushed to the pump in the kitchen, and brought a pail of water, which he threw partly over the fire and partly over the company, who in the utmost con-

sternation, got out of his way as speedily as possible. His housekeeper, afterwards Mrs. Marriott, cried out, "For God's sake, Sir, forbear: you will spoil the steel stove and fire irons."—"D—n the irons, you, your company and all! (replied the doctor) you have burned my bank notes."—"Lord, Sir (said the half-drowned woman), who'd think of putting bank-notes in a bath stove, where a fire is ready laid?"—"And (resumed he) who'd think of making a fire in the summer time, where there has not been one for these several months?" He then pulled out all the coals and cinders, and at one corner he found the remains of his bank-notes, for being twice folded, one quarter of them so doubled, wrapt in brown paper, was entire, so as to be legible. Next day Dr. Moncey went to Lord Godolphin's, told his lordship the story, producing the remains of the notes, and with such energetic gestures in acting the part of finding them, as greatly diverted the noble lord. He told the doctor, however, that he would go with him to the Bank the next day, and get the cash for him, through his influence, and would be collateral security for the doctor's integrity and honesty as to their value. Lord Godolphin having occasion to see the king that day on business, told his majesty the story of Moncey and his bank-notes. Being well acquainted with the doctor's strange character, the king resolved to go to Lord Godolphin's next morning, and conceal himself in a closet. When Moncey came, it

was agreed, that Lord Godolphin should ask him to repeat the story, which upon his arrival, Lord Godolphin effected with much difficulty. His majesty was so highly diverted, that, in attempting to stifle the mirth it excited, and to withdraw unperceived, he stumbled, and the closet door opened. The doctor was much chagrined with Lord Godolphin for running the laugh on him, and just broke out "G—d"—when his majesty appeared, and on seeing him, the doctor continued: "bless your majesty! this may be a joke with you and his lordship, but with me a loss of nearly four hundred pounds."—"No, no (replied Lord Godolphin), for I am ready to go with you immediately, and get your notes renewed, or the money for them." Lord Godolphin ordered his carriage, and agreed to meet the doctor at the room in the Bank, where some of the directors daily attend. The doctor being obliged to go to the Horse Guards, on business, took water at Whitehall for the Bank. In going down the river his curiosity excited him to pull out his pocket-book, to see if the remains of his notes were safe; when a sudden puff of wind blew them out of his pocket-book into the river. "Put back, you sons of b——! put back—(says the doctor) my bank-notes are overboard!" He was instantly obeyed, and when they reached them, he took his hat and dipped it in the water, inclosing the notes and a hat-full of water. In this state he put it under his arm, and desired to be set on shore immediately. He was landed at the Three

Cranes, walked straight to the Bank, and was shewn into the room where Lord Godolphin had just before arrived, and had given notice of Dr. Moncey's coming.—“What have you under your arm?” said Lord Godolphin: “The notes,” replied the doctor, throwing his hat with the contents on the table, among all their books and papers; and with such a force, as to scatter the water in the faces of all who were standing near it. “There (said the doctor) take the remainder of your notes, for neither fire nor water will consume them!”

961.—DR. RADCLIFFE was remarkable for a sudden thought in extraordinary cases: he was once sent for into the country to a gentleman who was dangerously ill of a quinsey; and the doctor soon perceived that no application, internal or external, would be of any service; upon which he desired the lady of the house to order the cook to make a large hasty-pudding; and when it was done, to let his own servant bring it up. While the cook was about it, he took his man aside, and instructed him what to do. In a short time the man brought up the pudding in great order, and set it on the table, in full view of the patient. “Come, John,” said he, “you love hasty-pudding, eat some along with me, for I believe you came out without your breakfast.” Both began with their spoons, but John's spoon going twice to his master's once, the doctor took occasion to quarrel with him, and dabbed a spoonful of hot pudding in his face:



John resented it, and threw another at his master. This put the doctor in a passion; and, quitting his spoon, he took the pudding up by handfuls, and threw it at his man; who battled him again in the same manner, till they were both in a most woeful pickle. The patient, who had a full view of the skirmish, was so tickled at the fancy, that he burst into a laughter, which broke the quinsey, and cured him. The doctor and his man were well rewarded.

962.—“SITTING ONCE IN MY LIBRARY,” says Mr. Harris, “with a friend, a worthy but melancholy man, I read him out of a book the following passage: ‘In our time it may be spoken more truly than of old, that virtue is gone, the church is under foot, the clergy is in error, the devil reigneth.’ My friend interrupted me with a sigh, and said, ‘Alas! how true! how just a picture of the times!’ I asked him of what times? ‘Of what times!’ replied he with emotion; ‘can you suppose any other but the present—were any before ever so corrupt, so bad?’—‘Forgive me,’ said I, ‘for stepping you: the times I am reading of are older than you imagine; the sentiment was delivered about *four hundred years ago*; its author was Sir John Mandeville, who died in 1371.’”

963.—A RECRUITING SERJEANT addressing an honest country bumpkin in one of the streets in Manchester, with—“Come, my lad, thou’lt fight for thy king, won’t thou?”—“Voight for

my king," answered Hodge, " why, has he *fawn* out wi' ony body? "

964.—AFTER A BATTLE lately between two celebrated pugilists, an Irishman made his way to the chaise, where the one who had lost the battle had been conveyed, and said to him, " How are you, my good fellow? can you see at all with the eye that's knocked out? "

965.—DR. PITCAIRN had one Sunday stumbled into a Presbyterian church, probably to beguile a few idle moments (for few will accuse that gentleman of having been a warm admirer of *Calvinism*), and seeing the parson apparently overwhelmed by the importance of his subject:—"What the devil makes the man *greet*? " said Pitcairn to a fellow that stood near him. " By my faith, Sir," answered the other, " you would perhaps greet too, if you were in his place, and had as little to say."—"Come along with me, friend, and let's have a glass together; you are too good a fellow to be here," said Pitcairn, delighted with the man's repartee.

966.—THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE occurs in the Journal of the Rev. J. Wesley, under the date of Thursday, 27th of December, 1744.—" I called on the solicitor whom I had employed in the suit lately commenced against me in chancery. And here I first saw that foul monster, a chancery bill! A scroll it was of forty-two pages in large folio, to tell a story which need not have taken up forty lines! And stuffed with such

stupid, senseless, improbable lies (many of them too quite foreign to the question), as I believe would have cost the compiler his life, in any heathen court either of Greece or Rome. And this is equity in a Christian country! This is the English method of redressing grievances.'

967.—THE DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER was a very shy man and much disliked general society; and was either denied to morning visitors, or contrived to slip out of the way when any one called on him. The clergyman of the parish, Mr. Kenyon, who had some particular business with him respecting the tithes of the parish, had often tried to gain admittance to him, but in vain, being always told that his grace was very busy, or was not at home. Determined, however, to have an interview with him, Mr. K. called at a very early hour in the morning, thinking he should be certain, by this plan, of finding the duke at home. But still he was disappointed, the servant giving the customary answer, that his grace was gone out. Mr. Kenyon, fully assured that this was not the case, and steady to his point, loitered about the house, that he might catch its noble owner when he quitted it. In a short time he perceived his grace slip out of a back door. Mr. Kenyon did not shew himself, lest the duke, seeing him, might slip in again, but kept his eye upon him, till he saw him cross a field, and take the way to his navigation. He then walked hastily after the object of his pursuit; not being able to conceal himself, was soon

discovered by the duke. His grace, perceiving that he must be overtaken, instantly took to his heels: Mr. Kenyon did the same. They both ran stoutly for some time, till the duke, seeing he had the worst of the course, turned aside and jumped into a saw-pit. He was followed in a trice, into his place of refuge, by his pursuer, who immediately exclaimed, "Now, my lord duke, I have you." His grace burst into a fit of laughter, and the business of the tithe was quickly and amicably settled.

968.—THE LATE DUKE OF N——, who was what is called a six-bottle man, was very fond of the society of a person much his inferior in rank; and their intimacy has been very rationally accounted for, on the principle of mutual assistance. The duke, when inebriated, lost his voice, but retained the use of his limbs; his friend, on the contrary, retained his power of speech, but could not stand. So the duke, who could not speak, rang the bell; and his friend, who could not move, ordered more wine.

969.—SOME time after the Eddystone light-house was erected, a shoemaker engaged to be light-keeper. When in the boat which conveyed him thither, the skipper addressing him, said, "How happens it, Jacob, that you should choose to go and be cooped up here as a light-keeper, when you can on shore, as I am told, earn half-a-crown and three shillings a day in making leathern hose (leathern pipes so called): whereas the light-keeper's salary is but 25*l.* a year, which

is scarce ten shillings a week?"—"Every one to his taste," replied Jacob, promptly. "I go to be a light-keeper, because I don't like *confinement*." After this answer had produced its share of merriment, Jacob explained himself by saying, that he did not like to be *confined to work*.—At first there were only two light-keepers stationed on this solitary pile; but an incident of a very extraordinary and distressing nature, which occurred, shewed the necessity of an additional hand. One of the two keepers took ill, and died. The dilemma in which this occurrence left the survivor, was singularly painful. Apprehensive that if he tumbled the dead body into the sea, which was the only way in his power to dispose of it, he might be charged with murder, he was induced for some time to let the dead body lie, in hopes that the attending boat might be able to land, and relieve him from the distress he was in. By degrees the body became so putrid, that it was not in his power to get quit of it without help, for it was near a month before the boat could effect a landing; and then it was not without the greatest difficulty that it could be done when they did land. To such a degree was the whole building filled with the stench of the corpse, that it was all they could do to get the dead body disposed of, and thrown into the sea; and it was some time after that, before the rooms could be freed from the offensive stench that was left. What a situation for the solitary survivor to have been left in! what a



price did he pay for an innocent reputation! The tale is a rival even to that of Mezentius.

970.—MR. PALMER going home, after the business of the theatre was concluded one evening, saw a man lying on the ground, with another on him beating him violently; upon this he remonstrated with the uppermost, telling him his conduct was unfair, and that he ought to let his opponent get up, and have an equal chance with him. The fellow drolly turned up his face to Mr. Palmer, and drily replied, “Faith, Sir, if you had been at as much trouble to get him down as I have, you would not be for letting him get up so readily.”

971.—A SAILOR, who had been many years absent from his mother, who lived in an inland county, returned to his native village, after a variety of voyages to different parts of the globe, and was heartily welcomed by the good old woman, who had long considered him as lost. Soon after his arrival, the old lady became inquisitive, and desirous to learn what strange things her son John had seen upon the mighty deep. Amongst a variety of things that Jack recollected, he mentioned his having frequently seen flying fish. “Stop, Johnny,” said his mother, “don’t try to impose such monstrous impossibilities on me, child; for, in good troth, I could as soon believe you had seen flying cows: for cows, you know, John, can live out of the water. Therefore, tell me honestly what you have seen in reality, but no more falsehoods,

Johnny.”—Jack felt himself affronted; and turning his quid about, when pressed for more information, he said, prefacing it with an oath, “Mayhap, mother, you won’t believe me, when I tell you, that casting anchor once in the Red Sea, it was with difficulty that we hove it up again; which was occasioned, do you see, mother, by a large wheel hanging on one of the flukes of the anchor. It appeared a strange old Grecian to look at, so we hoisted it in; and our captain, do ye mind me, being a scholar, overhauled him, and discovered it was one of Pharaoh’s chariot wheels, when he was capsized in the Red Sea.” This suited the meridian of the old lady’s understanding. “Ay, ay, Johnny,” cried she, “I can believe this, for we read of this in the Bible; but never talk to me again of flying fish.”

972.—DURING THE RIOTS OF 1780, most persons in London, in order to save their houses from being burnt or pulled down, wrote on their doors, “*No Popery!*” Old Grimaldi, to avoid all mistakes, wrote on his, “*No Religion!*”

973.—THE following strange but well-attested occurrence, which actually took place lately in the neighbourhood of Taunton, will remind our readers of

“Him who took the Doctor’s bill,  
And swallowed it instead of the pill.”

A man-servant in the employ of the Rev. Dr. Palmer, of Yarcombe, being taken ill, the medical attendant of the family was sent for, who

prepared for the man a bolus from the family medicine-chest, and having wrapped up in paper the grain weights used in weighing out the proper proportions of the drugs, left them on the table, and near to them the bolus, which he desired one of the females of the house to carry to the man-servant, with instructions to take it immediately in treacle. Some hours afterwards his master came to inquire about the patient, and found him suffering under very uneasy symptoms, which the man attributed to the strange kind of medicine the doctor had ordered for him, and which he said he "should never have got through with, had he not cut it into smaller pieces," but "he thanked God, though it was rather rough and sharpish, he had got it all down." This account puzzled his master exceedingly, who, however, soon discovered that the man had actually swallowed in treacle, a complete set of brass grain weights, instead of the bolus, which was found lying harmlessly on the table in his master's room. Proper remedies were immediately adopted for dislodging this uncommon dose from the man's stomach, who subsequently recovered from his illness.

974.—A LADY, who made pretensions to the most refined feelings, went to her butcher to remonstrate with him on his cruel practices. "How," said she, "can you be so barbarous as to put innocent little lambs to death?"—"Why not! madam," said the butcher; "you would not eat them alive, would you?"

975.—IN THE GREAT DUTCH WAR, in the reign of Charles II., the English fleet and that of Holland fought in the channel for three days successively, engaged in the day, and lying-to at night; but, just as they were preparing to renew the action, advice came off that an armistice was concluded upon, and the hostile parties began to exchange mutual civilities. On board a Dutch man of war, which lay alongside an English first-rate, was a sailor so remarkably active, as to run to the mast-head, and stand upright upon the truck, after which he would cut several capers, and conclude with standing upon his head, to the great astonishment and terror of the spectators. On coming down from this exploit, all his countrymen expressed their joy by huzzaing, and thereby signifying their triumph over the English. One of our bold tars, piqued for the honour of his country, ran up to the top like a cat, and essayed, with all his might, to throw up his heels like the Dutchman, but not having the skill, he missed his poise, and came down rather faster than he went up. The rigging, however, broke his fall, and he lighted on his feet unhurt. As soon as he had recovered his speech, he ran to the side and exultingly cried out to the Dutchman, "There, you lubber, do that if you can."

976.—THE following curious circumstance occurred a few years ago, at a country village near Horncastle, in Lincolnshire. A boy, belonging to a chimney-sweeper at Louth, taking his usual

rounds in the country, called at a farm-house in the above village, late in the evening; but it not being convenient to employ him till the morning following, the farmer informed him he might, if he thought proper, sleep in his barn, which he very readily agreed to. He accordingly made himself a comfortable bed among the straw, and went to rest. Some time in the night, he was awakened by two men entering the barn with a lanthorn and candle, and each of them a sack; he immediately supposing they were not about their lawful business, lay still to watch their motions, when they began to consult how they might place the light till they had filled their sacks from the corn heap. Seeing they were at a loss how to proceed, he crept softly from his couch, and with an audible voice said, "Gentlemen, I'll hold the candle." Turning round suddenly they beheld the knight of the brush, in his sable dress, and supposing him to be a messenger from the infernal regions, threw down their sacks and lanthorn, and immediately decamped.

977.—SOME TIME AGO, the Honourable Mr. Charles Fox, having an old gaming debt to pay to Sir John L., or rather, as he is familiarly styled, Sir John Jehu; finding himself in cash, after a lucky run at the Pharo-Table, he sent a card of compliments to Sir John, desiring to see him, in order to discharge his demand. When they met, Charles immediately produced the money; which Sir John no sooner saw than he called for pen and ink, and very deliberately



began to reckon up the *interest*.—"What are you doing now?" cried Charles—"Only calculating what the interest amounts to!" replied the other—"Are you so?" returned Charles, coolly; and, at the same time pocketing again the cash, which he had already thrown on the table—"Why, I thought, Sir John, that my debt to you was a *debt of honour*; but, as you seem to view it in another light, and mean seriously to make a *trading debt* of it, I must inform you, that I make it an invariable rule, to pay my Jew-creditors last. You must, therefore, wait a little longer for your money, Sir: and, when I meet my money-lending Israelites, for the payment of principal and *interest*, I shall most certainly think of Sir John Jehu, and expect to have the *honour* of seeing him in the company of my *worthy* friends from Duke's Place!"

978.—WHEN PATRICK HENRY, who gave the first impulse to the ball of the American revolution, introduced his celebrated resolution on the stamp act into the House of Burgesses of Virginia (May, 1765), he exclaimed, when descanting on the tyranny of the obnoxious act, "Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles the First his Cromwell; and George the Third"—"Treason!" cried the speaker; "treason! treason!" echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those trying moments which are decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an

eye flashing with fire, continued, "*may profit by their example*. If this be treason, make the most of it."

979.—ONE OF THE DOVER STAGES, on its way to London, was stopped by a single highwayman, who was informed by the coachman there were no inside passengers, and only one in the basket, and he was a sailor. The robber then proceeded to exercise his employment on the tar; when waking him out of his sleep Jack demanded what he wanted; to which the son of plunder replied, "Your money."—"You shan't have it," said Jack. "No!" replied the robber: "then I'll blow your brains out."—"Blow away then, you land-lubber," cried Jack, squirting the tobacco-juice out of his mouth, "I may as well go to London without brains as without money: drive on, coachman."

980.—M. OTTO, the French ambassador to the British Court, displayed a most splendid illumination at his house in Portland Place, on account of the signing of the definitive treaty of peace betwixt Great Britain and France. Whilst this illumination was in preparation, two British tars happened to pass his house; when they observed in a transparency the words "*Peace and Concord*," which they read, *Peace Conquer'd*. "*They conquer Peace*, a set of frog-eating lubbers," exclaimed one of the tars, and immediately knocked at M. Otto's door, insisting to see that gentleman. M. Otto made his appearance: the enraged tars demanded the reason of his presum-

ing to insult the British nation. M. Otto in vain attempted to explain the meaning of the words. But nothing would satisfy the gallant fellows; they peremptorily insisted on his removing the obnoxious word "*concord*," which M. Otto, with much politeness, promised to do, and actually altered the sentiment to "*Peace and Amity*."

981.—DR. WALCOT, better known as *Peter Pindar*, called one day upon a bookseller in Paternoster-row, the publisher of his works, by way of inquiring into the literary and other news of the day. After some chat, the doctor was asked to take a glass of wine with the seller of his wit and poetry. Our author consented to accept of a little negus as an innocent morning beverage; when instantly was presented to him a cocoa-nut goblet, with the face of a man carved on it. "Eh! eh!" says the doctor, "what have we here?"—"A man's skull," replied the bookseller; "a poet's for what I know."—"Nothing more likely," rejoined the facetious doctor, "*for it is universally known that all you booksellers drink your wine from our skulls*."

982.—WHEN QUIN AND GARRICK performed at the same theatre, and in the same play, the night being very stormy, each ordered a chair. To the mortification of Quin, Mr. Garrick's chair came up first. "Let me get into the chair," cried the surly veteran, "let me get into the chair, and put little Davy into the lantern."—"By all means," said Garrick; "I shall ever be happy to give Mr. Quin light in any thing."

983.—WHEN a late Duchess of Bedford was last at Buxton, and then in her eighty-fifth year, it was the medical farce of the day, for the faculty to resolve every complaint of whim and caprice into “a shock of the nervous system.” Her grace, after inquiring of many of her friends in the rooms what brought them there, and being generally answered for a nervous complaint, was asked in her turn, “What brought her to Buxton?”—“I came only for pleasure,” answered the healthy duchess; “for, thank God, I was born before nerves came into fashion.”

984.—ONE of the most flattering and ingenious compliments Frederick ever paid, was that which he addressed to the celebrated General Laudohn, at the time of his interview with the emperor at the camp of Neiss. After they had discoursed for about an hour, the two monarchs sat down to dinner, with the princes and general officers in their train. Marshal Laudohn, who had been invited among the rest, was about to seat himself at the bottom of the table, but the king made him come and sit by him, saying, “Come here, General Laudohn; I have always wished to see you on my side, instead of facing me.”

985.—GEORGE III., having purchased a horse, the dealer put into his hands a large sheet of paper, completely written over. “What’s this?” said his majesty. “The pedigree of the horse, sire, which you have just bought,” was the answer. “Take it back, take it back,” said

the king laughing; "it will do very well for the next horse you sell."

986.—A FRENCH OFFICER quarrelling with a Swiss, reproached him with his country's vice, of fighting on either side for *money*, while we "Frenchmen," said he, "fight for *honour*."—"Yes, Sir," replied the Swiss, "every one fights for that which he most wants."

987.—WHEN THE LATE MR. WINDHAM, the war minister, was upon a trip to the continent, he met with a Dutch clergyman, who was very eager in his inquiries as to the doctrines and discipline of the church of England, to which he received satisfactory answers; those, however, were succeeded by others of a more difficult nature, particularly as to the manner in which some English preachers *manufacture* their sermons. Upon Mr. Windham's confessing his ignorance of this subject, the Dutchman, in a tone of disappointment, exclaimed, "Why then I find, Sir, after all the conversation we have had, that I have been deceived as to your profession. They told me you were an *English minister*."

988.—DR. SAVAGE, who died in 1747, travelled in his younger days, with the Earl of Salisbury, to whom he was indebted for a considerable living in Hertfordshire. One day at the levee, the king (George I.) asked him how long he had resided at Rome with Lord Salisbury. Upon his answering him how long,—“Why,” said the king, “you staid there long enough; how is it you did not convert the pope?”—“Be-



cause, Sir," replied the doctor, "I had nothing better to offer him."

989.—IN THE YEAR 1818, as the Duke of Wellington was on a sporting visit at the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury, Hatfield, he met with the following curious adventure:—A farmer, who had been much annoyed by the hunters riding across his corn, directed his shepherd to stake up and make fast all his gates that adjoin the roads. It so happened that the duke rode up to one of these gates which the shepherd was lolling over, and who was directed by the duke to open the gate for him. The shepherd refused compliance, and told him to go round, for he should not ride over his master's corn. The duke therefore rode off. When the man went home, his master inquired of him if he had stopped the hunters? "*Aye, master,*" quoth the shepherd, "*that I have—and not only them, but that soldier man that Buonaparte could not stop!*" The farmer took an early opportunity of apologizing to Lady Salisbury for the rudeness of his servant, and stated that had he been aware that the noble duke was to have been out that day his gates should not have been fastened, and at the same time mentioned what his man had said, which on being related to the duke, caused, as may be expected, a hearty laugh.

990.—WHEN RABELAIS was on his death-bed, a consultation of physicians was called. "Dear gentlemen," said the wit to the doctors, raising his languid head, "let me die a natural death."

991.—DR. BUSBY, whose figure was beneath the common size, was one day accosted in a public coffee-room, by an Irish baronet of colossal stature, with, “May I pass to my seat, O Giant?” When the doctor, politely making way, replied, “Pass, O Pigmy!”—“Oh! Sir,” said the baronet, “my expression alluded to the size of your intellect.”—“And my expression, Sir,” said the doctor, “to the size of yours.”

992.—AN APOTHECARY, who used to value himself on his knowledge of drugs, asserted that all bitter things were hot.—“No,” said a gentleman present, “there is one of a very different quality; a *bitter cold day*.”

993.—AT BRIGHTON, in October, 1795, Sir John Lade, for a trifling wager, undertook to carry Lord Cholmondeley *on his back*, from opposite to the Pavilion, twice round the Steyne. Several ladies attended as spectators of this extraordinary feat of the dwarf carrying the giant. When his lordship declared himself ready, Sir John desired him to *strip*. “Strip!” exclaimed the other, “why surely you proposed to carry me in my clothes.”—“By no means,” replied the Baronet; “I engaged to carry you, but not an inch of clothes! so therefore, my lord, make ready, and let us not disappoint the ladies.” After much laughable altercation, it was at length decided, that Sir John had won his wager, the peer having declined to exhibit *in puris naturalibus*.

994.—AFTER a loud preface of “O yes,” pro-

nounced most audibly three times, in the High Street at Newmarket, the late Lord Barrymore, having collected a number of persons together, made the following general proposal to the gapers;—"Who wants to buy a horse that can walk five miles an hour, trot eighteen, and gallop twenty."—"I do," said a gentleman, with manifest eagerness.—"Then," replied Lord Barrymore, "if I see any such animal to be sold, I will be sure to let you know."

995.—THE DUKE OF LONGUEVILLE'S REPLY, when it was observed to him that the gentlemen bordering on his estates were continually hunting upon them, and that he ought not to suffer it, is worthy of imitation: "I had much rather," answered the duke, "have friends than hares."

996.—THE GREAT PRINCE DE CONDE passing through the city of Sens, which belonged to Burgundy, of which he was governor, took great pleasure in disconcerting the different companies who came to compliment him. The Abbé Boileau, dean of the cathedral, brother of the poet, was commissioned to make a speech to the prince at the head of the chapter. Conde wishing to discompose the orator, advanced his head and long nose towards the dean, as if with the intention of hearing the better, but in reality to make him blunder, if he possibly could. The abbé, who perceived his design, pretending to be greatly embarrassed, began his speech thus: "My lord, your highness ought not to be surprised to see me tremble when I appear before you; at the

head of an army of 30,000 men, I should tremble much more." The prince was so much charmed with this compliment, that he embraced the orator without suffering him to proceed. He asked his name, and when he found that he was the brother to M. Despreaux, he invited him to dinner.

997.—NONE fight with true spirit who are overloaded with cash. A man who had been fortunate at cards was asked to act as a second in a duel, at a time when the seconds engaged as heartily as the principals. "I am not," said he, "the man for your purpose just at present; but go and apply to him from whom I won a thousand guineas last night, and I warrant you that he will fight like any devil."

998.—AN under officer of the customs at the port of Liverpool, running headlessly along the ship's gunnel, happened to tip overboard, and was drowned: being soon after taken up, the coroner's jury was summoned to sit upon the body: one of the jurymen, returning home, was called to by an alderman of the town, and asked what verdict they brought in, and whether they found it *felo de se*! "Aye, aye," says the jurymen, shaking his noddle, "he *fell into the sea* sure enough."

999.—SIR JOHN TREVOR, who for some misdemeanor had been expelled the house of commons, one day meeting with archbishop Tillotson, cried out, "I hate to see an atheist in the shape of a churchman."—"And I," replied the good bishop, "hate to see a knave in any shape."

1000.—WHEN SIR ELIJAH IMPEY, the Indian judge, was on his passage home, as he was one day walking the deck, it having blowed pretty hard the preceding day, a shark was playing by the side of the ship. Having never seen such an object before, he called to one of the sailors to tell him what it was. “Why,” replied the tar, “I don’t know what name they know them by ashore, but here we call them *sea-lawyers*.”

1001.—A GENTLEMAN observed one day to Mr. Henry Erskine, who was a great punster, that punning is the *lowest* sort of wit. “It is so,” answered he, “and therefore the *foundation* of all wit.”

1002.—ALCIBIADES finding his irregularities became the general topic of conversation at Athens, and having a very fine dog, which he had given a large sum of money for, he cut off his tail, which was reckoned a great ornament. His friends told him the whole city blamed him for so foolish an action, and talked of nothing else. “That is what I meant,” said he: “I had rather they should talk of my dog’s tail, than scrutinize my conduct.”

1003.—A FINISHED COQUETTE at a ball asked a gentleman near her, while she adjusted her tucker, whether he could *flirt a fan*, which she held in her hand. “No, madam,” answered he, proceeding to use it, “but I can *fan a flirt*.”

1004.—THE LATE DUKE OF RICHMOND had some capital hunters in Sussex. A monkey that



was kept in the stable, was remarkably fond of riding the horses; skipping from one to the other, and teasing the poor animals incessantly. The groom made a complaint to the duke, who immediately formed a plan to remedy the evil. "If he is so fond of riding," said his grace, "we'll endeavour to give him enough of it." A complete jockey dress was provided for the monkey; and the next time the hounds went out, Jacko in his uniform was strapped to the back of one of the best hunters. The view halloo being given, away they went, through thick and thin: the horse carrying so light a weight, presently left all the company behind. Some of the party passing by a farm-house, inquired of a countryman whether he had seen the fox. "Aye, zure," said the man, "he be gone over yon fallow."—"And was there anyone up with him?"—"Whoy, yes," said John, "there be a little man in a yellow jacket, riding as though the Devil be in 'um. I hope from my heart the young gentleman mayn't meet with a fall, but he rides monstrous hard."

1005.—A MASTER OF ARTS being reduced to extreme poverty, begged some relief of a locksmith, who was at work in his shop; the smith asked him, why he had not learned some art to get his bread by, rather than thus to go about begging. "Alas!" replied the scholar, "I am a master of seven."—"Of seven!" replied the locksmith, "they must be sorry ones indeed, then, since they are not able to keep you; for

my part, I have only one, as you see, which maintains seven of us; myself, my wife, and five children."

1006.—A CHIMNEY-SWEEP, having descended a wrong chimney, made his sudden appearance in a room where two men, one named *Butler* and the other *Cook*, were enjoying themselves over a pot of beer. "How now," cried the former, "what news from the other world?" The sweep perceiving his mistake, and recollecting the persons, very smartly replied, "I came to inform you, that we are very much in want of a *Butler and Cook*."

1007.—AN ITALIAN BISHOP had struggled through great difficulties without repining. An acquaintance of his asked him one day if he could communicate to him the secret he had made use of to be always easy. "Yes," replied the prelate, "very easily. It consists of nothing more than making a right use of my eyes in whatever state I am. I first look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get thither; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred. Then I look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are, who, in all respects, are more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed; where all my cares must end; and how little reason I have to repine or complain."

1008.—A LUNATIC in Bedlam was asked how he came there? he answered "By a dispute."—"What dispute?" The bedlamite replied, "The world said I was mad; I said the world was mad, and they outwitted me."

1009.—A NOTORIOUS THIEF, being to be tried for his life, confessed the robbery he was charged with. The judge hereupon directed the jury to find him guilty upon his own confession. The jury having laid their heads together brought him in not guilty. The judge bid them consider of it again; but still they brought in their verdict not guilty. The judge asked the reason? The foreman replied, "There is reason enough, for we all know him to be one of the greatest liars in the world."

1010.—A NOTORIOUS CULPRIT, who suffered some years since at Salisbury, and the last of three brothers who had been executed for similar offences, after sentence was passed, said, "My lord, I humbly thank you." His lordship astonished, asked him for what? "Because, my lord, I thought I should have been hung in chains, which would have been a disgrace to the family."

1011.—A YOUNG FELLOW once came dancing, whistling, and singing into a room where old Colley Cibber sat coughing and spitting; and, cutting a caper, triumphantly exclaimed, "There, you old put, what would you give to be as young as I am?"—"Why, young man," replied he, "I would agree to be almost as foolish."

1012.—A GENTLEMAN who was dining with another, praised very much the meat, and asked who was the butcher? ” “ His name is Addison.” —“ Addison!” echoed the guest, “ pray is he any relation to the poet? ”—“ In all probability he is, for he is seldom without his steel (*Steele*) by his side.”

1013.—SWIFT having paid a visit at Sir Arthur Acheson’s country seat, and being, on the morning of his return to his deanery, detained a few minutes longer than he expected at his breakfast, found, when he came to the door, his own man on horseback, and a servant of Sir Arthur’s holding the horse he was to ride himself. He mounted, turned the head of his horse towards his own man, and asked him in a low voice if he did not think he should give something to the servant who held his horse, and if he thought five shillings would be too much; “ No, Sir, it will not, if you mean to do the thing handsomely,” was the reply. The dean made no remark upon this, but when he paid his man’s weekly account, wrote under it, “ Deducted from this, for money paid to Sir Arthur’s servant for doing your business, five shillings.”

1014.—MR. BENSLEY, before he went on the stage, was an officer in the army. Meeting one day a Scotchman, who had been in the same regiment, the latter was very happy to see his old brother officer, but being ashamed to be seen in the street with a player, he hurried him into an obscure coffee-house, where he began to remon-

strate with him on his thus disgracing the honourable profession to which he had belonged. "But," added he, "what do you make by this new business of yours?" Mr. Bensley said, "From seven hundred to a thousand a year."—"A thousand a year!" exclaimed the Northern, "hae ye ony vacancies in your corps?"

1015.—A COMMON-COUNCILMAN was hoaxed into an opinion, that, as a representative of the citizens, he was entitled to ride through the turnpikes free of expense. He next day mounted his nag, to ascertain his civic privileges; and asked at the turnpike at the Dog-row, in Mile-end-road, if, as a common-councilman, he had not a right to pass without paying? "Yes," replied the turnpike man, archly, "you may pass yourself, but you must pay for your horse."

1016.—DR. GREGORY, professor of physick at Edinburgh, was one of the first to enroll himself in the Royal Edinburgh Volunteers, when that corps was raised. So anxious was he to make himself master of military tactics, that he not only paid the most punctual attendance on all the regimental field-days, but studied at home for several hours a day, under the sergeant-major of the regiment. On one of these occasions, the officer, out of all temper at the awkwardness of his learned pupil, exclaimed in a rage, "Sir, I would rather teach *ten fools* than *one philosopher*."

1017.—THERE WAS A LADY of the west coun-



try that gave a great entertainment at her house to most of the gallant gentlemen thereabouts, and among others Sir Walter Raleigh. This lady, though otherwise a stately dame, was a notable good housewife; and in the morning betimes she called to one of her maids that looked to the swine, and asked, "Are the pigs served?" Sir Walter Raleigh's chamber was close to the lady's. A little before dinner the lady came down in great state into the great chamber, which was full of gentlemen, and as soon as Sir Walter cast his eyes on her, "Madam," said he, "are the pigs served?" The lady answered, "You know best whether you have had *your breakfast*."

1018.—JOSEPH II., EMPEROR OF GERMANY, travelling in his usual way, without his retinue, attended by only a single aid-de-camp, arrived very late at the house of an Englishman, who kept an inn in the Netherlands. It being fair time, and the house rather crowded, the host, ignorant of his guests' quality, appointed them to sleep in an out-house, which they readily complied with; and after eating a few slices of ham and biscuit, retired to rest, and in the morning paid their bill, which amounted to only three shillings and sixpence English, and rode off. A few hours afterwards, several of his suite coming to inquire after him, and the publican understanding the rank of his guest, appeared very uneasy. "Psha! psha! man," said one of the attendants, "Joseph is accustomed to such ad-

ventures, and will think no more of it.”—“But I shall,” replied the landlord; “for I can never forget the circumstance, nor forgive myself neither, for having had an emperor in my house, and letting him off for *three and sixpence*.”

1019.—ON THE SCOTCH CIRCUITS, the judges give dinners, having an allowance for that purpose. The great Lord Kames was extremely parsimonious; and at a circuit dinner at Perth did not allow claret, as had been the custom. The conversation turned on Sir Charles Hardy’s fleet, which was then blockaded by the French; and one of the company asked, what had become of our fleet. Mr. Henry Erskine answered, “They are like us, confined to *Port*.”

1020.—SOME YEARS AGO, says Richardson, in his anecdotes of painting, a gentleman came to me to invite me to his house: “I have,” says he, “a picture of Rubens, and it is a rare good one. There is little H. the other day came to see it, and says it is a *copy*. If anyone says so again, I’ll *break his head*. Pray, Mr. Richardson, will you do me the favour to come, and give me *your real opinion of it?*”

1021.—WHEN PYRRHUS, KING OF EPIRUS, was preparing for an expedition he had long meditated against the Romans, Cyneas, one of his chief favourites, asked him what he proposed to himself by this war? “To conquer the Romans, and reduce all Italy to obedience,” was the reply. “What then?” asked Cyneas. “To

pass over into Sicily," answered Pyrrhus, "and then all the Sicilians must be our subjects."—"And what does your majesty intend next?"—"Why, truly," replied the king, "to conquer Carthage, and make myself master of all Africa."—"And what, Sir," said the minister, "is to be the end of all your expeditions?"—"Why then," answered the monarch, "for the rest of our lives we'll sit down to good wine."—"How, Sir," said Cyneas, "can we sit down to better wine than we have now before us? Have we not already as much as we can drink?"

1022.—M. LALANDE, the French astronomer, during the whole time of the Revolution, confined himself to the study of that science. When he found that he had escaped the fury of Robespierre, he jocosely said, "I may thank my stars for it."

1023.—AFTER DR. JOHNSON had been honoured with an interview with the king, in the queen's library at Buckingham-house, he was interrogated by a friend concerning his reception, and his opinion of the royal intellect. "His majesty," replied the doctor, "seems to be possessed of much good-nature and much curiosity, and is far from contemptible. His majesty, indeed, was multifarious in his questions, but he *answered them all himself.*"

1024.—THE BARD OF TWICKENHAM, though very short and deformed, was nevertheless very partial to his person. One day he asked Dean

Swift what people in Ireland thought of him. "They think," says the dean, "that you are a great poet and a very little man." Pope exclaimed passionately, "And, Mr. Dean, the people in England think quite the reverse of you."

1025.—WESTON, THE ACTOR, having borrowed, on note, the sum of five pounds, and failing in payment, the gentleman who had lent the money took occasion to talk of it in a public coffee-house, which caused Weston to send him a challenge. When in the field, the gentleman being a little tender in point of courage, offered him the note to make it up; to which our hero readily consented, and had the note delivered. "But now," said the gentleman, "if we should return without fighting, our companions will laugh at us; therefore let us give one another a slight scratch, and say we wounded each other."—"With all my heart," says Weston; "come, I'll wound you first:" so, drawing his sword, he thrust it through the fleshy part of his arm till he brought the tears into his eyes. This being done, and the wound tied up with a handkerchief—"Come," said the gentleman, "where shall I wound you?" Weston, putting himself in a posture of defence, replied, "*Where you can, Sir.*"

1026.—THE CELEBRATED DANIEL BURGESS, dining with a gentleman of his congregation, a large Cheshire cheese, uncut, was brought to table. "Where shall I cut it?" asked Daniel. "*Anywhere you please, Mr. Burgess,*" answered

the gentleman. Upon which Daniel handed it to the servant, desiring him to carry it to his house, *and he would cut it at home.*

1027.—“How does your new-purchased horse *answer?*” said the late Duke of Cumberland to George Selwyn. “I really don’t know,” replied George, “for I never *asked him a question.*”

1028.—A QUAKER having a horse to sell, took him to St. Luke’s fair, at Newcastle. A customer soon appeared, who, being pleased with the appearance of the animal, asked “if he would draw well?” to which question the owner replied with a shrug, “Ah, friend, let him *alone* for that.” The buyer taking him in the wrong sense, purchased the horse without any more inquiries. But upon trial the horse would not stretch a trace; on which the buyer went in a violent passion to upbraid the seller, who very coolly answered: “Friend, did I not tell thee to let him alone for that;” which was all the satisfaction he could get.

1029.—DR. FULLER, the author of the *Worthies of England*, and other works, had a prodigious memory, insomuch that he could name in order the signs on both sides the way from the beginning of Paternoster-row at Ave Maria-lane to the bottom of Cheapside, where the Mansion-house now stands. This, considering that in his time every shop had a particular sign, was very surprising. He could also dictate to five



several amanuenses at the same time, and each on a different subject. The doctor making a visit to the committee of sequestrators sitting at Waltham, in Essex, they soon fell into a discourse and commendation of his great memory; to which he replied: " 'Tis true, gentlemen, that fame has given me the report of a memorist, and, if you please, I will give you an experiment of it." They all accepted the motion, and told him they should look upon it as an obligation, praying him to begin. "Gentlemen," says he, "I will give you an instance of my memory in the particular business in which you are employed. Your worships have thought fit to sequester an honest but poor cavalier parson, my neighbour, from his living, and committed him to prison: he has a large family of children, and his circumstances are but indifferent; if you will please to release him out of prison, and restore him to his living, I will never forget the kindness while I live." This good-natured jest wrought so effectually upon the committee, that, though they were not over-gifted with wit or humanity, they immediately released and restored the poor clergyman.

1030.—THE LATE COLONEL O'KELLY, well known to all the lovers of the turf, having, at a Newmarket meeting, proposed a considerable wager to a gentleman who, it seems, had no knowledge of him; the stranger, suspecting the challenge came from one of the black-legged fraternity, begged to know what security he

would give for so large a sum if he should lose, and where his estates lay.—“O! by Jasus, my dear crater, I have the map of them about me, and here it is sure enough,” said O’Kelly, pulling out a pocket-book, and producing bank-notes to a considerable amount.

1031.—DURING THE REBELLION in 1745, George II. entered the council-chamber while they were sitting, and requested to know what was the subject of their deliberations; and on being told that they were consulting how to provide for the safety of his majesty’s person and government—“Aye, is it so?” replied the monarch, laying his hand upon the hilt of his sword; “My lords and gentlemen take care of yourselves; but for me, it is my determination to live and die King of England.”

1032.—AFTER a successful attack on the royal party in 1745, a Highlander gained a watch as his share of the plunder. Unacquainted with its use, he listened with equal surprise and pleasure to the ticking sound with which his new acquisition amused him; after a few hours, however, the watch was down, the noise ceased, and the dispirited owner, looking on the toy no longer with satisfaction, determined to conceal the misfortune which had befallen it, and to dispose of it to the first person who should offer him a trifle in exchange. He soon met with a customer, but at parting he could not help exclaiming, “Why, she died last night.”

1033.—WHEN MR. PENN, the proprietor of Pennsylvania, and the most considerable man among the Quakers, went to court to pay his respects to Charles II., that merry monarch, observing the Quaker not to lower his beaver, took off his own hat, and stood uncovered before Penn, who said, "Prithee, friend Charles, put on thy hat."—"No," says the king, "friend Penn, it is usual for only one man to stand covered here."

1034.—THE LATE BISHOP OF WORCESTER, Dr. Hough, was remarkable for sweetness of temper, as well as every other christian virtue; of which the following story affords a proof. A young gentleman, whose family had been well acquainted with the bishop, in making the tour of England before he went abroad, called to pay his respects to his lordship as he passed by his seat in the country. It happened to be at dinner time, and the room full of company. The bishop, however, received him with much familiarity; but the servant in reaching him a chair, threw down a curious weather glass that had cost twenty guineas, and broke it. The gentleman was under infinite concern, and began to make an apology for being himself the occasion of the accident, when the bishop with great good nature interrupted him. "Be under no concern, Sir," said his lordship, smiling, "for I am much beholden to you for it. We have had a very dry season; and now I hope we shall have rain. I never saw the glass so *low* in my life." Everyone was pleased with the humour and pleas-

antry of the turn; and the more so, as his lordship was then more than eighty, a time of life when the infirmities of old age make most men peevish and hasty.

1035.—A PERSON had been relating many incredible stories, when Professor Engel, who was present, in order to repress his impertinence, said, "But, gentlemen, all this amounts to but very little, when I can assure you that the celebrated organist, Abbe Vogler, once imitated a thunder-storm so well, that for miles round all the milk turned sour."

1036.—IN THE REIGN OF KING WILLIAM, Oliver Cromwell, grandson of the Protector Cromwell, found it necessary, on some occasion or other, to present a petition to parliament. He gave his petition to a friend, a member, who took it to the House of Commons to present it. Just as this gentleman was entering the house, with the petition in his hand, Sir Edward Seymour, a famous old royalist member, was also going in. On the sight of Sir Edward the gentleman immediately conceived the idea of making the surly, sour old Tory carry up the petition for Oliver Cromwell. "Sir Edward," said he, stopping him on the instant, "will you do me a favour? I this moment recollect that I must immediately attend a trial at Westminster Hall, which may detain me too late to give in this petition this morning, as I promised to do. 'Tis a mere matter of form; will you be so good as carry it up for me!"—"Give it me," said Sir

Edward. The petition went directly into his pocket, and he into the house. When a proper opportunity occurred for presenting it, Sir Edward rose, and putting his spectacles on, began to read, "the humble petition of—of—of—of the devil! Oliver Cromwell!!!” The roar of laughter in the house, at seeing the old knight so fairly taken in, was too great for him to stand. Dashing the petition from him in great rage, he rushed out of the house.

1037.—PHILLIP, EARL STANHOPE, whose dress always corresponded with the simplicity of his manners, was once prevented from going into the House of Peers by a doorkeeper who was unacquainted with his person. Lord Stanhope was resolved to get into the house without explaining who he was; and the doorkeeper, equally determined on his part, said to him, "Honest man, you have no business here. Honest man, you can have no business in this place."—"I believe," rejoined his lordship, "you are right, honest men have no business here."

1038.—WHEN THE LATE KING OF DENMARK was in England, he very frequently honoured Sir Thomas Robinson with his company, though the knight spoke French in a very imperfect manner, and the king had scarce any knowledge of English. One day, when Sir Thomas was in company with the late Lord Chesterfield, and boasted much of his intimacy with the king, and added, that he believed the monarch had a greater friendship for him than any man in



England,—“Good God,” exclaimed Lord Chesterfield, “how reports will lie! I heard no later than this day, that you never met but a great deal of *bad* language passed between you.”

1039.—BEAULIEU was one day visited by a noble and unprofessional person, who reproached him with not having returned his first visit. “You and I,” said the satirist, “are upon different terms. I lose my time when I pay a visit; you only get rid of yours when you do so.”

1040.—AN ALDERMAN OF LONDON once requested an author to write a speech for him to deliver at Guildhall,—“I must first dine with you,” replied he, “and see how you open your mouth, that I may know what sort of words will fill it.”

1041.—A BARRISTER entered the hall with his wig very much awry, of which he was not at all apprized, but was obliged to endure from almost every observer some remark on its appearance, till at last addressing himself to Mr. Curran, he asked him, “Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?” The answer instantly was, “Nothing but the head.”

1042.—AMONG THE DISCOVERIES of the learned which have amused mankind, the following instance merits a conspicuous rank:—Some years ago there were several large elm trees in the college garden, behind the ecclesiastical court, Doctors’ Commons, in which a number of rooks had taken up their abode, forming in ap-

pearance, a sort of *convocation* of aërial ecclesiastics. A young gentleman, who lodged in an attic, and was their close neighbour, frequently entertained himself with thinning this covey of black game by means of a cross-bow. On the opposite side lived a curious old civilian, who, observing from his study that the rooks often dropt senseless from their perch, no sign being made to his vision to account for the phenomenon, set his wits to work to consider the cause. It was probably during a *profitless* time of peace, and the doctor, having plenty of leisure, weighed the matter over and over, till he was at length satisfied that he had made a great ornithological discovery. He actually wrote a *treatise*, stating circumstantially what he himself had seen, and in conclusion giving it as the settled conviction of his mind, that *rooks* were subject to *epilepsy*.

1043.—A LADY, after performing, with the most brilliant execution, a sonato on the piano-forte, in the presence of Dr. Johnson, turning to the philosopher, took the liberty of asking him if he was fond of music?—"No, madam," replied the doctor; "but of all *noises*, I think music is the least disagreeable."

1044.—BOSWELL dining one day with Dr. Johnson, asked him if he did not think that a good cook was more essential to the community than a good poet. "I don't suppose," said the Dr., "that there's a dog in the town but what thinks so."

1045.—A NABOB, in a severe fit of the gout, told his physician that he suffered the pains of the damned. The doctor coolly answered, “*What, already.*”

1046.—A SURGEON aboard a ship of war used to prescribe salt-water for his patients in all disorders. Having sailed one evening on a party of pleasure, he happened, by some mischance, to be drowned. The captain, who had not heard of the disaster, asked one of the tars next day if he had heard anything of the doctor.—“Yes,” answered Jack, after a turn of his quid, “he was drowned last night in his *medicine chest.*”

1047.—At the time when Queen Elizabeth was making one of her progresses through the kingdom, a mayor of Coventry, attended by a large cavalcade, went out to meet her majesty, and usher her into the city with due formality. On their return they passed through a wide brook, when Mr. Mayor’s horse several times attempted to drink, and each time his worship checked him; which the queen observing, called out to him, “Mr. Mayor, let your horse drink, Mr. Mayor;” but the magistrate, bowing very low, modestly answered, “Nay, nay, may it please your majesty’s horse to drink first.”

1048.—As THE LATE CHEVALIER TAYLOR was once enumerating, in company, the great honours which he had received from the different princes of Europe, and the orders with which he had been dignified by numerous sovereigns,

a gentleman present took occasion to remark, that he had not named the king of Prussia; adding—"I suppose, Sir, that monarch never gave you *any order!*"—"You are quite mistaken, Sir," replied the Chevalier; "for, I can most positively assure you, that he gave me a *very peremptory order*—to quit his dominions."

1049.—ONE of the officers of a marching regiment, Captain B., who was quartered in the neighbourhood, was amusing himself by shooting upon the lands of Lord M.; and as it was then a privilege extended without ceremony to all officers, he had not asked permission of the noble lord. His lordship, however, saw the intruder from his drawing-room window, summoned his gamekeeper, and directed him to go instantly and shoot the stranger's two dogs. The man knew the character of his master, and, from his tone and manner, saw that his command must be obeyed. He rode off to the spot, addressed the sportsman, apologized, but said he dared not go back to his lordship with his orders disobeyed. Captain B. expostulated, but at length, pointing to one of his dogs, requested as a favour, that the gamekeeper would kill that one first. The shot was fired, and the poor dog fell. Captain B., who carried a double-barrelled gun, instantly advanced, and coolly discharged his piece through the head of the gamekeeper's horse. "Now," said he, addressing the fellow, who was all astonishment and terror, "that is horse for dog—fire again, and it shall be man for dog."

The invitation was of course declined. "And now," he continued, "go back to your rascally master, describe what you have seen, give him this card, and tell him, that wherever I can find him, in country or in town, I will horsewhip him from that spot to the threshold of his own door." The noble lord was early the next morning on his way to London, and did not return to his country residence until Captain B.'s regiment had been ordered to a distant part of the kingdom.

1050.—ONE OF THE CHECK-TAKERS (an Irishman) at the Zoological Society's Garden, mentioned to a friend, that the Queen had visited the garden *incog.* on a particular day. "Why," said the person he was informing, "it is odd we never heard of it!"—"Oh, not at all, at all," rejoined Pat: "for she didn't come like a queen; but *clane and dacent* like another lady!"

1051.—A GENTLEMAN, while sojourning at one of the towns in Virginia, encountered in the street a stout double-lunged negro, who was ringing a hand-bell most manfully. After labouring at it some time the fellow made a dead halt, and bellowed out something to the following effect:—"Sale dis nite—frying-pans—grid-irons—book—oyster-knives, and odder kinds of medicines—Joe Williams will hab some fresh oysters at his 'stablishment—by tickler desire, Mr. Hewlett will gib imitations ober again—two or three dozen damaged discussion gun-locks—and Rev. Mr. P. will deliber a sarmont on tem-



perance, half-past six o'clock percise;—dat's not all!—widout money or price—de great bull Philip will be statint at Squire S——'s—and dat's not all nudder!—dare will be a perlite and coloured ball at Mrs. Johnson's jus arter dis is bin done."

1052.—AT A LATE COURT of Common Council, while the Town Clerk was reading the minutes of the last Court, the Lord Mayor leaned his head upon his hand. "I call the Town-Clerk to order," said Mr. Samuel Dixon. "To order," said Mr. Savage, "what for?"—"What for?" cried Mr. Dixon, "why he reads so loud he'll wake the Lord Mayor." His lordship's reverie was broken for the rest of the day.

1053.—A PAINTER in the Waterloo Road, has the following announcement displayed on the front of his house:—"The Acme of Stencil!" "A learned Theban" in the same line, who has just commenced business in an adjoining street, in order to outdo the "old original" stenciller, thus sets forth his pretentions, upon a board of the dimensions of twelve feet by three feet six: "Stencilling, in all its branches, performed in the very height of acme!"

1054.—IN THE EXTRACT from the Report of the Legal Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of the jails in the West Indies, and recently printed for the House of Commons, we find the following questions put by the Commissioners to the Deputy Provost Marshal of To-

bago, and his most extraordinary answers:—"Is it (the jail) usually full?"—"Generally empty."—"Is it sufficiently large?"—"Not one-tenth part of the size it ought to be."

1055.—WHEN LORD TOWNSHEND was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the then provost of Dublin, lost no opportunity of repeating his solicitations for places. "My dear Hely," said his lordship, "you have a great many things, and I have nothing to give but a majority of dragoons."—"I accept it then," replied the provost. "What, you take a majority?" answered his lordship, "zounds, it is impossible, I only meant it as a joke."—"And I accept it," replied the provost, "merely to show you *how well I can take a joke.*"

1056.—IN THE TOWN OF MONTROSE, some of the neighbouring wives having assembled to retail to one another the scandal of the morning, and having exhausted the subject, they next passed their opinions on the beauty of names: each considered her own as the prettiest, until Mrs. Gold insisted that hers was the best, and in idea produced the pleasantest feeling. "Yes," replied Mrs. Crowe, "gold is very pretty, but it is not yours—*you have only borrowed it.*"

One country schoolmaster meeting another, who had generally a quid of tobacco in his mouth, tapping him on the cheek, inquired,

*Quid est hoc?*—(what is this?)

to which the other promptly replied,

*Hoc est quid,*—(this is a quid.)

1057.—WHEN MR. BLIGH was a captain in a regiment of infantry, and he and his lady were travelling in Yorkshire, they put up at an inn, where there happened only to be just as much in the larder as would serve them for dinner, which was immediately ordered. In the meantime, some sporting gentlemen of the country came in, and finding there was nothing in the house but what was getting ready for another company, asked who they were. The landlord told them he did not exactly know, but he believed the gentleman was an Irish officer. “Oh, hang him, if he is Irish,” says one of the company, “a potatoe will serve him. Here, waiter, take up this watch (taking out an elegant gold watch), carry it up stairs, and ask the gentleman what’s o’clock.” The waiter, at first, hesitated; but the company insisted upon his delivering the message, and he was obliged to comply. Mr. Bligh was surprised at such an impudent message, but recollecting himself a moment, took the watch from the waiter, and sent his compliments to the company, that he would tell them before they parted. The message, however, produced his dinner to be sent up in quiet; which, after he had eat, he clapped a pair of horse-pistols under his arm, and going downstairs, introduced himself to the company, by telling them, he was come to tell them what o’clock it was; but first begged to be informed to which of the gentlemen the watch belonged:—here a dead silence ensued. Mr. Bligh then began on his right

hand, by asking them severally the question, each of whom denied his knowledge of the circumstance. "Oh, then," says he, "gentlemen, I find I have mistaken the room; the waiter awhile ago brought me an impudent message from some people in this house, which I come, as you see (pointing to his pistols), properly to resent, but I find I have mistaken the company:" saying this, he wished them a good evening, paid his bill, stepped into his carriage, and drove off with the watch in his pocket, which he kept to the day of his death.

1058.—TWO DINNER-HUNTERS meeting in Pall-mall a short time back, one inquired of the other how he had been for some days. He replied—"In a very poor way indeed, I have not been able to eat anything at all."—"God bless me," said his hungry friend, "that is extremely strange, you generally have a very good appetite, you must have been seriously ill."—"Oh! not at all, believe me, you misconceive my meaning, I *could* have eat, but the reason why I have not been able to do so is, *that no one has invited me to dinner.*"

1059.—MR. CURRAN was once asked, what an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue. "I suppose," replied the wit, "he's trying to *catch the English accent.*"

1060.—GENERAL MACKENZIE when commander-in-chief of the Chatham division of ma-

rines, during the late war, was very rigid in the duty; and, among other regulations, would suffer no officer to be saluted on guard if out of his uniform. It one day happened that the general observed a lieutenant of marines in a plain dress, and, though he knew the young officer intimately well, he called to the sentinel to turn him out. The officer appealed to the general, saying who he was: "I know you not," said the general; "turn him out." A short time after, the general had been at a small distance from Chatham, to pay a visit, and returning in the evening, in a blue coat, claimed entrance at the yard gate. The sentinel demanded the countersign, which the general not knowing, desired the officer of the guard to be sent for, who proved to be the lieutenant whom the general had treated so cavalierly.—"Who are you?" inquired the officer.—"I am General Mackenzie," was the reply.—"What, without an uniform?" rejoined the lieutenant; "Oh, get back, get back, impostor; the general would break your bones if he knew you assumed his name." The general on this made his retreat; and the next day inviting the young officer to breakfast, told him, "He had done his duty with very commendable exactness."

1061.—DAVID HARTLEY, member for Hull, during the coalition administration, was remarkable for the length and dulness of his speeches. On one occasion, having reduced the house from three hundred to about eighty sleepy hearers, by one of his harangues, just at the time it was sup-



posed he would conclude, he moved that the Riot Act should be read, in order to prove one of his previous assertions. Burke, who had been bursting with impatience for full an hour and a half, and who was anxious to speak to the question, finding himself about to be so cruelly disappointed, rose, exclaiming, "The Riot Act, my dear friend! the Riot Act! to what purpose. Don't you see that the mob is already completely dispersed?" Every person present was convulsed with laughter, except Hartley, who never changed countenance, and who still insisted that the Riot Act should be read by the clerk.

1062.—A FRENCHMAN meeting an English soldier with a Waterloo medal, began sneeringly to animadvert on our government for bestowing such a trifle, which did not cost them *three francs*.—"That is true, to be sure," replied the hero, "it did not cost the English government *three francs*, but it cost the French a *Napoleon*."

1063.—COLLINS, THE POET, though of a melancholy cast of mind, was by no means averse to a *jeu de mot*, or quibble. Upon coming into a town the day after a young lady, of whom he was fond, had left it, he said, how unlucky he was that he had come *a day after the fair*.

1064.—A NEGRO in Jamaica was tried for theft, and ordered to be flogged. He begged to be heard, which being granted, he asked, "If white man buy stolen goods, why he be no flogged too?"—"Well," said the judge, "so he would."

—"Dere den," replied Mungo, "is my massa, he buy *tolen goods*, he *knew me tolen*, and yet he buy me."

1065.—DURING THE WAR carried on by the Great Frederick of Prussia, the English Envoy at Berlin having occasion to inform his majesty of a victory gained by the British, observed, "It had pleased Divine Providence," &c.—"What!" said his majesty, "is God Almighty one of your allies?"—"Yes, sire," replied the Englishman, "and the only one who does not demand any subsidies from us."

1066.—SOME YEARS SINCE, one of the sons of a celebrated Jew was on the point of being married to a Christian; on which the father, objecting to the smallness of the lady's fortune, expostulated with his son, and told him that he might have a female with more money: however, the young gentleman, vindicating his choice, replied, "that whether he would consent or not, he would marry her: and if he refused to give him a portion, he would turn Christian, claim the benefit of an English law, and obtain half he possessed." At this answer, the father was greatly embarrassed: and, consulting counsel, the counsellor replied, "there was such a law, and that his son, turning Christian, would obtain half his estate: but if you'll make me a present of ten guineas," added he, "I will put you in a way to disappoint him." At this news the old gentleman's hopes revived, and pulling ten guineas out of his pocket, instantly clapped

them into the lawyer's hand, expressing his impatience to know how he was to proceed. The counsellor replied, with a smile, "You have nothing to do, Mr. —, but to turn Christian yourself."

1067.—ALEMBERT, at his leaving college, found himself alone and unconnected with the world, and sought an asylum in the house of his nurse. Here he lived and studied for the space of forty years. His good nurse perceived his ardent activity, and heard him mentioned as the writer of many books; but never took it into her head that he was a great man, and rather beheld him with a kind of compassion. "You will never," said she to him one day, "be anything *but* a philosopher: and what is a philosopher?—a fool, who toils and plagues himself during his life, that people may talk of him when *he is no more.*"

1068.—A LADY OF RANK, dancing one evening, approached so near to a chandelier, that the fluttering plume of feathers, waving to and fro on her forehead, came in contact with the flame, and the whole was instantly in a blaze. The illumination, however, was quickly and happily extinguished without harm; when her husband, seeing the danger avoided, and the thoughtlessness of the act that urged it, peevishly and half angrily exclaimed, "Surely your ladyship must be absolutely *mad!*"—"No, no," replied her ladyship, "only a little *light-headed.*"

1069.—AT that time of the administration of the late Mr. Pitt, when petitions for peace were presented to the throne from all parts of England, Mr. W. Rathbone, a Quaker, was deputed to carry the address from the town of Liverpool; when, contrary to custom, he presented it on both knees, which so astonished our gracious monarch, that he exclaimed, "What! what do you go on two knees for? One knee—never more than one knee." To which Mr. R. gravely replied, "Sire, I bend one to God Almighty, to pardon my bending the other to a man."

1070.—ON A TRIAL between a buckle-maker and one of the same trade, on an encroachment made upon a patent which the former had obtained, an advocate from North Britain, praising the invention of his client, looking at his own buckles, exclaimed, "So elegantly are these ornaments constructed, that, were my ancestors to rise from their graves, and happen to observe my legs, how would they be surprised!"—"Very true, my learned brother," cried the counsel for the defendant; "they would be very much surprised indeed, to find you had got either shoes or stockings!"

1071.—A FELLOW OF OXFORD COLLEGE seeing Tom Brown in a tattered gown, said, "Tom, your gown's grown too short for you."—"Ah!" replied Tom, "that's true; but it will be long enough before I get another."

1072.—A QUAKER FROM BRISTOL, who lately

alighted at an inn, called for some porter, and observing, as it is now the fashion, the pint deficient in quantity, thus addressed the landlord:—"Pray, friend, how many butts of beer dost thou draw in a month?"—"Ten, Sir," replied Boniface.—"And thou wouldst like to draw eleven if thou couldst," rejoined Ebenczer.—"Certainly," exclaimed the smiling landlord.—"Then I will tell thee how, friend," added the Quaker: "*fill thy measures.*"

1073.—CHARLES XII. of Sweden went early one morning to consult his prime minister. He was in bed, and the king was obliged to wait till he rose. Charles passed the time in talking with a soldier whom he found in the ante-chamber. At last, the minister appeared, and made many apologies. The soldier, extremely confused for having accosted his sovereign with so much freedom, threw himself at his feet, and said, "Sire, forgive me, for I really took you for a man."—"You have done no harm, friend," said the king, "your mistake was natural; for nothing is, I assure you, so much like a man as a king."

1074.—STERNE, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick in a fine sentimental manner in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife deserves to have his house burnt over his head."—"If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope *your* house is insured."



1075.—A SHORT TIME previous to the surrender of Calais, in the year 1346, the English fell in with and beat the French fleet, many of whose ships they sunk. None dared to carry the news to Philip, the French king; till after a long time, his jester appeared in his presence, flouncing, and exclaiming in the most contemptuous manner against the English for their miserable *cowardice*—"Dastardly Englishmen!" said he; "faint-hearted Englishmen! cowardly Englishmen!" The king, inquiring the cause of his anger and contempt, received the news of his misfortune in the following answer—"Because they durst not leap out of their ships into the sea, as our brave Frenchmen did."

1076.—TRIBOULET, the fool of Francis the First, was threatened with death by a man in power, of whom he had been speaking disrespectfully; and he applied to the king for protection. "Be satisfied," said the king; "if any man should put you to death, I will order him to be hanged a quarter of an hour after."—"Ah, Sir!" replied Triboulet, "I should be much obliged, if your Majesty would order him to be hanged a quarter of an hour before."

1077.—A BOOKSELLER, in a large way, having been threatened relative to a publication supposed to have been libellous, was asked, by a friend, how it had happened to escape his reading. "My reading!" exclaimed the other: "you might as well expect an apothecary to

take his own drugs, as a bookseller to read every book he publishes.”

1078.—A SAILOR coming across Blackheath one evening, was stopped by a footpad, who demanded his money, when a scuffle ensued. The tar took the robber, and bore away with his prize to a justice of the peace at Woolwich. When the magistrate came to examine into the assault, he told the sailor that he must take his oath that the robber had put him in *bodily fear*, otherwise he could not commit him. The sailor, looking steadfastly at the justice, answered, “He,—he put me in bodily fear! No, nor any he that ever lived; therefore, if that is the case, you may let him go—for *I will not swear to any such a lie.*”

1079.—THE LATE DR. GLOVER, well known for being one of the best companions in the world, was returning from a tavern one morning early, across Covent Garden, when a chairman cried out, “A chair! your honour, a chair!” Glover took no notice, but called his dog, who was a good way behind, “Scrub, Scrub, Scrub!” —“Och, indeed!” says the chairman, “there goes a pair o’ ye!” The facetious doctor gave his countryman half a crown for the merry witicism.

1080.—AS A REGIMENT OF SOLDIERS were marching through a country town, the captain (a strict disciplinarian) observed that one of the drums did not beat, and ordered a lieutenant to inquire the reason. The fellow, on being in-

terrogated, whispered the lieutenant, "I have two ducks and a turkey in my drum, and the turkey is for his honour." This being whispered to the captain, he exclaimed, "Why didn't the fellow say he was lame? I do not want men to do their duty when they are not able."

1081.—A PAINTER was employed in painting a West India ship in the river, suspended on a stage under the ship's stern. The captain, who had just got into the boat alongside, for the purpose of going ashore, ordered the boy to let go the painter (the rope which makes fast the boat): the boy instantly went aft, and let go the rope by which the painter's stage was held. The captain, surprised at the boy's delay, cried out, "Heigh-ho, there, you lazy lubber, why don't you let go the painter?" The boy replied, "He's gone, Sir, pots and all."

1082.—A LINK BOY asked Dr. Burgess, the preacher, if he would have a light. "No, child," says the Doctor, "I am one of the lights of the world."—"I wish then," replied the boy, "you were hung up at the end of our alley, for it is a very dark one."

1083.—PHILIP, king of France, once met a beggar, who solicited a rich gift of him; urging it as a reason, that he was the king's brother. Philip smiled, and inquired of the beggar, how that could be, and desired to know who was his father. The beggar answered, he was born of Adam, who is the father of us all. The king

immediately ordered his chamberlain to give him a farthing. The beggar, however, complained that it was not a royal gift. The king then answered, if he were obliged to give as much to all his brothers, who claimed relationship with him, as being born of Adam, he would be obliged to sell his kingdom; and advised the beggar to solicit as much from every one of his brothers, and his purse would soon be full.

1084.—AN HONEST JACK TAR would be coached up to town from Deptford, but thought it a very unbecoming thing in him, who had just been paid off, and had plenty of money, not to have a whole coach to himself; of course, took all the seats, seating himself at the same time upon the top. The coach was about to set off, when a gentleman appeared, who was holding an altercation with the coachman, about the absurdity of his insisting that the seats were all taken, and not a person in the coach. Jack, overhearing high words, thought, as he had paid full freight, he had a right to interfere, inquired what was the matter. When being told that the gentleman was much disappointed at not getting a seat, he replied, "You lubber, stow him away in the hold! but he shall not come up on deck."

1085.—THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES FOX, in the course of a speech which he made in the House of Commons, when enlarging on the influence exercised by government over the members, observed, that it was generally understood that the minister employed a person

as manager of the House of Commons; here there was a general cry of "Name him! Name him!"—"No," said Mr. Fox, "I don't choose to name him, though I might do it as easy as say Jack Robinson." That was really his name.

1086.—A TRAVELLER relating some of his adventures, told the company, that he and his servant made fifty wild Arabians run; which exciting surprise, he observed, there was no such great matter in it; "for," says he, "we run, and they run after us."

1087.—A CERTAIN YOUNG CLERGYMAN, modest, almost to bashfulness, was once asked by a country apothecary, of a contrary character, in a public and crowded assembly, and in a tone of voice sufficient to catch the attention of the whole company, "How it happened that the patriarchs lived to such extreme old age?" To which question he immediately replied, "Perhaps they took no physic."

1088.—Two ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, some time ago, visited the field of Bannockburn, so celebrated for the total defeat of the English army, by Robert the Bruce, with an army of Scottish heroes, not one fourth their number:—A sensible countryman pointed out the positions of both armies, the stone where the Bruce's standard was fixed during the battle, &c. Highly satisfied with his attention, the gentlemen, on leaving him, pressed his acceptance of a crown-piece:—"Na, na," said the honest man, return-



ing the money, "keep your crown-piece,—the English hae paid dear enough already for seeing the field of Bannockburn."

1089.—SOON AFTER DR. JOHNSON'S RETURN from Scotland to London, a Scottish lady, at whose house he was, as a compliment, ordered some hotch-potch for his dinner. After the doctor had tasted it, she asked him if it was good? To which he replied, "Very good for *hogs!*"—"Then, pray," said the lady, "let me help *you* to a little more."

1090.—A NOBLE LORD a short time ago applied to a pawnbroker to lend him 1000 guineas on his wife's jewels, for which he had paid 4000. "Take the articles to pieces," said his lordship, "number the stones, and put false ones in their place, my lady will not distinguish them."—"You are too late, my lord," said the pawnbroker, "your lady has stole a march upon you, these stones are false, I bought the diamonds of her ladyship a twelvemonth ago."

1091.—AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, when the popular excitement was at its height upon the subject of the Royal *veto*, Mirabeau heard an old woman in one of the faubourgs, bawling out, with all imaginable zeal, "No veto; no veto!"—"My good woman," said Mirabeau, "I am a stranger in Paris, but find everybody talking about the veto, do tell me what it means."—"Means," said she,

“ why a tax upon sugar, to be sure—so, no veto! no veto! ”

1092.—AN AFFECTATION OF KNOWLEDGE, is always worse than an acknowledgment of actual ignorance. A person lately called on a friend to complain of a letter which he had received, containing matter by no means complimentary. “ Do you know *who* has addressed this letter to you? ” said his friend. “ No,” was the answer. “ Then it was anonymous I suppose.”—“ Yes,” replied the insulted party, with the most imperturbable gravity, “ *Very anonymous* indeed, I assure you.”

1093.—A FRENCH OFFICER was speaking at a *table d'hôte*, of his first impressions on seeing English soldiers, and attempted to ridicule them, by saying, that they had faces as round as Cheshire cheeses. An English officer replied, “ Monsieur, you are very polite, and allow me to say, that if your soldiers had shewed us a little more of their faces, and less of their backs, I should be very glad to return your compliment.”

1094.—A CARAVAN OF WILD BEASTS arriving lately in an American village, the elephant was accommodated in a large carriage-house—where, it appeared, a hale two-fisted negro from the country, who had never before seen or heard of an elephant, had laid down to sleep. On waking, blacky was not a little astonished at his strange bed-fellow. What could it be! The devil! The huge mass moved, when, lo! a tail at

both ends put all doubt to flight, and, with one despairing leap, he was out of the loft window, without once calculating the chance of breaking his neck. In the fulness of his astonishment and joy at his escape, he could tell no more of the occasion of his alarm, than of a devil with *two tails*, and describe in his best way an extending, contracting, flexible tail, that no distance could secure you from. When the mystery was explained, and poor blacky a little pacified, he swore—"by ginny, he no so much skeer at his bigness—but that tarnal tail at both ends—he no like um."

1095.—A FEMALE having been summoned before the court of judicature in Calcutta, deposed that a circumstance involved in the cause occurred in her presence. The judge asked where it happened? She replied, "In the verandah of such a house."—"Pray, my good woman," said the judge, "how many pillars are in that verandah."—The woman not perceiving the trap that was laid for her, said, without much consideration, that the verandah was supported by four pillars. The counsel for the opposite party, immediately offered to prove that the verandah contained five pillars, and that, consequently, no credit could be given to her evidence. The woman perceiving her error, addressed the judge, and said, "My lord, your lordship has for many years presided in this court, and every day that you come here you ascend a flight of stairs, may I beg to know how many steps these stairs con-

sist of." The judge confessed he did not know. "Then," replied she, "*if your lordship cannot tell the number of steps you daily ascend to the seat of justice*, it cannot be astonishing that I should forget the number of pillars in a balcony which I never entered half-a-dozen times in my life."

1096.—A "POOR PLAYER" in a mixed company, undertook to quote a passage from Shakespeare, that should be applicable to any remark that might be made by any person present. A forward young fellow undertook to supply a sentence that he believed could not be answered from the works of the bard; and addressing the player, he said, "You are the most insolent pretender in the room."—"You forget yourself," promptly replied the player, quoting from the quarrel-scene between Brutus and Cassius.

1097.—AT A PUBLIC DINNER, a gentleman observed a person who sat opposite use a tooth-pick which had just done the same service to his neighbour.—Wishing to apprise him of his mistake, he said, "I beg your pardon, Sir, but you are using Mr. ——'s tooth-pick."—"I *know* I am. By the powers, Sir, do you think I am not going to *return* it?"

1098.—A LEICESTERSHIRE FARMER who had never seen a silver fork, had some soup handed to him at a dinner lately. He found that no spoon was placed at his elbow. Lifting the fork, and twirling it in his fingers for some time, he

called the waiter, and requested him to bring “a silver spoon wi’out *ony slits* in it.”

1099.—A LADY, who had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Johnson read Goldsmith’s Traveller from the beginning to the end on its first coming out, exclaimed, “I shall never more think Dr. Goldsmith ugly.”—This lady, on another occasion, being in a large party, was called upon after supper for her toast, and seeming embarrassed, she was desired to give the ugliest man she knew; and she immediately named Dr. Goldsmith, on which a lady on the other side of the table rose up, and reached across to shake hands with her, expressing some desire of being better acquainted—it being the first time they had met; on which Dr. Johnson said, “Thus the ancients, on the commencement of their friendships, used to sacrifice a beast betwixt them.”

1100.—BETWEEN a Protestant clergyman and a Roman Catholic lawyer, who had very little good feeling towards each other, the following occurrence took place not far from Bath:—“If,” asked the clergyman, “a neighbour’s dog destroy my ducks, can I recover damages by law?”—“Certainly,” replied the lawyer, “you can recover; pray, what are the circumstances?”—“Why, Sir, your dog, last night, destroyed two of my ducks.”—“Indeed, then you certainly could recover the damages; what is the amount? I’ll instantly discharge it.” The demand of four shillings and sixpence was made and paid, when the lawyer immediately made a



demand of his fee, six shillings and eightpence, which, unless instantly paid, he should adopt legal means to recover.

1101.—ALI HAZIN, an eastern writer, in his autobiography, assimilates himself, while labouring under sea-sickness, to a *mill-horse*—"my head goes round puzzled to know why it goes round."

1102.—GENERAL RAPP was aide-de-camp to Buonaparte. He once ushered a dark looking Corsican to his presence, and took care to hold the door open while the interview lasted. When questioned by Buonaparte why he did this, "Because," replied Rapp, "I don't put much trust in your Corsicans." This blunt remark caused much amusement.

1103.—LORD MANSFIELD, when a counsellor, used very frequently to pass the time from Sunday afternoon to Monday morning with Lord Foley, who was not remarkable for talent. Charles Townshend being asked what could induce Murray to pass his time in such company, answered, "Murray is a prudent fellow. From the nature of his business he is obliged to say a great deal in the course of the week, and he goes down to Foley's to rest his understanding."

1104.—A CERTAIN LODGING-HOUSE was very much infested by vermin—a gentleman who slept there one night, told the landlady so in the morning, when she said, "La, Sir, we haven't a single bug in the house."—"No, ma'am,"

said he, "they're all *married*, and have large families, too."

1105.—COLONEL S——E of the royal marines, was always distinguished for the perspicuity and brevity of his speeches, of which the following is a specimen, which was delivered in going into the battle of the Nile:—Sir James Saumarez, who commanded the man-of-war to which he belonged, had, in a lengthened speech, wound up the feelings to the highest pitch of ardour for the fight, by reminding them of the duty they owed to their king and country; and though last, not least, he desired them to call to mind their families, their parents, and sweet-hearts, and to fight as if the battle solely depended on their individual exertions. He was answered by looks and gestures highly expressive of their determination; then turning to our hero, he said, "Now, S——e, I leave you to speak to the marines."—Colonel S——e immediately directed their attention to the land beyond the French fleet. "Do you see that land there?" he asked. They all shouted, "Ay, ay, Sir!"—"Now, my lads, that's the land of Egypt, and if you don't fight like devils, you'll soon be in the house of bondage." He was answered by a real British cheer fore and aft.

1106.—A CANTAB being out of ready cash, went in haste to a fellow-student to borrow, who happened to be in bed at the time. Shaking him, the Cantab demanded,—“Are you asleep?”—“Why?” says the student. “Because,” re-

plied the other, "I want to borrow half-a-crown."—"Then," answered the student, "*I'm asleep.*"

1107.—TOM RANDOLPH, who was then a student in Cambridge, having staid in London so long that he might truly be said to have had a parley with his empty purse, was resolved to see Ben Jonson with his associates, who, as he heard, at a set time, kept a club together at the Devil Tavern, near Temple Bar. Accordingly he went thither at the specified time; but, being unknown to them, and wanting money, which, to a spirit like Tom's, was the most daunting thing in the world, he peeped into the room where they were, and was espied by Ben Johnson, who, seeing him in a scholar's thread-bare habit, cried out, "John Bo-peep, come in!" which accordingly he did. They immediately began to rhyme upon the meanness of his clothes, asking him if he could not make a verse, and, withal, to call for his quart of sack. There being but four of them, he immediately replied—

I John Bo-peep,  
To you four sheep,  
With each one his good fleece;  
If that you are willing,  
To give me five shilling,—  
'Tis fifteen pence a-piece.

"By Jasus!" exclaimed Ben Jonson (his usual oath), "I believe this is my son Randolph;" which being made known to them, he

was kindly entertained in their company, and Ben Jonson ever after called him his son.

1108.—THE REV. GEORGE HARVEST, fellow of Magdalen College, Cambridge, with a good heart possessed many oddities. One night, seated amidst all the pageantry of politeness with Lady O—— and the family, in the front box of a London theatre, poor Harvest, on pulling out his handkerchief, brought with it an old greasy night-cap, which fell into the pit. “Who owns this?” cries a gentleman below, elevating the trophy at the same time on the point of his cane; “Who owns this?” The unaffected Harvest, little considering the delicate sensations of his friends, and overjoyed at the recovery of this valuable chattel, eagerly darts out his hand, seizes the cap, and in the action cries out, “It is mine!” The party were utterly disconcerted at the circumstance, and blushed for their companion, who rather expected their congratulations at the recovery of his property.

1109.—IT IS SUFFICIENTLY NOTORIOUS that Porson was not remarkably attentive to the decorating of his person; indeed he was at times disagreeably negligent. On one occasion he went to visit a friend, where a gentleman, who did not know Porson, was anxiously expecting a barber. On Porson’s entering the library where he was sitting, the gentleman started up, and hastily exclaimed, “Are you the barber?”—“No, Sir,” answered Porson; “but I’m a cunning shaver, much at your service.”

1110.—HERRING, afterwards archbishop, slipped down a bank, and fell into the mud in a ditch near St. John's College. A wag, passing by at the time, exclaimed, "There, Herring, you are in a fine *pickle* now!" A Johnian, to which college the immemorial privilege of punning had been conceded in the Spectator's time, and who had consequently a disposition to be pleased with puns, went home laughing most immoderately all the way at the joke. Some of his fellow-collegians inquiring the cause of his merriment: "I never heard," said he, "a better thing in my life. Herring, of Jesus, fell into the ditch in the piece, and an acquaintance said, as he lay sprawling, 'There, Herring! you are in a fine *condition* now!'"—"Well," said his companions, "where is the wit of it, pray?"—"Nay," he said, "I am sure it was a good thing when I heard it."

\* 1111.—WHEN THE PRINCE OF ORANGE, afterwards William the Third, came over to this country, five of the seven bishops who were sent to the Tower declared for his highness; but the other two would not come into the measures. Upon which Dryden said, "that the seven golden candlesticks were sent to be assayed in the Tower, and five of them proved *prince's metal*."

1112.—A GENTLEMAN OF TRINITY COLLEGE, travelling through France with a friend, in what, on that side of the water, was called a chaise, was very much teased with the mode of travelling, particularly as they made so little progress, and



he wanted to reach the next town at a set time. He tried gentle means of persuasion to induce the postillion to urge his steeds, but in vain. After floundering about in French, till he was out of all patience, for he was no great dab at it, and, withal, not being in possession of any of those *emphatic* phrases which are equivalent to such as Englishmen are accustomed to vent their anger in, he bethought himself, that, if he was not understood, he might at least frighten the fellow by using some high-sounding words; and, collecting all the powers of eloquence of which he was master, with the voice of a stentor, he roared into the ear of the postillion:—"Westmoreland, Cumberland, Northumberland, Durham!" which the fellow mistaking for some tremendous oath, accompanied with a threat, had the desired effect, and induced him to increase his speed.

1113.—DR. BOLDERO, formerly master of Jesus College, had been treated with great severity by the protectorate for his attachment to the royal cause, as was Herring, at that time Bishop of Ely, and in whose gift the mastership of Jesus College is vested. On a vacancy of the mastership occurring, Boldero, without any pretensions to the appointment, in plain English plucks up his spirits, or, in Homer's language, *speaks to his magnanimous soul*, and presents his petition to the bishop. "Who are you?" says his lordship, "I know nothing of you! I never heard of you before!"—"My lord," replied Boldero, "I have suffered long and severely for my at-

tachment to my royal master, as well as your lordship, and I believe your lordship and I have been in all the *gaols* in England.”—“What does the fellow mean!” exclaimed the bishop; “Man! I never was confined in any prison but the *Tower*!”—“And, my lord,” said Boldero, “I have been in all the rest myself!” The bishop’s heart was melted at this reply, and he granted Boldero’s petition.

1114.—THE PRESIDENT OF A CERTAIN COLLEGE IN CAMBRIDGE was one evening listening at the door of one of the under-graduates of his college, suspecting something improper to be proceeding within. The student, by some means, having acquired a knowledge of the snare, taking the *pot de chambre* in his hand, he suddenly opened his door and discharged the contents over the president, accompanied with a kick, exclaiming, at the same time, “Get down, you rascal! I’ll tell the president of your listening at my door!”

1115.—LORD MELCOMBE, when his name was plain *Bubb*, was intended by the administration of that time to be sent ambassador to Spain. While this matter was in contemplation, Lord Chesterfield met him, and, touching him upon the proposed embassy, told Bubb, that he did not, by any means, think him fit to be the representative of the crown of England, at the Spanish court. Bubb begged to know the ground of his objection: “Why,” said his lordship, “your name is too short. Bubb, Bubb,—do you think

the Spaniards, a people who pride themselves on their family honours, and the length of their titles, will suppose a man can possess any dignity or importance, with a name of one syllable, which can be pronounced in a second? No, my dear friend, you must not think of Spain, unless you make some addition to your name!"—Bubb desired his lordship to say what he would have him do. Lord Chesterfield, pausing a moment, exclaimed,—“I have it: what do you think of calling yourself *Silly-Bubb*?”

1116.—IT IS RELATED that Dr. Mansel, then an undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, by chance called at the rooms of a brother Cantab, who was absent; but he had left on his table the opening of a poem, which was in the following lofty strain:—

“The sun’s perpendicular rays  
Illumine the depths of the sea;”

Here the flight of the poet by some accident stopped short; but Dr. Mansel, who was seldom (if we may credit fame) lost on such occasions, illuminated the subject by completing the stanza in the following facetious style:—

“The fishes, beginning to sweat,  
Cried, d—n it, how hot, we shall be!”

1117.—AT AN EXAMINATION for the degree of B. A. in the Senate House, Cambridge, under an examiner whose name was *Payne*, one of the

moral questions was—"Give a definition of happiness?" To which one of the candidates returned the following laconic answer,—“An *exemption* from *Payne*.” Some persons are so unfortunate as to buy their wit at a great price, as was proved in the above case; for, on the gentleman declining to apologize to Mr. Payne, he was suspended from his degree, for a very considerable time.

1118.—A STUDENT OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, who was remarkable for his larks and eccentricities, during the time he was dining in hall, called to a *bon vivant*, at another table, to say, “that he had got a fine fox in his rooms, for him!” This being overheard by the *marker*, who was a kind of mongrel fetch-and-carry to a certain dean, and who understood the student in a literal sense, he took an early opportunity to inform the dean of the circumstance. The student was very soon summoned before the master and seniors, for what he knew not; however, on entering, he was informed, “they had learned he kept a *fox* in his rooms—a thing not to be tolerated by the college.”—“It is very true,” replied the accused; “I have a *bust of* CHARLES JAMES FOX, at your service!”

1119.—THROUGH AN AVENUE OF TREES, at the back of Trinity College, a church may be seen at a considerable distance, the approach to which affords no very pleasing scenery. The late Professor Porson, on a time, walking that way with a friend, and observing the church,

remarked, "That it put him in mind of a *fellowship*, which was a long dreary walk, with a church at the end of it."

1120.—QUIN having had an invitation from a certain nobleman, who was reputed to keep a very elegant table, to dine with him, and having no manner of aversion to a good repast, he accordingly waited on his lordship, but found the regale far from answering his expectations. Upon taking leave, the servants, who were very numerous, had ranged themselves in the hall. Quin finding that if he gave to each of them it would amount to a pretty large sum, asked, which was the cook? who readily answered, "Me, Sir." He then inquired for the butler, who was as quick in replying as the other; when he said to the first, "Here is half a crown for my eating;" and to the other, "Here is five shillings for my wine; but, upon my word, gentlemen, I never had so bad a dinner for the money in my life."

1121.—A JOCKEY LORD met his old college tutor at a great horse fair. "Ah! doctor," exclaimed his lordship, "what brings you here among these highbred cattle? Do you think you can distinguish a *horse* from an *ass*?"—"My lord," replied the tutor, "I soon perceived *you* among these horses."

1122.—A LADY invited Dean Swift to dinner, and as she heard he was not easily pleased, she had taken care to provide in profusion every



delicacy which could be procured. The Dean was scarcely seated before the lady began a ceremonious harangue, expressing much grief that she had not a more tolerable dinner, fearing exceedingly there was not anything fit for him to eat. "Plague take you," said the Dean, "why did you not provide a better? certainly you have had time enough; but since you say it is so bad, I'll e'en go home and eat a herring;" and he accordingly departed in violent haste.

1123.—WHEN THE VALIANT GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, King of Sweden, attacked Poland, he took the town of Riga, and, after other various successes, laid siege to Mew. Here, in the hurry and confusion of the conflict, Gustavus fell twice into the enemy's hands. How he escaped the first time cannot be well ascertained; but he was extricated a second time by the admirable presence of mind of a Swedish horseman, who (to conceal his majesty's quality) cried aloud to the Poles, "Have a care of yourselves, for we will rescue my brother;" since, by the way, it must be noted, that he had three or four companions at his elbow: this task he performed in an instant. When, not long afterwards, Gustavus perceived his deliverer made a prisoner in his turn, he put himself at the head of a troop, and brought him off triumphantly. "Now," says he, "brother soldier, we are upon equal terms; for the obligation is become reciprocal."

1124.—THE EMPEROR RODOLPHUS AUSTRIACUS being at Nuremburg upon public busi-

ness, a merchant came before him with a complaint against an inn-keeper, who had cheated him of a bag of money which he had deposited in his hands, but which the other denied ever having received. The emperor asked what evidence he had of the fact; and the merchant replied, that no person was at all privy to the affair but the two parties. The emperor next inquired what kind of bag it was; and when the merchant had described it particularly, he was ordered to withdraw into the next room. The emperor was about to send for the inn-keeper, when, fortunately, the man came himself just in time, with the principal inhabitants of the place, to wait upon his majesty. The emperor knew him very well; and as Rudolphus was very pleasant in his manner, he accosted him familiarly, saying, "You have a handsome cap, pray give it to me, and let us exchange." The inn-keeper, being very proud of this distinction, readily presented his cap; and his majesty soon after retiring, sent a trusty and well known inhabitant of the city to the wife of the host, saying, "Your husband desires you would send him such a bag of money, for he has a special occasion for it; and by this token he has sent his cap." The woman delivered the bag without any suspicion, and the messenger returned with it to the emperor, who asked the merchant if he knew it, and he owned it with joy. Next the host was called in, to whom the emperor said, "This man accuses you of having defrauded him of a bag of money committed to

your trust—what say you to the charge?” The inn-keeper boldly said, “it was a lie, or that the man must be mad, for he had never any concerns with him whatever.” Upon this the emperor produced the bag; at the sight of which the host was so confounded, that he stammered out a confession of his guilt. The merchant received his money, and the culprit was fined very heavily for his guilt, while all Germany resounded in praise of the sagacity of the emperor.

1125.—MALLET was so fond of being thought a sceptic, that he indulged this weakness on all occasions. His wife, it is said, was a complete convert to his doctrines, and even the servants stared at their master’s bold arguments, without being poisoned by their influence. One fellow, however, who united a bad heart to an unsettled head, was determined to practise what Mallet was so solicitous to propagate, and robbed his master’s house. Being pursued, and brought before a justice, Mallet attended, and taxed him severely with ingratitude and dishonesty. “Sir,” said the fellow, “I have often heard you talk of the impossibility of a future state; that, after death, there was neither reward for virtue, nor punishment for vice, and this tempted me to commit the robbery.”—“Well! but, you rascal,” replied Mallet, “had you no fear of the gallows?”—“Master,” said the culprit, looking sternly at him, “What is it to you, if I had a mind to venture that? You had removed my greatest terror; why should I fear the less?”

1126.—GARRICK one day dining with a large company, soon after dinner left the room, and it was supposed had left the house; but one of the party, on going into the area to seek him, found Mr. Garrick fully occupied in amusing a Negro boy, who was a servant in the family, by mimicking the manner and noise of a turkey-cock, which diverted the boy to such a degree, that he was convulsed with laughter, and only able now and then to utter, “Oh, Massa Garrick! you will kill me, Massa Garrick.”

1127.—AN AUTHOR was reading some bad verses in his poem to a friend in a very cold apartment. The critic cried out, in a shaking fit, “My dear friend, either put fire into your verses, or your verses into the fire, or I shall not be able to stand here any longer.”

1128.—THE CELEBRATED RABELAIS, when he was at a great distance from Paris, and without money to bear his expenses thither, procured some brickdust, and having disposed of it into several papers, wrote upon one, “poison for monsieur,” upon a second, “poison for the dauphin,” and on a third, “poison for the king.” Having made this provision for the royal family of France, he laid his papers in such a manner that they might be seen by the landlord, who was an inquisitive man, and a loyal subject. The plot succeeded as he could wish: the host secured his guest, and gave immediate information to the secretary of state of what he had discovered. The secretary presently sent down a special mes-

senger, who brought up the pretended traitor to court, and provided him, at the king's expense, with proper accommodation on the road. As soon as he appeared, he was known; and his powder, upon examination, being found perfectly innocent, the jest was only laughed at; but for which an inferior wit would probably have been sent to the galleys.

1129.—PETER HEINE, a Dutchman, from a cabin-boy, rose to the rank of an admiral. He was killed in an action at the moment his fleet triumphed over that of Spain. The states-general sent a deputation to his mother, at Delft, to condole with her on the loss of her son. This simple old woman, who still remained in her original obscurity, answered the deputies in these words: "I always foretold that Peter would perish like a miserable wretch that he was; he loved nothing but rambling about from one country to another, and now he has received the reward of his folly."

1130.—AGESILAUS being asked why Sparta had no walls, shewed its armed citizens, saying, "These are the walls of Sparta."

1131.—MALHERBE, the famous reformer of French poetry, and of the French language, dined one day at the table of a bishop, who was to preach a sermon the same evening, but who was more hospitable than eloquent. The dinner was good, the wines delicious; and the poet having freely partaken of both, began to nod, for



want of enlivening conversation. When the hour came for the bishop's going to church, he shook Malherbe by the arm, and said, "It is time to start, Malherbe. You know I am to preach this evening."—"Ah, my lord," said the poet, "be so good as to excuse me, for I can sleep very well where I am."

1132.—WHEN SIR WALTER RALEIGH returned from his discovery of Virginia, he brought with him a quantity of tobacco, which he used to smoke privately in his study. But the first time of his doing it there, his man-servant bringing his usual tankard of ale and nutmeg, the poor fellow, seeing the smoke pouring forth in clouds from his mouth, threw all the contents of the tankard in his face, and then ran down stairs, exclaiming, "That his master was on fire, and, before they could get to him, would be burnt to ashes."

1133.—A FRENCHMAN, who had immediate occasion to stop under a gateway, saw a sow and a litter of pigs pass him. He stood some time admiring the diversity of colours, till he found an opportunity of popping one under his coat and running off with it. This he attempted, but was pursued by the hostler, who overtook and seized him with the pig in his possession. He was taken to Bow-street, and fully committed. When the trial came on the circumstances of the theft being clearly proved, he was found guilty, and asked what he had to say why sentence should not be passed? "Me lor, I vil

trouble you attendez two tree vord vat I sall say. I French gentleman, I no understand vat you call de tief dis country. Mais I vil tell you tout d'affair, and you vill find dat I am innocent. Me lor, I never tief a pig my lifetime."—"Why it was found upon you."—"Oh, certainly, but I was take him with his own consent."—"How do you mean?"—"Vy, ven I was see de mamma pig, and *his* childrens, I was very much in love vid them; and dis little pig, I look his face, I say, you pretty little fellow, will you come live vid me for one month? He says a-week! a-week! So I have taken him for a-week, dat's all."

1134.—WHEN DR. FRANKLIN applied to the king of Prussia to lend his assistance to America, "Pray, doctor," said the veteran, "what is the object you mean to attain?"—"Liberty, Sire," replied the philosopher of Philadelphia: "liberty! that freedom which is the birth-right of man." The king, after a short pause, made this memorable and kingly answer: "I was born a prince, I am become a king, and I will not use the power which I possess to the ruin of my own trade."

1135.—TWO GENTLEMEN at Bath having a difference, one went to the other's door early in the morning, and wrote "Scoundrel" upon it. The other called upon his neighbour, and was answered by a servant, that his master was not at home, but if he had anything to say he might leave it with him. "No, no," says he, "I was

only going to return your master's visit, as he left his name at my door in the morning."

1136.—MINERS are known to be a superstitious race. In some extensive mines in Wales, the men frequently saw the Devil, and when once he had been seen, the men would work no more that day. This became serious, for the old gentleman repeated his visits so frequently, that it became an injury to the proprietor. He at last called his men together, and told them it was very certain that the devil never appeared to anybody who had not deserved to be so terrified, and that as he was determined to keep no *rogues* about him, he was resolved to discharge the first man that saw the devil again. The remedy was as efficient as if he had turned a stream of holy water into the mine.

1137.—AT A LATE REVIEW of a volunteer corps, not twenty miles from Norwich, the major, who gave the word, not finding the men so expert as he had wished, was perpetually calling, "As you were—as you were," and putting them twice through the ordered manœuvre; the inspecting officer at length, losing all patience, exclaimed, "As you were! No, I'll be d——d if you are as you were; for you are not half so good as you were the last time I saw you."

1138.—AT A FASHIONABLE WHIST PARTY, a lady having won a rubber of 20 guineas, the gentleman who was her opponent pulled out his pocket-book, and tendered £21 in bank-notes.

The fair gamester observed, with a disdainful toss of her head, "In the great houses which I frequent, Sir, we always use gold."—"That may be, Madam," replied the gentleman, "but in the little houses which I frequent, we always use paper."

1139.—A SPECULATIVE GENTLEMAN, wishing to teach his horse to do without food, starved him to death. "I had a great loss," said he; "for, just as he learned to live without eating, he died."

1140.—A CITIZEN OF LONDON having made his fortune, thought the best way to employ his money, was in building a row of houses in Whitechapel, to let out in tenements; which, after he had built, he unadvisedly let one of them to a coppersmith for a term of lease, when unluckily the driving of the nails and the hammers became such a nuisance, that the other neighbouring tenants gave warning upon it to the landlord, who went immediately to the coppersmith and offered him any terms to give up the lease, which he could not prevail upon him to do; when he luckily happened to mention it before an officer of the guards, who said, if that he would give him five guineas, and suffer him to be in the next house to him, that he would effectually force him out; which the other agreed to. Accordingly, he got two drummers, and ordered them to keep a continual drumming; which so alarmed and hindered the coppersmith, that he could not work at his trade, as these people, when

they work, must hear their own blows, or else they are liable to strike the nail too much on the head, and when it is almost even with the surface for it to come loose again; so this expedient not only served the landlord, but also gave the officer the means of enlisting his men, as they could not work, and were idle.

1141.—A YOUNG MAN told his friend that he dreamed that he had struck his foot against a sharp nail. “Why then, do you sleep without your shoes?” was the reply.

1142.—A COUNTRYMAN, very much marked with the small-pox, applied to a justice of the peace for redress in an affair where one of his neighbours had ill-treated him; but not explaining the business so clearly as the justice expected, “Fellow,” said the justice, in a rage, “I don’t know whether you were inoculated for the small-pox or not; but I am sure you have been for stupidity.”—“Why, and please your honour,” replied the man, “perhaps I might, as you say, be inoculated for stupidity, but there was no occasion to perform that upon your worship, for you seem to have had it in the *natural way*.”

1143.—A ROBUSTIOUS COUNTRYMAN, meeting a physician, ran to hide behind a wall; being asked the cause, he replied, “It is so long since I have been sick, that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face.”

1144.—A CITIZEN, seeing some sparrows in



a tree, went beneath and shook it, holding out his hat to catch them as they fell.

1145.—SELDEN tells this story:—A person of quality came to my chamber, in the Temple, and told me that he had *two devils* in his head (I wondered what he meant), and just at that time one of them bid him kill me: with that, I began to be afraid, and thought he was mad. He said he knew I could cure him, and therefore entreated me to give him something, for he was resolved he would go to nobody else. I perceived what an opinion he had of me, and that it was only melancholy that troubled him, took it in hand, and warranted him, if he would follow my directions, to cure him in a short time. I desired him to let me alone for about half an hour, and then come again, which he was very willing to do. In the meantime I got a card, and lapped it up handsome in a piece of taffeta, put strings to the taffeta, and when he came I gave it him to hang about his neck, charging him that he should not disorder himself either with eating or drinking, but eat very little supper, and say his prayers duly when he went to bed, and I made no question but he would be well in three or four days. Within that time, I went to dinner at his house, and asked him how he did. He said he was much better, but not perfectly well; for, in truth, he had not dealt clearly with me. He had *four devils in his head*, and he perceived two of them were gone, with that which I had given him, but the other two

troubled him still. "Well," said I, "I am glad *two* of them are gone, and I make no doubt but to get away the others." So I gave him another thing to hang likewise about his neck. Three days after that he came to see me at my chamber and professed he was as well as ever he was in his life, and thanked me for the great care I had of him. I, fearing lest he might relapse into the like distemper, told him that there was none but myself, and one physician more in the whole town, that could cure the *devils in the head*, and that was Dr. Harvey, whom I had prepared, and wished him, if ever he found himself ill in my absence, to go to him, for he could cure his disease as well as myself.—The gentleman lived many years, and was never troubled after.

1146.—THE SON of a fond father, when going to war, promised to bring home the head of one of the enemy. His parent replied, "I should be glad to see you come home without a head, provided you come safe." 4

1147.—THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT was posted up at North Shields:—"Whereas several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding on an ass, belonging to Mr. —, the head of the Ropary Stairs: now, lest any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the public, that he is determined to shoot his said ass, and cautions any person who may be riding on it at the time, to take care of himself, lest by some unfortunate mistake he should shoot the *wrong one*." 12

1148.—A MAN meeting his friend, said, "I spoke to you last night in a dream."—"Pardon me," replied the other, "I did not hear you."

1149.—A FELLOW had to cross a river, and entered the boat on horseback; being asked the cause, he replied, "I must ride, because I am in a hurry."

1150.—AN ECCENTRIC BARBER, some years ago, opened a shop under the walls of the King's Bench prison. The windows being broken when he entered it, he mended them with paper, on which appeared—"Shave for a penny," with the usual invitation to customers; and over the door was scrawled these lines:

"Here lives Jemmy Wright,  
Shaves as well as any man in England,  
Almost—not quite."

Foote (who loved any thing eccentric) saw these inscriptions, and hoping to extract some wit from the author, whom he justly concluded to be an odd character, he pulled off his hat, and thrusting his head through a paper pane into the shop, called out, "Is Jemmy Wright at home?" The barber immediately forced his own head through another pane into the street, and replied, "No, Sir, he has just *popt* out." Foote laughed heartily, and gave the man a guinea.

1151.—"PRAY, MR. ABERNETHY, what is the cure for gout?" asked an indolent and luxurious citizen.—"Live upon sixpence a day, and earn it!" was the pithy answer.

1152.—THE “EDITIO PRINCEPS” of Virgil, now in the possession of a noble earl, was some years ago discovered in a monastery in Suabia. The good old monks, to whom this and several other valuable books belonged, could not be prevailed on to part with this copy for money. It happened, however, that they were remarkably fond of old hock. This was found out by an English connoisseur, who, for seven guineas’ worth of hock, obtained this rare copy of Virgil, which he afterwards sold to a book collector for 50*l*. To the present possessor it cost no less than 400*l*.

1153.—WHEN WILKES had written his poem, the “Essay on Woman,” he sent it in manuscript to the Archbishop of Canterbury, with a letter, expressing his anxiety not to publish anything offensive to public morals, and requesting that if his grace, in perusing it, met with any passages that might be deemed objectionable, he would erase them, or make such alterations as to his grace might seem necessary. The good archbishop, quite unconscious of the snare that was laid for him, was actually preparing to give Wilkes the benefit of his advice, when a friend, who was made acquainted with the circumstance, dissuaded his grace from the task, assuring him, that if he did it, Wilkes would still publish the “Essay on Woman,” and announce that it was “corrected and revised by his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.”

1154.—WHEN LETI, the historian, was one

day attending the levee of Charles the Second, he said to him, "Leti, I hear that you are writing the History of the Court of England."—"Sir, I have been for some time preparing materials for such a history."—"Take care that your work give no offence," said the prince.—Leti replied, "Sir, I will do what I can, but if a man were as wise as Solomon, he would scarcely be able to avoid giving offence."—"Why, then," rejoined the king, "be as wise as Solomon; write proverbs, not histories."

1155.—ONE DAY, when King James the First had been perusing a work, entitled, "A Description of the Policy of the Church of England," written by the historian Calderwood, he was peevish and disconcerted. A prelate standing by, inquired of his majesty the cause of his uneasiness? He replied, that he had been reading such a work. To this the prelate replied, "Don't trouble your majesty about that, we will answer it." In a passion the king replied, "What would you answer, man? There is nothing here but scripture, reason, and the fathers."

1156.—WHEN SKELTON published his "Deism Revealed," the Bishop of London asked the Bishop of Clogher if he knew the author? "Oh, yes, he has been a curate in my diocese near these twenty years."—"More shame for your lordship to let a man of his merit continue so long a curate in your diocese," was the reply.



1157.—It was an observation of Sir John, father of the celebrated Sir Thomas More, “that the choice of a wife was like putting one’s hand into a bag full of snakes, with only one eel in it; we may by a possibility light on the eel, but it is a hundred to one we are stung by a snake.” From the circumstance of his having put his own hand into the bag three times, it is to be inferred that he was more fortunate than wife-hunters in general.

1158.—Two HIGHLANDERS set out an expedition to steal the litter of a wild sow, which lay in a narrow-mouthed cave. Seizing the opportunity of the tender parent’s absence, one of the men crept in, and the other kept watch at the mouth. Presently down came the sow distracted, as if informed of what was passing, by the instinct of maternal concern, and rushed with menacing tusks to her door; the guard, as she slipped into the passage, had but just time to lay hold of her tail, give it a firm twist round his strong hand, and throwing himself down and setting his feet against the sides of the pass, he held her fast. He had enough to do, and no breath to waste. The young pigs were squeaking under the hands of his companion, and the old one, to the fondest of pig’s hearts, added the strongest of pig’s sinews, and the most wilful of pig’s purposes. The Highlander in the cave was too much engaged with the screaming little pigs to hear the tussle, but finding himself in darkness, he called out to his mate, “Fat’s the

matter? I canna see." The fellow, who by this time had found a pig's tail a most uneasy tenure, and who had no wind for explanations, answered thus, expressly and briefly denoting the precise posture of the case,—“An the tail break, you'll see.” He presently, however, got his *skene dhu* in his left hand, with which by repeated stabs he laid the body of the unfortunate sow dead at his feet, saved his companion from imminent peril, and secured the plunder, without once slackening his hold of the tail.

1159.—A GENTLEMAN had a cask of Aminean wine, from which his servant stole a large quantity. When the master perceived the deficiency, he diligently inspected the top of the cask, but could find no traces of an opening. “Look if there be not a hole in the bottom,” said a bystander.—“Blockhead,” he replied, “do you not see that the deficiency is at the top, and not at the bottom.”

1160.—VOLTARE, in the presence of an Englishman, was one day enlarging with great warmth in the praise of the celebrated Haller, extolling him as a great poet, a great naturalist, and a man of universal attainments. The Englishman, who had been on a visit to Haller, answered, that it was handsome in Monsieur de Voltaire to speak so favourably of Monsieur Haller, inasmuch as Monsieur Haller was by no means so liberal to Monsieur de Voltaire. “Alas!” said Voltaire, with an air of philo-

sophic indulgence, "I dare to say we are both very much mistaken!"

1161.—ONE DAY when Sir Isaac Heard was with his majesty, King George III., it was announced that his majesty's horse was ready to start for hunting.—"Sir Isaac," said the monarch, "are you a judge of horses?"—"In my younger days, please your majesty," was the reply, "I was a great deal among them."—"What do you think of this, then?" said the king, who was by this time preparing to mount his favourite; and without waiting for an answer, added, "We call him *Perfection*."—"A most appropriate name," replied the courtly herald, bowing as his majesty reached the saddle,—"*for he bears the best of characters!*"

1162.—A CERTAIN COLONEL, who had a strange humour, when he had drank a glass or two too much, of firing off and playing tricks with his weapons, one night having drank too freely, ordered his footman, who was an Irishman newly hired, to bring his pistols. Teague obeyed; the colonel loaded them both, and, having locked the door, commanded his man to hold one of the candles at arm's length, till he snuffed it with the ball. Prayers and entreaties were in vain, and comply he must, and did, though trembling; the colonel performed the operation at the first attempt, then laying down his pistols, was going to unlock the door. Teague catches up that which was loaded, "Arrah, maister," says he, "but I will be after having my

shoot too." The colonel called him rogue and rascal to no purpose. Teague was now vested with power, and would be obeyed. Accordingly his master extended the candle, but this being the first time of Teague's performing, he not only missed, but shot off a button from the breast of the colonel's coat. So narrow an escape had a good effect, and cured him of his humour of turning marksman in his drink.

1163.—AN OFFICER who was quartered in a country town, being once asked to a ball, was observed to sit sullen in a corner for some hours. One of the ladies present, being desirous of rousing him from his reverie, accosted him with, "Pray, Sir, are you not fond of dancing?"—"I am very fond of dancing, madam," was the reply.—"Then why not ask some of the ladies that are disengaged to be your partner, and strike up?"—"Why, madam, to be frank with you, I do not see one handsome woman in the room."—"Sir, yours, *et cetera*," said the lady, and with a slight courtesy left him, and joined her companions, who asked her what had been her conversation with the captain. "It was too good to be repeated in prose," said she; "lend me a pencil, and I will try to give you the outline in rhyme."

"So, Sir, you rashly vow and swear,  
You'll dance with none that are not fair,  
Suppose we women should dispense  
Our hands to none but men of sense;"  
"Suppose! well, madam, pray what then?"  
"Why, Sir, *you'd never dance again.*"

1164.—GEORGE II. seemed to have none of that love of individual and distinct property which has marked the character of many sovereigns. His majesty came one day to Richmond gardens, and, finding them locked while some decently dressed persons were standing on the outside, called for the head gardener, and told him, in a great passion, to open the door immediately.—“My subjects,” said his majesty, “walk where they please.”—On another occasion, the same gardener was complaining that some of the company, in their walks round the garden, had pulled up flowers, roots, and shrubs; the king, shaking his cane, replied, “Plant more then, you blockhead.”

1165.—THE DUKE OF MANTUA once observed to the celebrated Perron, that the court-jester was a fellow without either wit or humour. “Your grace must pardon me,” said Perron; “I think he has a great deal of wit to live by a trade that he does not understand.”

1166.—THE FACETIOUS MR. BEARCROFT, told his friend Mr. Vansittart, “Your name is such a long one, I shall drop the *sittart*, and call you *Van*, for the future.”—“With all my heart,” said he: “by the same rule, I shall drop *croft*, and call you *Bear*!”

1167.—IN A LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, written by an Italian monk, it is said, “that by one sermon he converted 10,000 *persons in a desert island*!”



1168.—AMONG A COMPANY OF CHEERFUL IRISHMEN, in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's, it was proposed by the host to make a gift of a couple of fowls to him that off-hand should write six lines in poetry of his own composing. Several of the merry crew attempted unsuccessfully to gain the prize. At length the wittiest among them thus ended the contest:

Good friends, as I'm to make a po'm,  
Excuse me if I just step home;  
Two lines already!—be not cru'l,  
Consider honies, I'm a fool.  
There's four lines—now I'll gain the fowls,  
With which I soon shall fill my bow'ls.

1169.—DR. JOHNSON was so accustomed to say always the exact truth, that he never condescended to give an equivocal answer to any question; of which the following is an instance, as related by Mr. Northcote.—A lady of his acquaintance once asked him how it happened that he was never invited to dine at the tables of the great? He replied, "Because, madam, great lords and ladies do not like to have their mouths stopped!"

1170.—THE ROYAL SOCIETY, on the day of its creation, was the whetstone of the wit of their patron, Charles II. With a peculiar gravity of countenance, he proposed to the assembly the following question for their solution:—"Suppose two pails of water were fixed in two different scales equally poised, and which weighed equally alike, and that two live bream or small

fish, were put into either of these pails, he wanted to know the reason why that pail, with such addition, should not weigh more than the other pail which stood against it."—Every one was ready to set at quiet the royal curiosity; but it appeared that every one was giving a different opinion. One, at length, offered so ridiculous a solution, that another of the members could not refrain from a loud laugh; when the King, turning to him, insisted that he should give his sentiments as well as the rest. This he did without hesitation, and told his majesty, in plain terms, that he denied the fact. On which the King, in high mirth, exclaimed, "Odds fish, brother, you are in the right!"

1171.—IN A CERTAIN COMPANY, the conversation having fallen on the subject of *craniology*, and the organ of *drunkenness* being alluded to among others, a lady suggested that this must be the *barrel-organ*.

1172.—WILLIAM VANDERVELDE the old, the famous painter of sea-pieces, was so fond of his art, that in order justly to observe the movements and various positions of his ships engaging in a sea-fight, that he might design them from nature, and unite truth with grandeur and elegance in his compositions, he did not hesitate to attend those engagements in a small light vessel, and sail as near to his enemies as his friends, attentive only to his drawing, and without the least apparent anxiety for the danger to which he was every moment exposed. Of that bold and

dauntless disposition he gave two very convincing proofs before his arrival in England; the one was in that severe battle between the Duke of York and Admiral Opdam, in which the Dutch Admiral and 500 men were blown up—the other was in that memorable engagement, which continued three days, between Admiral Monck and Admiral de Ruyter. During the continuance of these different engagements, Vandervelde plied between the fleets, so as to represent minutely every movement of the ships, and the most material circumstances of the action, with incredible exactness and truth.

1173.—DURING THE TIME that martial law was in force in Ireland, and the people were prohibited from having fire-arms in their possession, some mischievous varlets gave information that a Mr. Scanlon, of Dublin, had *three mortars* in his house. A magistrate, with a party of dragoons in his train, surrounded the house, and demanded, in the king's name, that the *mortars* should be delivered to him. Mr. Scanlon, a respectable apothecary, immediately produced them, adding, that as they were useless without the *pestles*, these also were at his majesty's service.

1174.—THE FOLLOWING STORY was related by the Nabob of Arcot to an English lady:—A certain man fell asleep under a tree, whilst his friend was sitting beside him. A snake came down from the branches, and the friend endeavoured to kill it: but the snake said, "I will

not depart till I have tasted of that man's blood, for this purpose was I sent thither."—"Since it is so," replied the friend; "I cannot possibly avert the decrees of God;" then taking a knife, he opened a vein in the man's neck, who awoke, saw the knife, and the blood gushing forth, but closed his eyes again and remained silent. The snake drank the blood and went away. The friend immediately applied to a surgeon, and adopted means to stop the bleeding. Some months after, a person asked this man why he had been so calm, and shut his eyes when he saw the bloody knife. "To this hour," he replied, "I do not know the reason of that man's action; but I suppose it was for my good; therefore I would not mistrust him, nor make any inquiry into the circumstance. I believe him my friend—Friendship can never doubt—and to that man in whom my heart confides, I will intrust my body."—"This, and no less than this," said the young Nabob, "we call Friendship."

1175.—NOT MANY YEARS AGO, a man was hanged at a country town in Ireland for highway robbery; but his friends having taken the body to a house, fancied that they discovered some signs of life, and immediately applied to a surgeon, who, with considerable difficulty, succeeded in restoring the man to his senses. Finding himself much annoyed by the multitude of visitors, and the questions which they asked respecting his short excursion to the other world, the man declared that he would not gratify their curios-

ity until each person should have paid the sum of two pence. With this demand they readily complied, and he very seriously informed them, that at the moment when he was recalled to this world by the surgeon's assistance, he had just arrived at the gates of heaven, where he saw St. Peter sitting with the *kays* in his hand. This anecdote was related by the surgeon as a matter of fact, to a gentleman now residing in London.

1176.—FRANCIS I., that gallant prince who revived literature, had the merit of restoring the beard also, which had been proscribed by several of his predecessors, but it was so arranged and shaped as to form a new adornment to the face. This resoration gave rise to the beardite and anti-beardite factions. The clergy assumed the beard, but it was only the court clergy. There was a signal victory gained by the anti-beardites, which deserves particular notice. William Duprat coming bearded to take possession of his bishopric of Clermont, the dean of the canons, attended by all the chapter, stopped him at the church gates, and respectfully presenting to him a large pair of scissars on a silver tray, protested that he should neither receive homage, nor be received himself, until he had repudiated his beard. William yielded with a good grace, and entered amidst the acclamations of the canons, carrying the spoils of their bishop's chin in triumph. It was under Louis XIII. that the beard disappeared from the French court, never to return.



1177.—LORD POLKEMET (a lord of session) invited once a member of the Scottish bar, to *tak* a family dinner with *himsel*, his wife, and bairns. When dinner was served up, there appeared a joint of *roast* veal at the head of the table; *stewed* veal at the bottom; *veal-soup* in the middle; *veal's-head* on one side of the soup, and *veal-cutlets* on the other; *calf's-foot jelly* between the *veal-soup* and the *roast veal*, and *veal's brains* between the *stewed veal* and *veal-soup*. “*Noo*,” quoth his lordship, in his own blunt way, “Mr. H. you may very likely think this an odd sort of dinner; but ye’ll no wonder when ye ken the cause of it. We keep nae company, Mr. H.; and Miss B. here, my daughter, caters for our table. The way we do is just this:—we kill a beast, as it were to-day, and we begin to cook it at one side of the head, travel down that side, turn the tail, and just gang back again by the other side to where we began.”

1178.—A GERMAN of the name of Klotch, a very worthy man, was cook and maître d’hotel to the Empress Catherine. Though old, he was a court beau, and very spruce about the head; and, being a favourite with her imperial majesty, used to hand some particular dishes to her on great occasions. One of the torments in high northern latitudes, where the summer is so short and hot, is the innumerable hosts of flies that tease you. Some wags, aware of this, got the old gentleman’s best bag-wig, and powdered it with the finest pulverized double refined white

sugar: so that, when he waited at table, he was beset, like Pharaoh, with the worst of his plagues. He beat with his hands, blew, puffed, reddened in the face, and at last, no longer able to bear silently the torment he endured, burst out suddenly with the exclamation of "Donder and blitz vas is das for a fly summer!" Her majesty, aware of the trick, soothed him; and, affecting to wonder the flies should exclusively level all their stings at him, advised him to pull off his wig, which he reluctantly was obliged to do, and actually finished his attendance in a full dress suit of embroidered clothes, with his naked shaved head, to the no small amusement of the company present.

1179.—A CERTAIN KING OF SPAIN, from whom by the fate of battle a large extent of territory had been taken away, nevertheless continued to receive from his courtiers the title of Great. "His greatness," said a Spaniard, "is like that of a ditch, which increases in proportion to the ground it loses."

1180.—AN ASTROLOGER OF THE 15TH CENTURY having foretold the death of a beautiful woman, whom Louis XI. loved, and who happened to die according to his prediction, the king was so enraged that he ordered him into his presence. "You who foresee all," said Louis, "tell me when you yourself shall die." The man, who without being a conjuror perceived the anger of the king, replied, "I shall die three days before your majesty." Fear and supersti-

tion got the better of resentment ; and to preserve his own life, Louis was very careful of that of the astrologer.

1181.—A LADY, who was pressed for time in the progress of some business, which was very important to her, and who was going to her attorney to consult with him about the proceedings which were going on, to avoid a circuitous route went in at one door of a church, during the time of divine service, and passed out at the other. In reply to some reproof which she received for having done so, she said, “ You must acknowledge that I am a thorough church-woman.”

1182.—CHARLES THE SIXTH OF FRANCE gave a masquerade, in which himself and five courtiers played the parts of satyrs ; to resemble which, they were clothed in close linen habits, besmeared with rosin, and then stuck with down all over. One of the company, in a frolic touched one of these satyrs with a lighted torch as they were dancing in a ring. The consequence was, that all the six masks, or satyrs, were instantly enveloped in flames ; four of the six were burnt to death on the spot ; and the king never recovered the fright and disorder occasioned by the accident.

1183.—HENRY THE FOURTH OF FRANCE was much enamoured of a lady who used to attend the court. The Prince one day, in a gallant humour, said to her, “ Pray, Madam, which is the

way to your bed-room?"—"Through the church," replied she.

1184.—A VERY TALKATIVE LADY received a visit from a gentleman, who was introduced to her as a man of great taste and learning. She, in order to court his admiration, displayed her knowledge and her wit with an unceasing rapidity. Being asked her opinion of her new acquaintance, she said she was never more charmed with the company of any man. A general laugh ensued; the gentleman was dumb, and had kept up the conversation only with nods and smiles.

1185.—A YOUNG BARRISTER, being reproached by his opponent for his extreme youth, said, "It is true that I am young, but my learned friend will find in the course of this trial that I have read old books."

1186.—MORO, DUKE OF MILAN, having displayed before the foreign ambassadors his magnificence and his riches, which excelled those of every other prince, said to them, "Has a man, possessed of so much wealth and prosperity, anything to desire in this world?"—"One thing only," said one of them,—“a nail to fix the wheel of Fortune.”

1187.—CHAMILLART, Comptroller-general of the finances in the reign of Louis XIV., had been a celebrated pleader. He once lost a cause, in which he was concerned, through his excessive fondness for billiards. His client called on him

the day after in extreme affliction, and told him that if he had made up a document which had been put into his hands, but which he had neglected to examine, a verdict must have been given in his favour. Chamillart read it, and found it of decisive importance to his cause. "You sued the defendant," said he, "for 20,000 livres. You have failed by my inadvertence. It is my duty to do you justice. Call on me in two days."—In the meantime Chamillart procured the money, and paid it to his client, on no other condition than that he would keep the transaction secret.

1188.—A YOUNG ENGRAVER just entering into life, and who afterwards rose to great eminence in his profession, applied to Alderman Boydell for employment. Having never executed any considerable work he had only some trifling specimens of his ability to shew. The alderman, however, was satisfied from them that the young artist possessed abilities worthy of encouragement, and offered him a picture, if he thought himself equal to it. The young man undertook it, and agreed on 25 guineas as the remuneration. When the plate was quite finished, he waited on the alderman, finally to deliver it with a proof. Mr. Boydell examined so long, and as it seemed so minutely, that the artist was almost apprehensive that he was not quite pleased with it, and resolved to ask him; adding, "that he should be happy to make any improvement or correction that Mr. Boydell might suggest."—



“Oh no,” replied the alderman, “I am extremely pleased with it, and desire no alteration. It is charming; and instead of 25 guineas, I shall give you five and thirty:—very charming indeed—the more I look at it the more I like it; I shall give you 50 guineas.” He went to his desk and wrote a cheque on his banker, which he gave to the artist, telling him to call on him in a few days, as he had further employment for him. The young man endeavoured to express his gratitude for this unexpected and munificent liberality of his new patron; but his speech utterly failed him, when, casting his eye on the cheque which he held in his hand, he found it to be for *One Hundred Guineas!* This happy event was the foundation both of his fortune and his fame.

1189.—ABBE CLERAMBAULT, who was deformed, was elected to succeed La Fontaine in the French Academy. On that occasion it was said that “La Fontaine was very properly succeeded by Esop.”

1190.—ONE OF THE COUNTLESS VICTIMS to the Fonthill Epidemic, at the moment of exhibiting that infallible incipient symptom which betrays itself in a visit to the princely mansion of the Pembrokes, found his attention arrested at the very entrance, by the noble equestrian statue of *Marcus Aurelius*. After bestowing on this superb effort of the sculptor’s art its due degree of silent admiration, he turned to a decent-looking native who stood nigh, and inquired for whom that figure was intended? “Thot ther,

Zur?" was the reply; "iss shuer I know't—'tuz *Marquis O'Riley's*."

1191.—MR. SCHOONHOVEN, an old man, eighty years of age, who not long since lived in the neighbourhood of Lake George, related the following remarkable instance of the cruelty and generosity of the Indians, to Mr. H——, a friend of Dr. Silliman. During the last French war in America, he, with six or seven other Americans, was taken prisoner by a detachment of Indians, while on an excursion through the wilderness between Fort William Henry on Lake George, and Sandy Hill on Hudson's River, where there is now a flourishing village. They conducted them to a spot which now forms an open place in the middle of the village, and made them sit down in a row on the trunk of a tree. The Indians then began, with perfect indifference, to split the skulls of their victims successively with their tomahawks; while the survivors were compelled to witness the dreadful fate of their companions, and await their own with a terror not to be conceived. Mr. Schoonhoven was the last but one on the opposite end of the tree where the massacre had begun. His turn was already come, and the murderous axe was brandished over his head and ready to fall on him, when the chief made a signal to put an end to the murder. On this he approached Mr. Schoonhoven, and said to him with composure: "Do you not remember how (at a time which he mentioned) while your young people were danc-

ing, some poor Indians came up, and wished to join in the dance; but your young people said, 'No; Indians shall not dance with us:' but you (for this man, it seems, recognised his features just at the critical moment) said, 'the Indians shall dance.' I will now shew you that Indians can remember a favour." This accidental recollection saved the life of Schoonhoven and his surviving companion.

1192.—BEN JONSON, owing a vintner some money, refrained his house; the vintner, meeting him by chance, asked him for his money; and also told him if he would come to his house and answer him four questions, he would forgive him the debt. Ben Jonson very gladly agreed, and went at the time appointed, called for a bottle of claret, and drank to the vintner, praising the wine at a great rate. Says the vintner, "This is not our business: Mr. Jonson, answer me my four questions, or else you must pay me my money, or go to jail" (and he had got two bailiffs waiting at the door to arrest him). "Pray," says Ben, "propose them."—"Then," says the vintner, "tell me, 1st, What pleases God? 2dly, What pleases the devil? 3dly, What pleases the world? and 4thly, What best pleases me?"—"Well,

"God is best pleased when man forsakes his sin;  
The devil's best pleas'd when men persist therein;  
The world's best pleas'd when you do draw good wine,  
And you'll be pleas'd when I do pay for mine."

The vintner was satisfied, gave Ben a receipt

in full, and a bottle of claret into the bargain.

1193.—A MAN, who was on the point of being married, obtained from his confessor his certificate of confession. Having read it, he observed that the priest had omitted the usual penance. "Did you not tell me," said the confessor, "that you were going to be married?"

1194.—DEAN JACKSON, passing one morning through Christ-church quadrangle, met some undergraduates, who walked along without capping. The Dean called one of them, and asked, "Do you know who I am?"—"No, Sir."—"How long have you been in College?"—"Eight days, Sir."—"Oh, very well," said the Dean, walking away, "*puppies* don't open their eyes till the *ninth* day."

1195.—A LITTLE LAWYER appearing as evidence in one of the courts, was asked by a gigantic counsellor, what profession he was of; and having replied that he was an attorney. "You a lawyer!" said Brief, "why I could put you in my pocket."—"Very likely you may (rejoined the other), and if you do, you will have more law in your *pocket* than ever you had in your *head*."

1196.—THE HIGH-BAILIFF OF BIRMINGHAM, attended by some officers of the town, goes round on a market-day to examine the weight of the butter, and they seize all which is found short of sixteen ounces. A countryman, who generally stood in a particular place, having on a former

market-day lost two pounds of butter, was seen, the next time they came round, to laugh heartily, while the officers were taking a considerable quantity from a woman who stood near him. One of the officers, not pleased with the fellow's want of decorum, particularly in the presence of men vested with such awful authority, said, "What do you mean by laughing, fellow? I took two pounds from you last week."—"I'll lay you a guinea of it," said the countryman.—"Done," replied the officer; and immediately put a guinea into the hands of a respectable tradesman, who was standing at his own door. The countryman instantly covered it; and then, with a triumphant grin, said, "Well done, thick head, if it had been two pounds would you have taken it from me? was it not for being short of weight that I lost it?" The umpire without hesitation decided in his favour, to the great mortification of the humble administrators of justice.

1197.—AN IRISHMAN, some years ago, attending the University of Edinburgh, waited upon one of the most celebrated teachers of the German flute, desiring to know on what terms he would give him a few lessons: the flute-player informed him, that he generally charged two guineas for the first month, and one guinea for the second. "Then, by my soul," replied the Hibernian, "I'll begin the *second* month!"

1198.—FOOTE being at table next to a gentleman who had helped himself to a very large piece of bread; he took it up and cut a piece off.



“Sir,” said the gentleman, “that is my bread.”  
—“I beg a thousand pardons, Sir,” said Foote,  
“I protest I took it for the loaf.”

1199.—THE COLONEL OF THE PERTSHIRE CAVALRY, was lately complaining, that, from the ignorance and inattention of his officers, he was obliged to do the whole duty of the regiment. “I am,” said he, “my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own cornet,”—“and *trumpeter* also, I presume,” said a certain witty duchess.

1200.—THE LATE CELEBRATED DR. BROWN paid his addresses to a lady for many years, but unsuccessfully; during which time he had always accustomed himself to propose her health, whenever he was called upon for a lady. But being observed one evening to omit it, a gentleman reminded him, that he had forgotten to toast his favourite lady. “Why, indeed,” said the doctor, “I find it all in vain; I have toasted her so many years and cannot make her *Brown*, that I am determined to toast her no longer.”

1201.—THE LATE DR. FOWLER, bishop of Gloucester, and Justice Powell, had frequent altercations on the subject of ghosts. The Bishop was a zealous defender of the reality of them; the justice was somewhat sceptical. The bishop one day met his friend, and the justice told him that since their last conference on the subject, he had ocular demonstration, which had convinced him of the existence of ghosts. “I rejoice at your conversion,” replied the bishop;

“give me the circumstance which produced it, with all the particulars. Ocular demonstration, you say?”—“Yes, my lord; as I lay last night in my bed, about the twelfth hour I was awakened by an uncommon noise, and heard something coming up stairs!”—“Go on, Sir.”—“Fearfully alarmed at the noise, I drew my curtain——.”—“Proceed.”—“And saw a faint glimmering light enter my chamber.”—“Of a blue colour, was it not?” interrogated the doctor. “Of a pale blue! and this pale blue light was followed by a tall, meagre, stern figure, who appeared as an old man of seventy years of age, arrayed in a long light-coloured rug gown, bound with a leathern girdle: his beard thick and grisly; his hair scant and straight; his face of a dark sable hue; upon his head a large fur cap; and in his hand a long staff. Terror seized my whole frame. I trembled till the bed verily shook, and cold drops hung upon every limb. The figure advanced with a slow and solemn step.”—“Did you not speak to it? there was money hid, or murder committed, without doubt,” said the bishop. “My lord, I did speak to it; I adjured it by all that was holy to tell me whence, and for what purpose he thus appeared.”—“And in Heaven’s name what was the reply?”—“Before he deigned to speak, he lifted up his staff three several times, my lord, and smote the floor, even so loudly that verily the strokes caused the room to reverberate the thundering sound. He then waved the pale blue light

which he bore in what is called a lantern, he waved it even to my eyes; and he told me, my lord, he told me that he was, yes, my lord, that he was not more nor less than—*the watchman!* who had come to give me notice that my street door was open, and that unless I rose and shut it, I might be robbed before morning.” The justice had no sooner concluded, than the bishop disappeared.

1202.—AT WORCESTER ASSIZES, a cause was tried about the soundness of a horse, in which a clergyman, not educated in the school of Tattersall, appeared as a witness. He was confused in giving his evidence, and a furious blustering counsellor, who examined him, was at last tempted to exclaim, “Pray, Sir, do you know the difference between a horse and a cow?”—“I acknowledge my ignorance,” replied the clergyman; “I hardly know the difference between a horse and a cow, or a bully and a bull, only that a bull, I am told, has horns, and a bully,” bowing respectfully to the counsellor, “*luckily for me*, has none.”

1203.—AS TWO IRISH SOLDIERS were passing through Chippenhams, one of them observing the Borough Arms (which have somewhat the appearance of a hatchment) over the Town-hall door, accosted his comrade with—“Arrah Pat, look up, what is that sign?”—“Botheration,” cries Pat, “’tis no sign at all at all, ’tis only a sign that somebody’s *dead* that *lives* there.”

1204.—SOME YEARS AGO, a German Prince making the tour of Europe, stopped at Venice for a short period. It was at the close of summer, the Adriatic was calm, the nights were lovely, the Venetian women full of those delicious spirits, that in their climate rise and fall with the coming and departure of this finest season of the year. Every day was given by this illustrious stranger, to researches among the records and antiquities of this singular city; and every night to parties on the Brenta or the sea. As the morning drew nigh, it was the custom to return from the water, to sup at some of the houses of the nobility. In the commencement of his intercourse, all national distinctions were carefully suppressed; but as his intimacy increased, he could not help observing the lurking vanity of the Italians. One of its most frequent exhibitions, was in the little dramas that wound up their stately festivities. The wit was constantly sharpened by some contrast between the Italian and the German, some slight aspersion on Teutonic rudeness, or some remark on the history of a people untouched by the elegance of southern manners. As the sarcasm was conveyed with Italian grace, and the offence softened by its humour, it was obvious that the only retaliation must be a good-natured and humourous one. When the Prince was on the point of taking leave, he invited his entertainers to a farewell supper. He drew the conversation to the infinite superiority of the Italians, and above all of the

Venetians, acknowledged the darkness in which Germany had been destined to remain so long, and looked forward with infinite sorrow to the comparative opinion of posterity, upon a country to which so little of its gratitude must be due. "But, my lords," said he, rising, "we are an emulous people, and an example like yours must not be lost even upon a German. I have been charmed with your dramas, and have contrived a little arrangement to give you one of our country; if you will condescend to follow me to the great hall." The company rose and followed him through the splendid *suite* of a Venetian villa: to the hall which was fitted up as a German barn. The aspect of the theatre produced at first universal surprise, and next a universal smile. It had no resemblance to the gilded and sculptured saloons of their own sumptuous little theatres. However, it was only so much the more Teutonic. The curtain drew up—the surprise rose into loud laughter, even amongst the Venetians, who had been seldom betrayed into anything beyond a smile for generations together. The stage was a temporary erection, rude and uneven. The scenes represented a wretched irregular street, scarcely lighted by a single lamp, and looking the fit haunt for robbery and assassination. On a narrower view, some of the noble spectators began to think it had a resemblance to an Italian street, and some actually discovered in it one of the leading streets of their own city. But the play was on a Ger-



man story, and they were under a German roof. The street, notwithstanding its similitude, was of course German. The street was for a time unpeopled; but at length a traveller, a German, with pistols in his belt, and apparently exhausted with fatigue, came heavily pacing along. He knocked at several of the doors, but could obtain no admission. He then wrapped himself up in his cloak, sat down upon the fragment of a monument, and thus soliloquized:—"Well, here I have come, and this is my reception. All palaces, no inns; all nobles, and not a man to tell me where I can lie down in comfort or in safety. Well, it can't be helped. A German does not much care, campaigning has hardened effeminacy amongst us. Loneliness is not so well unless a man can labour or read. Read, that's true, come out Zimmerman." He drew a volume from his pocket, moved nearer to a decaying lamp, and soon seemed absorbed. He had been till now the only actor. Another soon shared the eyes of the spectators. A tall, light figure came with a kind of visionary movement from behind the monument, surveyed the traveller with keen curiosity, listened with apparent astonishment at his words, and in another moment had fixed itself gazing over his shoulder on the volume. The eyes of this singular being wandered rapidly over the page, and when it was turned, they were lifted up to Heaven, with the strongest expressions of astonishment. The German was weary, his head soon dropped over his book, and he

closed it. "What," said he, rising and stretching himself, "is there no one stirring yet in this comfortless place—is it not near day?" He took out his repeater, and touched the pendant; it struck four. His mysterious attendant had watched him narrowly, the repeater was eyed in its turn; but when it struck, delight with mingled with the wonder that had till then filled his pale, intelligent countenance. "Four o'clock," said the German; "in my country half the world would be going to their day's work by this time; in another hour it will be sun-rise. Well then, you nation of sleepers, I'll do you a service, and make you open your eyes." He drew out one of his pistols and fired it. The attendant form still hovering behind him, had looked curiously on the pistol; but on its going off, it started back in terror, and uttered a loud cry, that made the traveller start. "Who are you?" was his greeting to this strange intruder. "I will not hurt you," was the answer. "Who care's about that?" was the retort, and he pulled out the other pistol. "My friend," said the figure, "even that weapon of thunder and lightning cannot hurt me now; but if you would know who I am, let me entreat you to satisfy my curiosity a moment. You seem a man of extraordinary powers."—"Well then," said the German, in a gentler tone, "if you come as a friend, I shall be glad to give you all the information in my power: it is the custom of our country to deny nothing to those who will love or learn." The

former sighed deeply, and murmured, "And yet you are a German; but you were just reading a case of strange and yet most interesting figures: was it a manuscript?"—"No, it was a printed book."—"Printing, what is printing? I never heard but of writing."—"It is an art by which one man can give to the world in one day, as much as three hundred could give by writing, and in a character of superior clearness and beauty; by which, books are universal, and literature eternal."—"Admirable, glorious art!" said the inquirer, "who was its illustrious inventor?"—"A German!"—"But, another question, I saw you look at a most curious instrument, traced with figures, it sparkled with diamonds; but its greatest wonder was its sound. It gave the hour with miraculous exactness, and the sounds were followed with tones superior to the sweetest music of my day."—"That was a repeater!"—"How! when I had the luxuries of the world at my command, I had nothing better to tell the hour with, than a clepsydra, or a sundial. But this must be invaluable, from its facility of being carried about. It must be an admirable guide even to higher knowledge. All depends upon the exactness of time. It may assist navigation, astronomy. What an invention! whose was it? he must be more than human."—"He was a German!"—"What, still a barbarian! I remember his nation: I once saw a legion of them marching towards Rome—they were a bold and brave blue-eyed troop—the

whole city poured out to see them; but we looked on them as so many gallant savages. I have only one more question to ask you. I saw you raise your hand, with a small truncheon in it; in a moment something rushed out, that seemed a portion of the fire of the clouds. Were those thunder and lightning that I saw? Did they come at your command? Was that truncheon a talisman, and are you a mighty magician? Was that truncheon a sceptre, commanding the elements? Are you a god?" The strange inquirer had drawn back gradually, as his feelings rose. His curiosity was now turned into solemn wonder, and he stood gazing upwards, in an attitude expressive of mingled awe and astonishment. The German felt the sensation of a superior presence growing on himself, as he looked on the fixed countenance of this mysterious being. It was in that misty blending of light and darkness, which the moon leaves as it sinks just before morn. There was a single hue of pale grey in the East that tinged the stranger's visage, with a chill light; the moon resting broadly on the horizon, was setting behind, and the figure seemed as if standing in the orb; its arms were lifted towards heaven, and the light came through between them, with the mild splendour of a vision. But the German, habituated to the vicissitudes of "perils by flood and field," shook off his brief alarm, and proceeded calmly to explain the source of the miracle. He gave a slight detail of the machinery of the pistol, and

alluded to the history of gunpowder. "It must be a mighty instrument in the hands of man, either for good or ill," said the form. "How it must change the nature of war! By whom was this wondrous secret revealed to the treaders upon earth?"—"A German." The form seemed suddenly to enlarge—its feebleness of voice was gone—its attitude was irresistibly noble. Before it had uttered a word, it looked as made to persuade and command; its outer robe had been flung away; it now stood with an antique dress of brilliant white, gathered in many folds, and edged in a deep border of purple; a slight wreath, like laurel, of a dazzling green, was on its brow; it looked like the Genius of Eloquence. "Stranger," said he, pointing to the Appenines, which were beginning to be marked with twilight, "eighteen hundred years have passed away since I was the glory of all beyond those mountains. I was then triumphant, and was honoured as the great leading mind of the intellectual empire of the world: but I knew nothing of these things; I was a child to you. Has not Italy been still the mistress of the mind? Shew me *her* noble inventions. I must soon sink into the earth—let me learn still to love my country." The listener started back, exclaiming, "Who, and what are you?"—"I am the spirit of an ancient Roman. Shew me by the love of a patriot, what Italy now sends out to enlighten mankind." The German looked embarrassed; but, in a moment after, he heard the sound of a



pipe and tabor. He pointed in silence to the narrow street from whence the interruption came; a ragged figure tottered out, with a barrel-organ at his back, a frame of puppets in his hand, a hurdy-gurdy round his neck, and a string of dancing dogs in his train. The spirit uttered, with a sigh, "Is this Italy?" The German bowed his head. The showman began his cry—"Raree show, fine raree show against the wall! Fine, Madam Catalini dance upon de ground. Who come for de galantee show?" The organ struck up, the dogs danced, the Italian capered round them. The spirit raised his broad gaze to Heaven—"These the men of my country! these the poets, the orators, the patriots of mankind! What scorn and curse has fallen upon them!" As he gazed, tears suddenly suffused his eyes; a sunbeam struck across the spot where he stood; a purple mist rose around him, and he was gone.—The Venetians, with one accord, started from their seats and rushed out of the hall. The Prince and his suite had previously arranged everything for leaving the city, and were beyond the Venetian territory before sunrise. Another night in Venice, and they would have been on their way to the other world.

1205.—COLUMBUS speaking with great humility of his discovery of America, some of the company spoke in very deprecating terms of the expedition. "There is no more difficulty," replied Columbus, "than in putting this egg on its end." They tried the experiment, and all

failed. Columbus, breaking a little off the end, set it upright. The Company sneered at the contrivance. "Thus," observed Columbus, "a thing appears very easy after it is done."

1206.—THREE GRAZIERs at a fair left their money with their hostess, while they went to transact their business. A short time after, one of them returned, and under pretence that they had occasion for the whole money, received it from the hostess, and made his escape with it. The other two sued the woman for delivering that which she had received from the *three*, before the *three* came and demanded it. The cause was tried, and a verdict found against the woman; when Mr. Noy, then making his first appearance at the bar, wished to be feed by her, because he could not plead without it. He then moved an arrest of judgment, that he was retained by the defendant, and that the case was this: the defendant had received the money of the three together, and confesses she was not to deliver it until the *same three* demanded it, and therefore the money is ready—let the *three* men come, and it shall be paid; (which as *one* of them had run away was impossible.) This motion altered the whole course of proceeding and first brought Mr. Noy into notice.

1207.—SIR GILBERT HEATHCOTE was very intimate with Sir Robert Walpole, and one evening being at the minister's house, he was asked, as usual, what he chose for supper, to which he answered, "beefsteaks and oyster sauce." After

spending an agreeable hour or two in conversation over a bottle, Sir Gilbert rose to take his leave, but seeing the hall lined with servants, he turned round to Sir Robert, and asked him which of them he was to pay for his beef-steak? Sir Robert took the hint, and ordered the servants to withdraw.

1208.—THE VICAR OF BRAY, in Berkshire, being a Papist under the reign of Henry VIII., and a Protestant under Edward VI., a Papist again under Queen Mary, and a Protestant in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was reproached as the scandal of his gown, by turning so often from one religion to another. "I cannot help that," said the vicar, "for if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle, which is—*To live and die Vicar of Bray.*"

1209.—SOON AFTER DR. PORTEUS, the late Bishop of London, was advanced to the metropolitan see, he went to court, where his majesty addressed him in French, which the prelate not understanding, the king then spoke to him in Italian, with which language he was likewise unacquainted. "What, my lord!" said the king, "don't you understand the polite languages?" —"Oh, my liege," replied the bishop, "the acquisition is not necessary, as the devil is as much mortified by a reproof in plain English, as any other dialect."

1210.—LORD NELSON, shortly after the loss of his arm, went to St. James's, accompanied by

Captain Berry, when the King, with his usual suavity, lamented the gallant admiral's wound, observing, he was sorry to see he had lost his right arm. "But not my right hand," replied Nelson, presenting Captain Berry to his majesty.

1211.—LORD NELSON, when about eight years old, and on a visit with his grandmother at Hilborough, was invited by another boy to go bird's-nesting. As he did not return at the usual dinner hour, the old lady became alarmed, and dispatched messengers different ways to search after him. The young rambles at length were discovered under a hedge, counting the spoils of the day, and the young Horatio was brought home. His relation began to scold him for being absent without her leave, and concluded with saying, "I wonder *fear* did not drive you home." Horatio innocently replied, "Madam, I never saw *fear*."

1212.—MR. HENRY ERSKINE, celebrated for his elegant repartee, being in company with the beautiful Duchess of Gordon, asked her, "Are we never again to enjoy the pleasure of your grace's society in Edinburgh?"—"Oh!" said she, "Edinburgh is a vile dull place, I hate it."—"Madam," replied the gallant barrister, "the sun might as well say, this is a vile dark morning, I won't rise to-day."

1213.—SERGEANT MAYNARD, an eminent counsellor, waiting with the body of the law

upon the Prince of Orange (afterwards King William) on his arrival in London, the prince took notice of his great age, the sergeant then being near ninety. "Sir," said he, "you have outlived all the men of the law of your younger years."—"I should have outlived even the law itself," replied the sergeant, "if your highness had not arrived."

1214.—TWO LEGAL CHARACTERS of great respectability, who were more remarkable for professional learning and judgment than knowledge of the habits and manners of fashionable life, were present at the festival given by the Prince Regent, (in honour of his royal father's birthday—King George III.) at Carlton House, but their wigs, and the whole of their attire, gave them so grotesque an aspect, that the Prince asked Mr. Jekyll (his solicitor-general) if he had noticed his brethren? "Yes," said the wag; "but I cannot help thinking that they have mistaken the nature of your royal highness's entertainment, and supposed that it was to be a masquerade." One of the legal sages, who heard this observation, immediately, said, "I perceive that your royal highness's court is in the old style, with a jester."

1215.—DURING THE TIME of Cromwell, by unjust dealing and monopoly, a great scarcity having taken place in a plentiful year; Oliver, knowing there was a great quantity of grain in the country, took the following method to find out and punish the rogues in grain. He, in



consequence, offered a premium of one thousand pounds to him who should bring the greatest quantity of grain to market on a certain day; upon which immense quantities were produced; but one man above all the rest produced far the greater quantity. Cromwell immediately ordered him to be paid the reward; and producing a rope, told him he would give him an halter into the bargain, and ordered the monopolizer to be hanged.

1216.—A CERTAIN MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT having heard many speeches in the house, to the great applause of the speaker, grew ambitious of rival glory by his oratory; and accordingly watched for a favourable opportunity to open. At length an occasion presented itself: it was on a motion being made in the house for enforcing the execution of some statute; on which public-spirited motion, the orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and, after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows:—"Mr. Speaker—have we laws, or have we not laws? If we have laws, and they are not observed, to what end were those laws made?" So saying, he sat himself down, his chest heaving high with conscious consequence; when another rose up, and delivered his thoughts in these words:—"Mr. Speaker—did the honourable gentleman who spoke last, speak to the purpose, or not speak to the purpose? If he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?" Which apropos reply set the whole house in such a fit of laugh-

ter, as discouraged the young orator from ever attempting to speak again.

1217.—TWO IRISH PORTERS meeting in Dublin, one addressed the other with “Och, Thady, my jewel, is it you? are you just come from England? Pray did you see anything of our old friend, Pat Murphy?”—“The devil a sight,” replied he, “and what’s worse I’m afraid I never shall.”—“How so?”—“Why, he met with a very unfortunate accident lately.”—“Amazing! What was it?”—“O, indeed, nothing more than this; as he was standing on a plank, talking devoutly to a priest, at a place in London which I think they call the Old Bailey, the plank suddenly gave way, and poor Murphy got *his neck broke*.

1218.—KING JOHN being shewn a stately monument erected over the grave of a nobleman who had rebelled against him, and being advised to deface it, answered, “No, no, I wish all my enemies were as honourably buried.”

1219.—ONE DAY JAMES THE SECOND, in the middle of his courtiers, made use of this assertion: “I never knew a modest man make his way at court.” To this observation one of the gentlemen present boldly replied: “And please your majesty, whose fault is that?” The king was struck, and remained silent.

1220.—BURKE had once risen in the House of Commons, with some papers in his hand, on the subject of which he intended to make a mo-

tion; when a rough-hewn member readily started up, and said—"Mr. Speaker, I hope the honourable gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers, and to bore us with a long speech into the bargain." Mr. Burke was so swollen, or rather so nearly suffocated with rage as to be incapable of utterance, and absolutely ran out of the House. George Selwyn remarked it was the only time he had ever seen the fable realized—"A Lion put to flight by the braying of an Ass."

1221.—LORD GALLOWAY was an enemy to the Bute administration. At the change of the ministry he came to London for the first time in the late King's reign. He was dressed in black, in a very uncourtly style. When he appeared at the levee, the eyes of the company were turned on him; and George Selwyn, being asked who he was, replied, "A Scotch undertaker, come to bury the last administration."

1222.—IN one of those social parties, which sometimes take place even among the great at the west end of the town, where mirth and innocent amusement occupy the place of ceremony, a young lady, who had been a pupil of Dr. Spurzheim, was instructing the company with her observations on their heads. At length it came to the turn of the great Captain of the Age to have his head examined; which done, the lady's opinion was demanded. She hesitated, blushed, but said nothing.—"Come," said his Grace, "don't be afraid, my young friend, to

declare what you think.”—“Why then,” said the lady, “since I must speak, your Grace is deficient in that organ, which I, in common with all the world, know you possess in the highest degree—Gall’s doctrines must fall at once.”—“No, Madam,” said the Duke, “you mean courage, and I assure you, your doctrine receives confirmation, not refutation, from the head you have examined. I have no courage, and never had in a physical sense, and that, which I trust I do possess, is altogether the effect of reason and reflection.”

1223.—THE REV. DR. P., visiting a country clergyman, requested permission to preach to his congregation, which his friend consented to, on condition that he adapted the language of his sermon to the illiterate capacities of his parishioners, and that he used no hard words. After the sermon was over, Dr. P. asked his friend whether he had not strictly observed the conditions? The other replied that he had used several words beyond the comprehension of his hearers, and instanced the word *felicity*, for which he would have substituted *happiness*. Dr. P. contended that one word was as plain as the other; and, to prove it, proposed calling in the ploughman, and putting it to him, which was done. “Well, Robin, do you know the meaning of the word *felicity*?”—“Ees, Sir,” said Robin, scratching his head and endeavouring to look wise, “ees, I thinks as how I does.”—“Well, Robin, speak up.”—“Wy, Sir, I doesn’t dis-

actly, but I think's it's some'at inside of a pig."

1224.—GENERAL LABORIE, in conversation with Count Lehrbach and Field-Marshal Lasnes, at the French advanced posts, while the convention of Hohenlinden was preparing, made some allusions to the want of dignity which a great nation exhibits in making war in the pay of a foreign power.—"How!" observed the Austrian, "the emperor is in no one's pay."—"But you received subsidies from England."—"No," said Count Lehrbach, with vehemence, "it is a loan."—"Yes," replied Laborie sarcastically, "and you pay the interest *with legs and arms.*"

1225.—TOM TICKLE was peculiarly odd in his manner of drawing characters. He once sent his servant to a gentleman, remarkable for being always in a hurry, with a message of great importance; but the servant returned, and told his master that the gentleman was in so great a hurry he could not speak to him. "It is no more than what I expected," says Tom, "for he loses an hour in the morning, and runs after it all day."

1226.—A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER one day, at a country inn, was boasting somewhat extravagantly of the very extensive nature of the transactions in which he had the honour to be concerned. Amongst other proofs of the truth of his representations, he stated to his fellow-travellers, that "his house paid upwards of 300*l.* per



annum for the article of writing-ink only, to be used in their counting-house, and other offices!"—"Oh!" replies a traveller in a different line of business, "that's a mere flea-bite to the business done by our house; do you know," he continued, "that during the last twelvemonths we have saved, in that article alone, no less a sum than 2,000*l.* by merely omitting the dots to our *i*'s, and the crosses to our *t*'s."

1227.—A SHOEMAKER once disappointed Dean Swift, by not bringing a pair of shoes at the promised time, and excused himself by saying he had forgotten to do so. The Dean appeared satisfied, asked him into his garden, and after a few turns left him on some pretence, locked the garden door, and put the key in his pocket. The shoemaker soon began to grow very cold and impatient. No attention, however, was paid him until night-fall, when he began to roar most lustily. The Dean, armed with a blunderbuss, and accompanied by all his servants, rushed out to the garden, and inquired, "Who's there?" in a voice of thunder. The shoemaker replied it was he. "Good God! Mr. —," said the Dean, "how long have you been here?"—"Six hours," rejoined the shoemaker.—"My dear Sir," said the Dean, "I beg your pardon, but I quite *forgot* you—as *you forgot the shoes.*"

1228.—THE ABBE MAURY, who had rendered himself obnoxious to the democrats, during the French Revolution, was one night seized by the

mob, who looked round for a lamp-post to suspend him on: "Pray, my good friends," said the Abbé, "were you to hang me to that lamp, do you think that you would see the clearer for it?" This well-timed wit softened the rabble more effectually than the dialectics of Ramus, and saved his life.

1229.—THE SALLIES OF HEROES are admired only when they are attended with success,—“Thou bearest Cæsar and his fortune”—but if Cæsar had been drowned? “So would I, if I were Parmenio”—but if Alexander had been beaten? “Take these rags and bring them to me in St. James’s palace”—but Charles Edward was defeated.

1230.—A WIT asked a countryman at what time he most enjoyed himself? “In winter,” replied he, “when I sleep in the chimney-corner after supper.” “Then you are of swinish descent,” said the wit, “for they sleep after meals.” —“Pray,” said the fellow, “what time do you wags enjoy most?” —“May,” replied the other. “Very well,” cried the fellow, “your kin is clear enough, for my ass likes that part of the year best.”

1231.—THE DISCONTENT of the French troops in Egypt happily vented itself in sarcastic jokes: this is the humour which always bears a Frenchman through difficulties. They had a great spite at General Caffarelli, whom they believed to have been one of the promoters of the

expedition. Caffarelli had a wooden leg, having lost one of his limbs on the banks of the Rhine; and whenever the soldiers saw him hobbling past, they would say, loud enough for him to hear—"That fellow does not care what happens; he is certain at all events to have one leg in France."

1232.—THE AMBASSADORS sent from Florence to France passing through Milan, paid a visit of ceremony to the Duke Barnabo, who asking them who they were, they answered, "Citizens and ambassadors of Florence, if it please your highness." Being graciously received, they proceeded on their journey; and when they came to Vercelli it was started that the expression used to the duke was improper, for they were certainly citizens and ambassadors of Florence, whether it pleased his highness or not. After much deliberation, they agreed to return to Milan, and retract that expression, as derogatory to their embassy. Coming to the duke's presence the elder spoke thus: "Prince, when he came to Vercelli, we recollected to have said, 'That we were citizens and ambassadors of Florence, *if it pleases your highness,*' which was a wrong expression; for we are citizens and ambassadors of Florence, *whether it please your highness or not.*"—Barnabo, laughing, answered, "Now I know you to be what I supposed, *grave men, and wise.*"

1233.—CHARLES V. going to see the new cloister of the Dominicans at Vienna, overtook a peasant who was carrying a sucking pig, and

whose cries were so disagreeable to the emperor, that, after many expressions of impatience, he said to the peasant, "My friend, do you not know how to silence a sucking pig?" The poor man said, modestly, that he really did not, and should be happy to learn. "Take it by the tail," said the emperor. The peasant finding this succeed upon trial, turned to the emperor, and said, "Faith, friend, you must have been longer at the trade than me, for you understand it better." An answer which furnished repeated laughter to Charles and his court.

1234.—A CURATE of great learning and merit, but without any prospect of preferment, found an opportunity of preaching before Bishop Hough, who was so well pleased with his discourse and manner of delivery, that after service he sent his compliments to him, desiring to know his name, and where his living was. "My duty to his lordship," replied the clergyman, "and tell him my name is Lewis; that *living* I have none; but my *starving* is in Wales." This smart answer did not displease the good bishop, who some time after presented him to a valuable benefice.

1235.—THEOPHRASTUS said to one who was silent in company, "If you are a fool, you do wisely; if you are wise, you do foolishly."

1236.—CARDINAL D'ESTE having been instrumental in raising Sixtus V. to the papacy, and not finding himself consulted in matters of

government, reproached him one day, saying, "But for me you had not been pope." Sixtus answered, "If you made me pope, let me be pope. I shall never be so while I am governed by another."

1237.—SALEZZO DE PEDRADA praising an old lady for her beauty, she answered, that beauty was incompatible with her age. To which Salezzo replied, "We say as beautiful as an angel, and yet the angels are, of all creatures, the most ancient."

1238.—WHEN XERXES wrote to Leonidas to surrender his arms, he only replied, "Come and take them."

1239.—MRS. BARBAULD being on a visit to the university of Oxford, in company with a very stupid young nobleman, who acted as Cicerone at one of the colleges, it was observed by a person who knew both the parties, how unfortunate she was in her conductor. "Not at all," said a gentleman present, "Minerva, you know, was always attended by an owl."

1240.—OLD ASTLEY, one evening, when his band was playing an overture, went up to the horn players, and asked why they were not playing. They said they had twenty bars rest. "Rest!" says he, "I'll have nobody *rest* in my company; I pay you for *playing*, not for *resting*."

1241.—MR. MOORE, having been long under a prosecution in Doctors' Commons, his proctor



called on him one day whilst he was composing the tragedy of the Gamester. The proctor having sat down, he read him four acts of the piece, being all he had written, by which the man of law was so much affected, that he exclaimed, "Good God! can you add to this couple's distress in the last act?"—"Oh! very easily," said the poet, "I intend to put them in the Spiritual Court."

1242.—MACKLIN, THE PLAYER, once going to one of the fire offices to insure some property, was asked by the clerk how he would please to have his name entered. "Entered," replied the veteran, "why, I am only plain Charles Macklin, a *vagabond by act of parliament*; but, in compliment to the times, you may set me down Charles Macklin, Esq., as they are now *synonymous terms*."

1243.—AN ATHENIAN, who wanted eloquence, but was very brave, when another had, in a long and brilliant speech, promised great affairs, got up, and said, "Men of Athens, all that he has said, I will do."

1244.—WHEN POPE CLEMENT XIV. (Ganganelli) ascended the papal chair, the ambassadors of the different states waited on him with congratulations: when they were introduced, they bowed, and he returned the compliment by bowing likewise; the master of ceremonies told his holiness he should not have returned their salute; "O, I beg your pardon," said the good

pontiff, "I have not been pope long enough to forget good manners."

1245.—WHEN LORD HOWE was captain of the *Magnanime*, a negro sailor on board was ordered to be flogged. Everything being prepared, and the ship's company assembled to see the punishment inflicted, Captain Howe made a long address to the culprit on the enormity of his offence. Poor Mungo, tired of the harangue, and having his back exposed to the cold, exclaimed, "Massa, if you floggee, floggee; or if you preachee, preachee; but no *preachee and floggee too!*"

1246.—NED SHUTER was often very poor, and being still more negligent than poor, was careless about his dress. A friend overtaking him one day in the street, said to him, "Why, Ned, are you not ashamed to walk the streets with twenty holes in your stockings? why don't you get them mended?"—"No, my friend," said Ned, "I am above it; and if you have the pride of a gentleman, you will act like me, and walk with twenty holes rather than have one darn."—"How, how," replied the other, "how do you make that out?"—"Why," replied Ned, "a hole is the *accident of the day*; but a darn is *premeditated poverty*."

1247.—ABOUT THE YEAR 1715, when Dr. Halley's scheme of the great solar eclipse, which foretold the precise time of its beginning and ending, was cried about the streets of London,

there happened to be a Turkish envoy here, who at first thought the people distracted, for pretending to know so very exactly when the Almighty would totally overshadow the sun, a circumstance of which the Mussulmans were ignorant. He concluded that God would never reveal so great a secret to infidels, and keep it concealed from the true believers. However, when the eclipse came actually to pass, as had been predicted, Lord Forfar asked his excellency what he now thought of the English mathematicians? His answer was, "They must certainly have obtained their intelligence from the devil; for he was sure that God would never correspond with such a wretched set of unbelievers as the English astronomers."

1248.—LOUIS XII. being at his castle of Plassey, near Tours, went one evening into the kitchen, where he found a boy turning the spit. The lad had something in his countenance which prepossessed the king in his favour, and he demanded who he was. The boy, not knowing the king, replied, with honest simplicity, that "his name was Stephen—that he came from Berri—and that he gained as much as the king."—"How much gains the king?" demanded Louis, with some degree of astonishment. "*His expenses,*" answered the boy, "and I gain mine." This answer so much pleased the monarch, that he took the lad under his protection, and appointed him his valet-de-chambre.

1249.—THE LATE MARQUIS OF GRANBY hav-

ing returned from the army in Germany, travelled with all possible expedition from the English port at which he landed to London, and finding on his arrival that the king was at Windsor, he proceeded there in his travelling-dress; where desiring to be instantly introduced to his majesty, there came a certain lord, neat and trim dressed, gay, and perfumed like a milliner, who, in the style of a waiting gentlewoman, said, he hoped to God the noble marquis did not mean to go into the presence of his majesty in so improper a habit, adding, “ ’Pon my honour, my lord, you look more like a *groom* than a gentleman.”—“ Perhaps I may,” replied the marquis, “ and I give you my word, if you do not introduce me to the king this instant, I will *act* like a groom, and *curry* you in a way you won’t like.”

1250.—DR. FRANKLIN’S peculiar talent was that of illustrating subjects by opposite anecdotes. When he was agent here for the province of Pennsylvania, he was frequently applied to by the ministry for his opinion respecting the operation of the stamp act; but his answer was uniformly the same, “ that the people of America would never submit to it.” After the news of the destruction of the stamped papers had arrived in England, the ministry again sent for the doctor to consult with; and in conclusion offered this proposal, “ That if the Americans would engage to pay for the damage done in the destruction of the stamped paper, &c., the parliament would then repeal the act.” The doctor,

having paused upon this question for sometime, at last answered it as follows:—"This puts me in mind of a Frenchman, who, having heated a poker red hot, ran furiously into the street, and addressing the first Englishman he met there, 'Hah! Monsieur voulez-vous give me de plaisir, de satisfaction, to let me run this poker only one foot into your body?'—"My body!' replied the Englishman: 'what do you mean?'—"Vel den, only so far,' marking about six inches. 'Are you mad?' returned the other; 'I tell you, if you don't go about your business, I'll knock you down.'—"Vel den,' said the Frenchman, softening his voice and manner: 'vil you, my good sire, only be so obliging as to pay me for the trouble and expense of heating this poker?'"

1251.—AT THE BATTLE OF DETTINGEN, George II., who commanded in person, rode on a very unruly horse, which at one period ran away with him to a very considerable distance, until Ensign Trapand, afterwards general, seized the bridle, when the king dismounted, exclaiming, "Now that I am on my legs, I am sure that I shall not run away." At the same battle, the Gens d'armes, the flower of the French army, made a desperate charge on the British line opposed to them, and were repulsed. In their retreat they were attacked by the Scotch Greys, and pushed into the river. Some years after, at a review of the above regiment, his majesty, after applauding their appearance, turned to the French



ambassador, and asked him his opinion of the regiment, adding, in his exulting manner, that they were the best troops in the world. The ambassador replied, "Has your majesty ever seen the Gens d'armes?"—"No," rejoined the king, "but my Greys have."

1252.—A CAUSE was once tried in one of the western counties which originated in a dispute about a pair of small-clothes. Upon this occasion the judge observed, "that it was the first time he had ever known a *suit* made out of a *pair of breeches*."

1253.—THE LATE EARL OF ROCHESTER, whose brilliant wit and talents rendered him so distinguished in the court of Charles II. and who, during a temporary disgrace with his sovereign, made himself a mighty favourite with the lower orders, by his exhibitions, under the mask of an Italian mountebank, on Tower-hill, felt so much diffidence in the House of Lords, that he was never able to address them. It is said, that having frequently attended, he once essayed to make a speech, but was so embarrassed that he was unable to proceed. "My lords," said he, "I rise this time—my lords, I divide my discourse into four branches." Here he faltered for some time; at length he was able to add, "My lords, if ever I rise again in this house, I give you leave to cut me off, root and branch, forever." He then sat down, to the astonishment of all present.

1254.—WHEN THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK sent Ben Jonson an excellent dish of fish from his table, but without drink, he said—

“In a dish came fish  
From the arch-bis-  
Hop was not there,  
Because there was no *beer*.”

1255.—IN A DEBATE, one evening, on the justice and expediency of making some alteration in the ecclesiastical constitution of this country, for the relief of tender consciences, Doctor Gordon, fellow of Emanuel College, and afterwards precentor of Lincoln, an avowed Tory in religious politics, when vehemently opposing the arguments of Mr. Jebb, a strenuous supporter of all such improvements, exclaimed, with his usual heat;—“You mean, Sir, to impose upon us a new church government.”—“You are mistaken, Sir,” said Paley, who was present,—“Jebb only wants to ride his own horse, not to force you to get up behind him.”

1256.—IT is said that Sir Isaac Newton did once in his life go a wooing, and, as was to be expected, had the greatest indulgence paid to his little peculiarities, which ever accompany a great genius. Knowing that he was fond of smoking, the lady assiduously provided him with a pipe, and they were seated as if to open the business of Cupid. Sir Isaac smoked a few whiffs—seemed at a loss for something—whiffed again—and at last drew his chair near to the lady: a pause of some minutes ensued; he seemed a little

uneasy; "Oh the timidity of some!" thought the lady—when, lo! Sir Isaac had got hold of her hand. The lady cast her eyes down towards the floor, and the palpitations began: he will *kiss* it, thought she, no doubt, and then the matter will be settled. Sir Isaac whiffed with redoubled fury, and drew the captive hand near his head: already the expected salute vibrated from the hand to the heart—when, pity the damsel, gentle reader! Sir Isaac only raised the fair hand, to make the forefinger what he much wanted—a *tobacco stopper!*

1257.—DOCTOR FULLER having requested one of his companions, who was a *bon-vivant*, to make an epitaph for him, received the following, with the conceit of which he always expressed himself much pleased,—

"Here lies Fuller's earth!"

1258.—PORSON'S COMPANY, as may well be supposed, was courted by all ranks, from the combination-room to the cider-cellar, for he mixed with all, and was to be found in both; and it was who should assist at his evening lectures, and who should carry away most from the oracle. But sometimes it would happen, as it does to most men, that he was *bedevilled*, and pulling a book out of his pocket, read only to himself; at other times he was violent, and, catching the poker out of the fire, brandished it over his head, to the terror of the company. Of this trick, however, he was cured, once for all, by a spark of fighting

notoriety, who, on seeing Porson seize the poker, and not being used to a furious Greek, but in the play, snatched up the tongs, observing two could play at that game. Upon this, the professor, with a sneer of his own said, "I believe, if I should crack your skull, I should find it very empty."—"And if I should break your head," replied the Irishman, "I should find it full of maggots." This retort pleased Porson so much, that he returned the poker to the fire, and repeated a whole chapter of Roderick Random, analogous to the affair.

1259.—LATIMER, the pious and learned martyr, and Bishop of Worcester, who was educated at Christ College, Cambridge, and was one of the first reformers of the church of England, at a controversial conference, being out-talked by younger divines, and out-argued by those who were more studied in the fathers, said, "I cannot talk for my religion, but I am ready to die for it."

1260.—PROFESSOR SAUNDERSON, who occupied so distinguished a situation in the University of Cambridge, as that of Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, was quite blind. Happening on a time to make one in a large party, he remarked of a lady who had just left the room, but whom he had never before met, nor heard of, that she had very *white teeth*. The company were anxious to learn how he had discovered this, which was very true. "I have reason," observed the professor, "to believe that the lady is not

a fool, and I can think of no other motive for her laughing incessantly, as she did for a whole hour together."

1261.—THE FOLLOWING, amongst other reasons, is given as the origin of the students of St. John's College being denominated *hogs*. A waggish genius espying a coffee-house waiter carrying a dish to a Johnian, who was seated in another box in the same coffee-house, asked, "if it were a dish of grains!" The Johnian immediately replied,—

"Says—, the Johns eat grains; suppose it true,  
They pay for what they eat; does he so too?"

1262.—PORSON was no less distinguished for his wit and humour, during his residence in Cambridge, than for his profound learning; and he would frequently divert himself by sending quizzical *morceaux*, in the shape of notes, to his companions. He one day sent his gyp with a note to a certain Cantab, who is now a D. D. and master of his College, requesting him to find the value of nothing? Next day he met his friend walking, and stopping him, he desired to know, "Whether he had succeeded?" His friend answered—"Yes!"—"And what may it be?" asked Porson. "*Sixpence!*" replied the Cantab, "which I gave the man for bringing the note."

1263.—DR. GLYNN, being one day in attendance on a lady in the quality of her physician, took the liberty of lecturing her on the impro-



priety of her eating cucumber, of which she was immoderately fond; and gave her the following humorous receipt for dressing them:—"Peel the cucumber," said the doctor, "with great care; then cut it into very thin slices, pepper and salt it well, and then—*throw it away!*"

1264.—A JOHNIAN, now deceased, one day met a Trinity man, walking under the piazza of Neville's Court, of whom he had some knowledge. Going suddenly up to the Trinitarian, he addressed him with,—“Sir, you are a thief!” The Trinitarian, all astonishment at the tone in which the accusation was made, demanded an explanation. “Sir,” answered the Johnian, smiling, “you steal from the sun.”

1265.—A SON OF GRANTOR, whose delight was rather in the sports of the field than in strutting about the streets of the University *à la Cantab*, had been out very early one morning at a fox-chase; from which returning at a late hour, his appetite became so excessively keen, that it was not to be resisted, and accordingly he resolved to beg alms at the first farm-house he might light on. His sight rendered keener by the cravings of his stomach, he soon espied a small house at some distance, which having gained, he offered his humble petition to mine hostess. The old dame courtesied, begged our hero would alight, and regretted she had no better cheer to offer him than the remnant of a meat pie, the remains of their own frugal meal. “Anything is better than nothing,” cried the

Cantab, at the same time entreating she would not delay a moment in placing it before him: for he already devoured it in imagination, so keen was his hunger. "Here it is," said the dame, producing it at the same instant from a small cupboard near the elbow of our sportsman, who turned round as she spoke—"Here it is, Sir; it is only made of the *odds* and *ends*, but may hope your honour would like it, though it has mutton and beef and all that in it."—"Charming! my good woman, it needs no apology; I never tasted a more delicious morsel in my life!" continued the Cantab, as he swallowed or rather devoured mouthful after mouthful. "But there is fish in it, too," said he, as he greedily sucked what he supposed to be a bone. "Fish," exclaimed the old dame, looking intently on what the sportsman had got in his hand: "fish, nae, Sir,—why lack a day (cried she)! if that beant our Billy's *comb*!"

1266.—A GENTLEMAN, who possessed a small estate in Gloucestershire, was allured to town by the promises of a courtier, who kept him in constant attendance for a long while to no purpose; at last the gentleman, quite tired out, called upon his pretended friend, and told him that he had at last got a place. The courtier shook him very heartily by the hand, and said he was very much rejoiced at the event: "But pray, Sir," said he, "where is your place?"—"In the Gloucester coach," replied the other. "I secured it last night, and so good-bye to you."

1267.—IGNATIUS SANCHE, in one of his letters, tells his correspondent, that Sam Foote was dead. "A leg, which had been cut off," says he, "was buried some years since, and now the whole Foote follows."

1268.—A SAILOR, who had been fighting and making a riot, was taken, first to a watch-house, then before a justice, who, after severely reprimanding him, ordered him to find bail. "I have no bail," said Jack. "Then I'll commit you," said the justice. "You will!" said the sailor, "then the Lord send you the rope that stops the wind when the ship's at anchor."—"What do you mean by that?" said the justice, "I insist on an explanation of that phrase."—"Why," said Jack, "it's the hanging rope at the yard-arm."

1269.—A VIOLENT WELSH SQUIRE having taken offence at a poor curate, who employed his leisure hours in mending clocks and watches, applied to the bishop of St. Asaph with a formal complaint against him, for impiously carrying on trade contrary to the statute. His lordship having heard the complaint, told the squire, "He might depend upon it the strictest justice should be done in the case." Accordingly the mechanic divine was sent for, and the bishop asked him how he dared to disgrace his diocese by following so low a trade as that of a mender of time-pieces. The other, with all humility, answered, "To satisfy the wants of a wife and ten children!"—"That won't do with me," rejoined the prel-

ate; "I'll inflict such a punishment upon you, as shall make you leave off your pitiful trade, I promise you;" and immediately calling in his secretary, ordered him to make out a presentation to the astonished curate to a living of at least 150*l.* per annum.

1270.—GENERAL KIRK, who had served many years at Tangier, after his return to England, was pressed by James the Second to become a proselyte to the Romish religion, as the most acceptable means of recommending himself to favour. As soon as the king had done speaking, Kirk expressed great concern that it was not in his power to comply with his majesty's desire, because he was really pre-engaged. The king smiled, and asked him what he meant? "Why, truly," answered Kirk, "when I was abroad, I promised the emperor of Morocco, that if ever I changed my religion I would turn Mahometan; and I never did break my word in my life, and must beg leave to say I never will."

1271.—DR. WALL at a public dinner was playing with a cork upon the table. "What a dirty hand Dr. W. has," said Mr. E. "I'll bet you a bottle there is a dirtier in company," said the doctor, who had overheard. "Done," said he; upon which he produced his other hand, and won the wager.

1272.—DR. RATCLIFFE being in a tavern one evening, a gentleman entered in great haste, almost speechless: "Doctor, my wife is at the

point of death, make haste, come with me.”—  
“Not till I have finished my bottle, however,” replied the doctor. The man, who happened to be a fine athletic fellow, finding the entreaty useless, snatched up the doctor, hoisted him on his back, and carried him out of the tavern:—the moment he set the doctor upon his legs, he received from him, in a very emphatic manner, the following threat: “Now, you rascal, I’ll cure your wife in spite of you.”

1273.—A TOBACCONIST having set up his chariot, in order to anticipate the jokes that might be passed on the occasion, displayed on it the Latin motto of “*Quid rides!*” Two sailors who had often used his shop, seeing him pass by in his carriage, the one asked the meaning of the inscription, when his companion said it was plain enough, repeating them as two English words, *Quid rides*.

1274.—HENRY IV. OF FRANCE leaning out of a window, with the skirts of his coat gaping behind, a stout scullion, perceiving the favourable situation, and mistaking his Sacred Majesty for one of the cooks, advanced on tiptoe, and with a well extended arm, discharged a heavy blow on the royal buttocks. “Zounds!” cried the King, “what the devil’s the matter now?” The poor man thinking himself undone, fell upon his knees, and excused himself by protesting he had mistaken his Majesty for Bertrand.—“Well,” replied the King, rubbing briskly the aching part, “if it had been Bertrand, where was the



necessity of striking so cursed hard?" and gave him a Louis d'Or.

1275.—A GREAT CROWD being gathered about a poor cobbler, who had just died in the street, a gentleman asked a bystander, who happened to be the well known G. A. Stevens, the facetious author of the Lecture on Heads, what was to be seen? The wit, with more humour than the circumstance allowed, replied "Oh! only a *cobbler's end*."

1276.—FLETCHER, of Saltown, is well known to have possessed a most irritable temper. His footman desiring to be dismissed, "Why do you leave me?" said he. "Because, to speak the truth, I cannot bear your temper."—"To be sure, I am passionate, but my passion is no sooner on than it is off."—"Yes," replied the servant, "but it is no sooner off than it is on."

1277.—KING JAMES I. mounting a horse that was unruly, cried, "The de'el tak my saul, sirrah, an ye be na quiet, I'll send ye to the Five Hundred Kings in the House o' Commons. They'll sune tame ye."

1278.—"YOU ARE A JEW," said one man to another; "when I bought this pig of you it was to be a guinea, and now you demand five-and-twenty shillings, which is more than you asked."—"For that very reason," replied the other, "I am no Jew, for a Jew always takes less than he asks."

1279.—DR. MONCEY once going along Ox-

ford Market, observed a poor woman in the family way at a butcher's shop, asking the price of a fine piece of beef. The brute answered the woman, "One penny a pound," thinking, no doubt, it was too good for her. "Weigh that piece of beef," said the doctor. "Ten pounds and a half," said Mr. Butcher. "Here, good woman," cried the doctor, "hold up your apron and take that beef home to your family."—"God bless your honour!"—"Go off, directly—home: no compliments! Here, Mr. Butcher," says the doctor, "give me change out of this shilling for that poor woman's beef."—"What do you mean, Sir?" replied the butcher. "Mean, Sir! why to pay for the poor woman's beef what you asked her, a penny a pound. Come, make haste, and give me three halfpence; I am in a hurry."—"Why, Sir, —," said the butcher. "No why sirs with me," says the doctor, "give me my change instantly or I will break your head." The butcher again began to expostulate, and the doctor struck him with all his force with his cane. A number of butchers had by this time gathered round him. The doctor told the story, and they could not refrain from laughing at their brother steel. The butcher vowed he would summon the doctor before the Court of Conscience. The latter gave the man his address, but never got his change, or heard any more of his butcher.

1280.—LOUIS XIV. was told that Lord Stair was the best bred man in Europe. "I shall soon

put that to the test," said the king, and asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him; as soon as the door of the coach was opened he bade him pass and go in,—the other bowed and obeyed. The king said, "The world was right in the character it gave of Lord Stair—another person would have troubled me with ceremony."

1281.—SHUTER being engaged for a few nights, in a principal city, in the north of England, it happened that the stage in which he went down, (and in which there was only an old gentleman and himself), was stopped on the other side of Finchley Common by a single highwayman. The old gentleman, in order to save his own money, pretended to be asleep, but Shuter resolved to be even with him. Accordingly, when the highwayman presented his pistol, and commanded Shuter to deliver his money instantly, or he was a dead man: "Money," returned he, with an idiotic shrug, and a countenance inexpressibly vacant, "Lord, Sir, they never trust me with any; for nuncle here, always pays for me, turnpikes and all, your honour." Upon which the highwayman gave him a few hearty curses for his stupidity, complimented the old gentleman with a smart slap on the face to awaken him, and robbed him of every shilling he had in his pocket: while Shuter, who did not lose a single farthing, with great satisfaction and merriment pursued his journey.

1282.—AN INHABITANT OF MONTGAILLARD lately deceased, left the following testament: "It

is my will that any one of my relations who shall presume to shed tears at my funeral shall be disinherited; he, on the other hand, who laughs the most heartily, shall be sole heir. In order that neither the church nor my house shall be hung with black cloth; but that on the day of my burial, the house and church shall be decorated with flowers and green boughs. Instead of the tolling of bells, I will have drums, fiddles and fifes. All the musicians of Montgaillard and its environs shall attend the funeral. Fifty of them shall open the procession with hunting tunes, waltzes, and minuets." This singular will created the more surprise, as the deceased had always been denominated by his family, the Misanthrope, on account of his gloomy and reserved character.

1283.—IT HAPPENED ONE MORNING while Dr. Busby was at his desk hearing a class, that a stone came suddenly through the window, on which he despatched two of the larger boys to bring in the culprit, supposing him to be one of his own pupils, a party of whom was then in the play-ground. The boys, however, being little disposed to betray their comrade, laid hands on a meagre Frenchman, who happened to be passing by, and brought him in as the offender; when the Doctor, without listening to a word he had to say, immediately exclaimed, "Take him up." This was as promptly obeyed as ordered, and the Frenchman received a sound flogging. Thinking it in vain to shew his resentment to a master,

surrounded by his scholars, he indignantly retreated; but at the first coffee-house he came to, sat down to write his enemy a challenge, which he sent by a porter. No sooner had the Doctor read the letter than he ordered in the messenger, on whose appearance the usual exclamation followed, "Take him up;"—and the ceremony of flogging was repeated in all its vigour. It was now the porter's turn to be wrathful;—he returned to his employer full of oaths and execrations, and protesting that he should make full amends for the treatment he had exposed him to; but the only redress he could get from the Frenchman was a shrug of the shoulders, with, "Ah, sure he be de vipping man;—he vip me—vip you—and vip all the world."

1284.—AT THE TOP OF SIR THOMAS MORE'S HOUSE, it should seem that there was a platform. Sir Thomas was one day recreating himself on it, when a madman broke loose from his confinement, made his way to More's house (who was then Lord Chancellor), and rushing up stairs, insisted on the Chancellor's *leaping down*! "Pooh," said Sir Thomas (with his usual preservation of temper and presence of mind), "any body can leap *down*: but to *leap up*, from the ground, *that* is the main question!" Such a proposal was likely to strike the perverse feelings of a maniac; and Sir Thomas was gravely liberated by his companion, in order to make the experiment.

1285.—DURING HIS CHANCELLORSHIP, More



and his wife sat in different pews at church; and, on the conclusion of service, and the retirement of the Chancellor, a man servant used to go and open Lady More's pew, and say, "My lord is gone." On the dismissal of More from the seals, his suite was necessarily dismissed also: and the first Sunday after he had resigned them, Sir Thomas HIMSELF came and opened the pew-door, and gravely bowing to his wife, exclaimed "*My Lord is gone!*" Nothing ever soured the temper, or daunted the courage and good spirits of that invulnerable man.

1286.—TRIBOULET, a court-fool in the time of Francis I., said that, if Charles V. were simple enough to enter France and trust himself in the power of an enemy whom he had used so ill, he would give his fool's cap to him.—"And suppose," said the King, "I give him as free a passage, as if he were traversing his own kingdom?"—"Sire," answered Triboulet, "in that case I shall take back my cap, and make you a present of it."

1287.—A DUEL, between M. de Langerie and M. de Montande, both remarkable for their ugliness, had a very comic catastrophe. Arrived at the place of battle, M. de Langerie stares his adversary in the face, and says, "I have just reflected; I can't fight with you." With this he returns his sword to its scabbard. "How, Sir, what does this mean?"—"It means that I shall not fight."—"What! You insult me, and refuse to give me satisfaction?"—"If I have insulted

you, I ask a thousand pardons, but I have an insurmountable reason for not fighting with you.” —“ But, Sir, may one know it? ” —“ It will offend you. ” —“ No, Sir. ” —“ You assure me? ” —“ Yes, I assure you. ” —“ Well, Sir, this it is; if we fight, according to all appearances I shall kill you, and then I shall remain the ugliest fellow in the kingdom. ” His adversary could not help laughing, and they returned to the city good friends.

1288.—JEALOUSY has sometimes converted even women into duellists, and that at no very distant period. It is not more than five and forty years ago that an actress, who still lives, called out another to the wood of Boulogne. The subject was a faithless lover, who had been seduced by a second passion from his first love. Both parties were exact to the appointment, and the deserted fair one drew first, but, at the sight of the sword the usurper lost all courage, quietly suffered her ears to be boxed, and returned to Paris crying.

1289.—FATHER JACSON, a Jesuit, was a missionary at the isle Ouessant. After having particularly instructed the chief of these islanders, he was made priest and rector of the island. He went every year to Brest, in November or December, to make his purchases, and above all to buy an almanac, his precious and only guide to the day of the month on which the moveable feasts fell. One year, the weather was so bad, that it was impossible for him to embark before

the end of March, yet still they were enjoying flesh days in the island by the example of their rector while all the rest of Christendom was fasting or supposed to be fasting. At last our pastor goes to Brest, where he learns that it is Passion week, and having provided himself with everything, he returns home. On the Sunday following he gets up into his pulpit, and announces to his flock the involuntary error that he has committed; "But," he adds, "the evil is not much, and we'll soon catch the rest of the faithful. That all may be in rule, the three flesh days, shall be to-day, to-morrow, and Tuesday; the day following shall be Ash-Wednesday; the rest of the week we'll fast; and on Sunday we'll sing Hallelujah."

1290.—THE DEATH OF M. PERRIER, of the Royal Academy of Sciences, occasioned a strange mistake. The Secretary of the Royal Society of Sciences happens to be also named Perrier. At a meeting of the latter body, the Chevalier M— entered with a countenance woe-begone, took his place among his brethren, then solemnly stood, drew forth a MS. from his pocket, and with a voice of the deepest sorrow, began a funeral oration "on his deceased friend." What was his surprise, when "the deceased friend" stood up from the president's chair, which he filled, (the panegyrist was so blinded with tears, as not to observe him sooner,) declined the honour about to be conferred on him, thanked his friend, in the warmest terms, and proposed, amidst roars of

laughter, to adjourn the reading of the oration *sine die*.

1291.—LAMOTTE OF ORLEANS, Bishop of Amiens, was remarkable for the austerity of his practice, and the indulgence of his doctrine. Severe in his principles, he was courteous in his manners, and even jocose in his conversation. It is related of him that a lady of his diocese having entreated his permission to wear a *little* rouge, only a *very* little, he told her that he would certainly, at her request, temporise a little between vanity and devotion, and therefore granted her his free permission to wear rouge on one cheek.

1292.—A CERTAIN WELL-KNOWN BACCHANALIAN OFFICER, having been severely wounded in an engagement during the late war in the Peninsula, was admonished by the surgeon to relinquish his usual habits of indulgence, and confine himself to one or at most two glasses of wine daily; for if he allowed himself to exceed that quantity it would to a certainty be attended by the most fatal consequences. The reply was, "Very well, doctor, you know best." At length, the wounds healed, and the doctor still insisted on a rigorous observance of his former instructions towards a perfect cure. The officer, however, replied, that finding his wounds were healed, he would not only indulge himself with an extra glass of wine, but would request the doctor to partake of a few glasses of some that he could recommend. The servant was forthwith ordered to bring a couple of glasses of wine, one for the

doctor, and one for his master. He speedily returned, bearing a salver on which rested two glasses, each containing fully a quart and a half of wine. "These," said the officer, "are my glasses, doctor; and on the honour of a soldier, I have drank no more than two of them daily, during the whole progress of my cure."

1293.—A CLERGYMAN, on leaving church, was complimented by one of his friends on the discourse he had been delivering. "South himself," exclaimed the delighted auditor, "never preached a better."—"You are right," replied the honest divine,—“it was the very best he ever did preach.”

1294.—AN OLD DIVINE, cautioning the clergy against engaging in virulent controversy, uses the following happy simile:—"If we will be contending, let us contend like the olive and the vine, who shall produce best and most fruit; not like the aspin and the elm, which shall make most noise in a wind."

1295.—A LATE WIT, at the time when the revolutionary names of the months (Thermidor, Floréal, Nivose, &c.) were adopted in France, proposed to extend the innovation to our own language, somewhat on the following model:—Freezy, Sneeczy, Breezy, Wheeczy; Showery, Lowery, Flowery, Bowery; Snowy, Flowy, Blowy, Glowy.

1296.—A SLAVE OF AMROU LEITS, the second prince of the dynasty of the Saffarides, who



reigned over Khorasan and Persia, ran away. Being brought back, the Grand Vizir, who had some pique against the man, earnestly counselled the King to put him to death for an example to others. On this the slave prostrated himself before Amrou, and said: "It is not for a slave to dispute the judgment of his lord and master; but, as I have been brought up and supported in your palace, I owe you some return of gratitude. I am therefore desirous that you should not have to answer at the day of judgment for the shedding of innocent blood. If I must die, let me die under some pretext of justice. Just allow me to murder the Vizir, and then you can avenge his death by mine without any violation of equity. Thus shall your soul be saved." The sultan smiled, and asked the Vizir his opinion of the proposal. The latter replied, that as his Highness's soul was concerned in the affair, (to say nothing of his own life, and the slave's infallible damnation,) perhaps the safest method for all parties would be to let the fellow go about his business.

1297.—A TURKISH YOUTH meeting one day an old man of a hundred years, who, leaning on his staff, formed with his curved person almost the figure of a bow, the youth said, "How much, Shaick, have you paid for that bow, I want to buy just such another."—"Have patience, my son," rejoined the old man, "if you live long enough you will get such a one for nothing."

1298.—AN ARAB OF THE DESERT sat at the

table of a Caliph, and the latter perceived a hair on the piece of meat which the other was about to devour. "Arab," cried the Caliph, "there is a hair on your meat, you had better remove it."—"A table," replied the Arab, rising to depart, "where the master looks so narrowly at the dishes as to espy a single hair, is no place for a child of Ismael."

1299.—A FELLOW of atrocious ugliness chanced to pick up a looking-glass on his road. But when he looked at himself, he flung it away in a rage, crying. "Curse you, if you were good for any thing you would not have been thrown away by your owner."

1300.—DR. GRAHAM being on his stage at Chelmsford, in Essex, in order to promote the sale of his medicines, told the country people, that he came there for the good of the public, not for want. Then speaking to his merry Andrew: "Andrew," said he, "do we come here for want?"—"No, faith, Sir," said Andrew, "we have enough of that at home."

1301.—IN A CONVERSATION which Sir Godfrey Kneller held with some gentlemen at Oxford, relative to the identity of the disinherited son of James II., some doubts having been expressed, he exclaimed with wrath: "His father and mother have sat to me about thirty-six times a-piece, and I know every line and bit of their faces. Mine Gott! I could paint King James now, by memory. I say, the child is so like both,

that there is not a feature in his face but what belongs either to father or mother; this I am sure of, and cannot be mistaken—nay, the nails of his fingers are his mother's, the queen that was. Doctor! you may be out in your letters, but I cannot be out in my lines."

1302.—A CERTAIN NOBLEMAN having built a chapel, had a mind the stair-case leading to it should be ornamented with some scripture history—which he at last determined should be the Children of Israel passing through the Red Sea, and the Egyptians pursuing them. A painter was employed on this occasion, and fell to work immediately; and after he had daubed the wall from top to bottom with red paint, he called to his lordship and told him the work was done.—“Done!” quoth the peer,—“What’s done? where are the Children of Israel?”—“My lord, they are gone over,” replied the painter. “But zounds! where are the Egyptians then?”—“The Egyptians, my lord?—why they are drowned to be sure.”

1303.—AN INTENDANT OF MONTPELIER, having lost his lady, was solicitous that the chief officers of the city should attend her funeral obsequies. This honour the magistracy thought proper to refuse; because it was not customary, and might introduce a bad precedent. With a view, however, to conciliate the favour of a person whom it would not be their interest to offend, they politely added—“If, Sir, it had been *your own funeral*, we should have attended it with the *greatest pleasure!*”

1304.—NOTICE OF COFFEE, from Sir H. Blunt's Travels in 1634. "They, (the Turks) have another drink called *cauphe*, made of a berry as big as a small bean, dried in a furnace, and beat to powder, of a sooty colour, that they seethe and drink, in taste a little bitterish, but as may be endured:—it is thought to be the old *black broth* used so much by the Lacedemonians: it drieth ill humours in the stomach, comforteth the brain," &c.

1305.—SOME TIME before the breaking up of the British headquarters at Cambray, an Irish soldier, a private in the 23d regiment of foot, was convicted for shooting at, and robbing a French peasant, and was in consequence sentenced to be hanged. On arriving at the place of execution, he addressed the spectators in a stentorian voice, as follows:—"Bad luck to the Duke of Wellington! he's no Irishman's friend anyhow. I have killed many a score of Frenchmen by his orders, and when I just took it in my head to kill one upon my own account, by the powers he has tuck'd me up for it!"

1306.—AN IGNORANT MAN, boasting of his library of French books, said that he had several volumes, but he was surprised that all the French productions were the works of one Tom.

1307.—THE DUKE OF CLARENCE jocularly observing to a Captain of the navy, that he heard he read the Bible, wished to know what he had learned from it. The Captain replied, that

there was one part of Scripture, at least, which he well remembered, and thought it contained an admirable lesson.—“What is that?” cried the duke. “Not to put my trust in princes! your royal highness.”

1308.—AN IRISHMAN lately arriving in London, and passing through Broad Street, observed a glass globe, containing some fine large Gold Fish, he exclaimed—“And sure, this is the first time in my life that I’ve seen live red herrings.”

1309.—AN IRISHMAN being told that a friend of his had put his money in the stocks. “Well,” said he, “I never had a farthing in the stocks, but I have had my legs often enough in them.”

1310.—WHEN PRAGUE was besieged by the Swedes, under Charles X., a very great glutton eat, in the presence of the king, a hog alive. General Konigsmark was also a spectator: this veteran officer told the king, the fellow was a sorcerer, and that it was by enchantment and deception he appeared to eat what, in fact, he did not. The operator being nettled at the general’s incredulity, told the prince, that “if he would command his officer to take off his boots and spurs he would eat him;” which so terrified General Konigsmark, that he retired with great precipitancy, choosing rather to put up with a little confusion, than be convinced, at so dear a price, of the goodness of this fellow’s appetite.

1311.—THE following severe epigram upon Burke was attributed to the pen of the late Lord



Ellenborough; it was enclosed in a cover, and presented to Burke as he was about to open one of the principal charges against Warren Hastings, in the High Court of Parliament:

Oft have we wonder'd that on Irish ground,  
No poisonous reptile has ere yet been found.  
Reveal'd the secret stands of Nature's work,  
She sav'd her venom to create a Burke.

With an air of blended indignation and contempt he tore it in pieces, and scattered it about the hall. The stanza, however, was impressed on his memory, and subsequently repeated by him to some friends with an air of jocularly.

1312.—“MR. ABRAHAMS,” said Lord Mansfield, “this man is your son, and cannot go in the same bail bond.”—“He ish not my son, my lord.”—“Why, Abrahams, here are twenty in court will prove it.”—“I will shwear, my lord, he ish not.”—“Take care, Abrahams, or I will send you to the King's Bench.”—“Now, my lord, if your lordship pleases, I will tell you the truth.”—“Well, I shall be glad to hear the truth from a Jew,” replied Lord Mansfield. “My lord, I wash in Amsterdam two years and three quarters; when I came home I findish this lad: now the *law* obliges me to maintain him; and consequently, my lord, he ish but my *son-in-law*.”—“Well, Moses,” rejoined Lord Mansfield, “this is the best definition of a son-in-law I ever heard.”

1313.—THE father of the celebrated Sheridan

was one day descanting on the pedigree of his family, regretting that they were no longer styled O'Sheridan, as they were formerly. "Indeed, father," replied Sheridan, then a boy, "we have more right to the O than any one else; for we *owe* everybody."

1314.—AN IRISHMAN who lodged at the Dolphin Inn, Bristol, coming home late one night, when all was in bed, and there being no knocker on the door, he thumped with his hand for some time, and could make nobody hear. At length, on the opposite side of the way, he found a house with a knocker, and began thumping most unmercifully, when the landlord of the house, putting his head out of the window, exclaimed, "What the devil do you want here at this time, disturbing one's rest?"—"Arrah, honey," cried Pat, "what the devil did you disturb yourself for? I was only borrowing your knocker."

1315.—TWO IRISH SEAMAN being on board a ship of war that was lying at Spithead, one of them, looking on Haslar Hospital, observed, "How much that building puts me in mind of my father's stables."—"Arrah, my honey," cries the other, "come with me, and I will shew you what will put you in mind of your father's house." So saying, he led him to the pig-sty—"There," said he, "does not that put you in mind of your father's parlour?"

1316.—FREDERICK I. OF PRUSSIA, standing one day at a window in his palace, perceived that

one of the pages took a pinch of snuff from a box which lay on the table. He did not interrupt him, but turning round immediately afterwards, he asked, "Do you like that snuff-box?" The page was confounded, and made no reply. The king repeated his question, and the page said, trembling, that he thought it very beautiful. "In that case," replied Frederick, "take it, for it is too small for us both."

1317.—IT IS WELL KNOWN that the celebrated lawyer Dunning (afterwards Lord Ashburton) was a severe cross-examiner, unsparing in his sarcasms and reflections upon character, when he thought that the truth might be elicited by alarming a witness. He sometimes was harsh and overbearing, when milder behaviour would have done him more credit, and answered his purpose quite as well. Among the numerous rebukes which he received for this habit of severity, the following is related, from his brother barrister, Jack Lee. He mentioned to Lee that he had made a purchase of some *manors* in Devonshire. "It would be well," said Lee, "if you could bring them to Westminster Hall."

1318.—THE LATE LEE LEWES shooting on a field, the proprietor attacked him violently: "I allow no person," said he, "to kill game on my manor but myself, and I'll shoot you, if you come here again."—"What," said the other, "I suppose you mean to *make game of me*."

1319.—SOON AFTER LORD CHESTERFIELD

came into the privy council, a place of great trust happened to become vacant, to which his Majesty (George II.) and the Duke of Dorset recommended two different persons. The king espoused the interest of his friend with some heat, and told them he would be obeyed! but not being able to carry his point, left the council-chamber in great displeasure. As soon as he retired, the matter was warmly debated, but at length carried against the king, because if they once gave him his way, he would expect it again, and it would at length become a precedent. However, in the humour the king then was, a question arose concerning who should carry the grant of the office for the royal signature, and the lot fell upon Chesterfield. His lordship expected to find his sovereign in a very unfavourable mood, and he was not disappointed; he therefore prudently forebore incensing him by an abrupt request, and instead of bluntly asking him to sign the instrument, very submissively requested to know whose name his majesty would have inserted to fill up the blanks. The king answered in a passion, *the devil's*, if you will."—"Very, well," replied the earl; "but would your majesty have the instrument run in the usual style—*Our trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor?*" The monarch laughed and signed the paper.

1320.—A COUNTRY CARPENTER having neglected to make a gibbet (which was ordered by the executioner), on the ground that he had not been paid for the last he had erected, gave so

much offence, that the next time the judge came the circuit, he was sent for. "Fellow," said the judge, in a stern tone, "how came you to neglect making the gibbet that was ordered on my account?"—"I humbly beg your pardon," said the carpenter, "had I known it had been *for your lordship*, it would have been done immediately."

1321.—WHEN THE LATE LORD PAGET was ambassador at Constantinople, he, with the rest of the gentlemen who were in a public capacity at the same court, determined on one gala day to have each of them a dish dressed after the manner of their respective countries, and Lord Paget, for the honour of England, ordered a piece of roast beef, and a plum pudding. The beef was easily cooked, but the court cooks not knowing how to make a plum pudding, he gave them a receipt. "So many eggs, so much milk, so much flour, and a given quantity of raisins; to be beaten up together, and boiled for three hours." When dinner was served up, first came the French ambassador's dish—then that of the Spanish ambassador—and next, two fellows bearing a tremendous pan, and bawling "Room for the English ambassador's dish."—"By Jove," cried his lordship, "I forgot the bag, and these stupid scoundrels have boiled it without one,—and in five gallons of water too." It was a noble mess of plum broth.

1322.—AT A VIOLENT OPPOSITION ELECTION for Shrewsbury, in the reign of George I., a half



pay officer, who was a non-resident burgess, was, with some other voters, brought down from London at the expense of Mr. Kynaston, one of the candidates. The old campaigner regularly attended and feasted at the houses which were opened for the electors in Mr. Kynaston's interest, until the last day of the polling, when, to the astonishment of the party, he gave his vote to his opponent. For this strange conduct he was reproached by his quondam companions, and asked what could have induced him to act so dishonourable a part, and become an apostate. "An apostate," answered the old soldier, "an apostate! by no means—I made up my mind about whom I should vote for before I set out upon this campaign, but I remembered the duke's constant advice to us when I served with our army in Flanders, 'Always quarter upon the enemy, my lads—always quarter upon the enemy.'"

1323.—SWIFT, while resident on his living of Larocar, was daily shaved by the village barber, who at length became a great favourite with him. Razor, while lathering him one morning, said he had a great favour to request of his reverence; that his neighbours had advised him to take the little public-house at the corner of the churchyard, which he had done, in the hope that, blending the profession of *publican* with his own, he might gain a better maintenance for his family. "Indeed," said the dean, "and what can I do to promote this happy union?"—"An please you," replied Razor, "some of my customers have

heard much about your reverence's *poetry*, so that if you would but condescend to give me a smart little touch in that way, to clap under my sign, it might be the making of me and mine forever."—"But what do you intend for your sign?" says the dean. "The *Jolly Barber*, if it please your reverence, with a *razor* in one hand, and a *full pot* in the other."—"Well," rejoined the dean, "in that case there can be no great difficulty in supplying you with a suitable inscription:" so taking up his pen, he instantly scratched the following couplet, which was affixed to the sign, and remained so for many years:

"Rove not from *pole* to *pole*, but step in here,  
Where nought excels the *shaving* but the *beer*."

1324.—THE ARM OF DR. BARROW, like his argument, was powerful, as the following instance of his prowess, humanity, and love of reasoning, as related by his biographer, will shew. Being on a visit to a friend in the country, he rose before daybreak one morning, and went into the yard. He had scarcely left the door, when a large English mastiff, left loose to guard the premises during the night, sprung upon him. Barrow grappled with the dog, threw him on the ground, and himself upon him. In this position he remained, till one of the servants made his appearance, who instantly called off the dog, and extricated the doctor from his perilous situation. "Why didn't you strangle

him, doctor?" asked the man.—"Because," answered Barrow, "the brute was only doing his duty: and I thought within myself, as I kept him under me, if we all did the same, how much happier the community would be."

1325.—IN THE DAYS OF CHARLES II., candidates for holy orders were expected to respond in Latin, to the various interrogatories put to them by the bishop or his examining chaplain. When the celebrated Dr. Isaac Barrow (who was fellow of Trinity College, and tutor to the immortal Newton) had taken his bachelor's degree, and disengaged himself from collegiate leading-strings, he presented himself before the bishop's chaplain, who with the stiff stern visage of the times, said to Barrow—

"*Quid est fides?*" (what is faith?)

"*Quod non vides*" (what thou dost not see),

answered Barrow with the utmost promptitude. The chaplain, a little vexed at Barrow's laconic answer,—continued—

"*Quid est spes?*" (what is hope?)

"*Magna res*" (a great thing),

replied the young candidate in the same breath,

"*Quid est charitas?*" (what is charity?)

was the next question.

"*Magna raritas*" (a great rarity),

was again the prompt reply of Barrow, blending truth and rhyme with a precision that staggered the reverend examiner; who went direct to the

bishop and told him that a young Cantab, of *philosophic mien* (the faces of reading men in those days being generally in the likeness of *inverted* isosceles triangles), had thought proper to give rhyming answers to three several moral questions: and added that he believed his name was Barrow, of Trinity College, Cambridge: "Barrow, Barrow!" said the bishop, who well knew the literary and moral worth of the young Cantab. "If that's the case, ask him no more questions: for he is much better qualified," continued his lordship, "to examine us than we him." Barrow received his letters of orders forthwith.

1326.—A GENTLEMAN of Maudlin College, whose name was *Nott*, happening one evening to be out, was returning late from his friend's rooms in rather a merry mood, and, withal, not quite able to preserve his centre of gravity. In his way he attracted the attention of the proctor, who demanded his name and college. "I am *Nott* of Maudlin," was the reply, hiccupping.—"Sir," said the proctor, in an angry tone, "I did not ask of what college you are *not*, but of what college you are."—"I am *Nott* of Maudlin," was again the broken reply. The proctor, enraged at what he considered contumely, insisted on accompanying him to Maudlin, whither having arrived, he demanded of the porter, "whether he knew the gentleman."—"Know him, Sir," said the porter, "yes, it is Mr. *Nott*, of this college." The proctor now perceived his

error in *not* understanding the gentleman, and, laughing heartily at the affair, wished him a good-night.

1327.—BISHOPS SHERLOCK AND HOADLY were both freshmen of the same year, at Catherine Hall, Cambridge. The classical subject in which they were first lectured, was Tully's Offices, and it so happened, one morning, that Hoadly received a compliment from the tutor for the excellence of his construing. Sherlock, a little vexed at the preference shown to his rival (for such they then were), and, thinking to bore Hoadly by the remark, said, when they left the lecture-room, "Ben, you made good use of L'Estrange's *translation* to-day."—"Why, no, Tom," retorted Hoadly, "I did not, for I had not got one; and I forgot to borrow *yours*, which, I am told, is the only one in the college."

1328.—ON A TIME, a question arose in the University of Cambridge, between the doctors of law and the doctors of medicine, as to which ought to take precedence of the other on public occasions. It was referred to the Chancellor, who facetiously inquired whether the *thief* or the *hangman* preceded at an execution, and, being told that the thief usually took the lead on such occasions; "Well, then," he replied, "let doctors in law have the precedence, and the doctors of medicine be next rank." This humorous observation set the point in dispute at rest.

1329.—MILTON, THE BRITISH HOMER, and



prince of modern poets, in his latter days, and when he was blind (a thing some men do with their eyes open), married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham one day in Milton's hearing, called her a *rose*.—"I am no judge of flowers," observed Milton, "but it may be so, for I feel the *thorns* daily."

1330.—ONE of the wooden *mitres* carved by Grin. Gibbon over a prebend's stall, in the cathedral church of Canterbury, happening to become loose, Jessy White, the surveyor of that edifice, inquired of the dean whether he should make it fast—"for, perhaps," said Jessy, "it may fall on your reverence's head."—"Well! Jessy, suppose it does," answered the humorous Cantab, "suppose it does fall on my head, I don't know that a mitre falling on my head would hurt it."

1331.—DR. CRAVEN, late master of St. John's College, excited the wrath of a waggish student, by indulging him with an *imposition*, for some irregularity of conduct. *Sky parlour* claimed the honour of being inhabited by this aspirant to philosophical fame, when, watching an opportunity, as the venerable master was sunning himself beside the college walls, he proceed to discharge the contents of a huge stone jar upon his devoted head: unfortunately, the jar followed the water, and was near inflicting on the learned doctor the fate of Aeschines. Enraged at this, Dr. Craven issued a summons, commanding the immediate attendance of the inhabitant of that room from whence the pitcher had fallen. Upon

his entrance, the doctor exclaimed, "Young man—young man, you had nearly killed your poor old master—you had nearly killed me;" when the unabashed culprit, with the most perfect *non-chalance*, replied, "I was merely trying some *hydrostatical* experiments." — "Hydrostatical experiments!" exclaimed the enraged master, thrown entirely off his guard by the cool answer of the Johnian, "I'd thank you, young man, when next you pursue your *hydrostatical* labours, not to use such a large pitcher."

1332.—PORSON was one day conversing in Latin with a certain learned Theban, from the sister university, when the latter, wishing to convince the professor that he was better acquainted with the writings of Cicero than any man living, affirmed that he had spent *thirteen years* "*in perlegendo Cicerone*;" to which the Greek professor, with admirable wit, replied, "*And Echo answered, ὄνε.*" (Oh, ass!)

1333.—A CANTAB., who happened to be under Sir Busick Harwood, when professor, was enjoined to live temperately, as a cure for his malady. The doctor called upon him one day, and found him enjoying himself over a bottle of Madeira.—"Ah, doctor!" exclaimed the patient, at the same time reaching out his hand to bid him welcome, "I am glad to see you; you are just in time to taste the first bottle of some prime Madeira!"—"Ah!" replied Sir Busick, "these bottles of Madeira will never do—they are the cause of all your sufferings!"—"Are

they so?" cried the patient, "then fill your glass, my dear doctor; for, since we know the cause, the sooner we get rid of it the better."

1334.—AMONG the best specimens of alliteration, may be ranked the well known lines on the celebrated Cardinal Wolsey:—

"Begot by butchers, but by bishops bred,  
How high his honor holds his haughty head!"

But the following unpublished sally, by the erudite Dr. Parr, is not a whit inferior.—In a company consisting principally of divines, the conversation naturally turned on the merits of the late head of the church, who was thus characterized by the learned and eccentric doctor, in reply to one of the gentlemen: "Sir, he is a poor paltry prelate, proud of petty popularity, and perpetually preaching to petticoats."

1335.—CAMBRIDGE ALE, particularly "Audit," has been long celebrated for its inspiring qualities. A certain Trinitarian, who, though no *barker*, is well known among the literati for his *classical acumen*, on receiving a present of *Audit*, exclaimed:—

"*All hail to the ale! It sheds a halo round my head.*"

1336.—DURING the time that the erudite Dr. Bentley was preparing an edition of Homer, which he had undertaken at the desire of Earl Grenville, he was accustomed not infrequently to spend his evenings with that distinguished nobleman. These congenials, when drinking deep at

the classic fountain, would sometimes keep it up to a late hour. One morning, after one of their mental carousals, the mother of his lordship reproached him for keeping the *country clergyman*, as she termed the learned Cantab., till he was *intoxicated*. Lord Grenville denied the charge,—on which the lady replied, he could not have sung in so ridiculous a manner, if he had not been in *liquor*; but the truth was, that the singing, which appeared so to have annoyed the noble lady, was no other than the doctor endeavouring to entertain and instruct Lord Grenville in the true *cantilena* or *recitative*, of the ancients.

1337.—AT THE SITTINGS OF GUILDHALL, an action of debt was tried, before Lord Mansfield, in which the defendant, a merchant of London, with great warmth, complained of the plaintiff's conduct, to his lordship, in having caused him to be arrested, not only in the face of the day, but in the Royal exchange, and in the face of the whole assembled credit of the metropolis. The chief justice stopped him with great composure, saying,—“Friend, you forget yourself; *you* were the *defaulter*, in refusing to pay a just debt: and let me give you a piece of advice worth more to you than the debt and costs: be careful not to put it in any man's power to arrest you, either in public or private, for the future.”

1338.—SIR ISAAC NEWTON's favourite little dog, Diamond, having, in his absence, entered his study, he found it, on his return, diverting

itself with the remains of some valuable MSS., containing the *memoranda* of many years' laborious research, which it had already torn into a thousand pieces; but so great a command had this genius over his temper, that, gathering up the remnants, he patted the offender on the head, saying,—“Oh! Diamond, Diamond, you know not what mischief you have done!”

1339.—“THE BISHOP OF LONDON,” says Aubrey, “having cut down a noble *cloud* of trees at Fulham, Lord Chancellor Bacon told him, ‘he was a good expounder of *dark* places.’”

1340.—DR. PARR once called a clergyman a *fool*, who, indeed, was little better. The clergyman said, he would complain of this usage to the bishop. “Do,” said the doctor, “and my lord bishop will *confirm* you.”

1341.—RALPH WEWITZER, ordering a box of candles, said he hoped they would be better than the last. The chandler said he was very sorry to hear them complained of, as they were as good as he could make. “Why,” says Ralph, “they were very well till about half burnt down, but after that they would not burn any *longer*.”

1342.—PIOVANO ARLOTO, a buffoon, boasted that in all his life he never spoke truth. “Except,” replied another, “at this present moment.”

1343.—COLONEL GUISE, going over one campaign to Flanders, observed a young raw officer who was in the same vessel with him, and with



his usual humanity told him that he would take care of him and conduct him to Antwerp, where they were both going; which he accordingly did, and then took leave of him. The young fellow was soon told by some arch rogues, whom he happened to fall in with, that he must signalize himself by fighting some man of known courage, or he would soon be despised in the regiment. The young man said, he knew no one but Colonel Guise, and he had received great obligations from him. It was all one for that, they said, in these cases; the colonel was the fittest man in the world, as everybody knew his bravery. Soon afterwards, up comes the young officer to Colonel Guise, as he was walking up and down the coffee-room, and began in a hesitating manner to tell him how much obliged he had been to him, and how sensible he was of his obligations. "Sir," replied Col. Guise, "I have done my duty by you and no more."—"But, Colonel," added the young officer, faltering, "I am told that I must fight some gentleman of known courage, and who has killed several persons, and that nobody."—"Oh, Sir," interrupted the colonel, "your friends do me too much honour; but there is a gentleman" (pointing to a fierce looking black fellow that was sitting at one of the tables), "who has killed half of the regiment." So up goes the officer to him, and tells him he is well informed of his bravery, and for that reason he must fight him. "Who, I, Sir?" replied the gentleman, "Why, I am the apothecary!"

1344.—AT THE END OF QUEEN MARY'S BLOODY REIGN, a commission was granted to one Dr. Cole, a bigoted papist, to go over to Ireland, and commence a fiery persecution against the Protestants of that kingdom. On coming to Chester, the doctor was waited upon by the mayor, to whom he shewed his commission with great triumph, saying, "Here is what shall lash the heretics of Ireland." Mrs. Edmunds, the landlady of the inn, hearing these words, when the doctor went down stairs with the mayor, hastened into the room, opened the box, took out the commission, and put a pack of cards in its place. When the doctor returned, he put his box into the portmanteau without suspicion, and the next morning sailed for Dublin. On his arrival, he waited upon the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council, to whom he made a speech relating to his business, and then presented his box to his Lordship; but on opening it there appeared *a pack of cards with the knave of clubs uppermost*. The doctor was petrified, and assured the company he had a commission, but what was become of it he could not tell. The Lord Lieutenant answered, "Let us have another commission, we will shuffle the cards the meanwhile." Before the doctor could get his commission renewed, the Queen died, and thus the persecution was prevented.

1345.—WHEN MR. PENN, a young gentleman, well known for his eccentricities, walked from Hyde Park Corner to Hammersmith, for a wager of one hundred guineas, with the honour-

able Butler Danvers, several gentlemen who had witnessed the contest spoke of it to the Duchess of Gordon, and added, it was a pity that a man with so many good qualities as this Penn had, should be incessantly playing these unaccountable pranks. "It is so," said her grace, "but why don't you advise him better? He seems to be a *pen* that everybody *cuts*, but nobody *mends*."

1346.—DAVID HUME and R. B. Sheridan were crossing the water to Holland, when a high gale arising, the philosopher seemed under great apprehension lest he should go to the bottom. "Why," said his friend, "that will suit your genius to a tittle; as for my part, I am only for skimming the surface!"

1347.—DAVENPORT, a tailor, having set up his carriage, asked Foote for a motto. "There is one from Hamlet," said the wit, "that will match you to a button-hole; List, list! oh list!"

1348.—LORD BACON says, reading makes a full man, writing an exact man, and conversation a ready man.

1349.—SIR THOMAS MORE being asked by an impertinent author his opinion of a book, Sir Thomas desired him by all means to put it in verse, and bring him it again, which no sooner was done, than Sir Thomas looking upon it, said, "Yea, now it is somewhat like; now it is rhyme; before it was neither rhyme nor reason."

Whence the proverb, "It is neither rhyme nor reason."

1350.—QUIN sometimes said things at once witty and wise. Disputing concerning the execution of Charles I., "But by what laws," said his opponent, "was he put to death?"—"By all the laws that he had left them."

1351.—As A LAME COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER was hobbling one day to his school-room, he was met by a certain nobleman, who asked his name and vocation. Having declared his name, he added, "and I am master of this parish!"—"Master of this parish!" observed the peer, "how can that be?"—"I am master of the children of the parish," said the man; "the children are masters of their mothers: the mothers are the rulers of the fathers, and consequently I am master of the whole parish."

1352.—"PRAY, MR. HOPNER," said lady C——, "how do you limners contrive to overlook the ugliness and yet preserve the likeness?"—"The art, madam," replied he, "may be conveyed in two words: where nature has been severe we soften; where she has been kind, we aggravate."

1353.—LADY F—— had arrived to so extreme a degree of sensibility, that seeing a man go by with a mutilated wheelbarrow, she cried out to her companion, "Do turn aside, it distresses me above measure to see that poor unfortunate wheelbarrow with one leg."

1354.—A SAILOR had just returned from the West Indies, and sitting, half seas over, in a tap-room at Wapping, saw a crowd on the opposite side the way; and, on inquiring the cause, was told it was a Quaker's funeral. "A funeral," says Jack, "that's new to me; when one of our messmates slips his cable, we hoist him overboard in a blanket, but I never saw one packed up in a box and directed before, so I'll reconnoitre him." Accordingly he followed the crowd to the place of interment. The funeral ceremony of the Quakers consists in the mourners ranging themselves on one side of the grave, and waiting a certain time for the inspiration of the spirit. Having taken their station, Jack reeled to the other side, and there observed the contortions of their faces in silent surprise. At length, one of them, being moved by the spirit, made a long face, and drawled out, "Alas! there is no happiness on this side the grave." On which Jack, whose patience was exhausted, exclaimed, "Then, d—n your eyes, come on this side."

1355.—THE LATE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON, who was remarkable for having a very high sense of her own dignity, being one day detained in her carriage by a cart of coals that was unloading in the street, she leaned with both her arms upon the door, and asked the fellow, "How dare you, sirrah, stop a woman of quality in the street?"—"Woman of quality," replied the man. "Yes, fellow," rejoined her grace, "don't you see my *arms* upon my carriage?"—"Yes,



I do, indeed," says he, "and a pair of plaguy coarse arms they are."

1356.—A COCKNEY complaining that he had lost his appetite was advised to eat oysters before dinner, which would be the means of restoring it. The next day he met his friend, and upbraided him with the folly of his prescription, by stating, "that he had eat one hundred oysters in the morning, and did not find his appetite a bit better."

1357.—THE OLD LORD STAMFORD taking a bottle with the parson of the parish, was commending his own wine. "Here, doctor," said he, "I can send a couple of ho—ho—ho—hounds to Fra—Fra—France," (for his lordship had a great impediment in his speech), "and have a ho—ho—hogshead of wine for 'em. What do you say to that, doctor?"—"Why, my lord," replies the doctor, "I think your lordship has your wine *dog-cheap*."

1358.—A YOUNG ORATOR having written a speech, which he intended to deliver on a certain occasion, gave it to a friend to read, and desired his opinion of it. The friend, after some time, told the author he had read it over three times: the first time it appeared very good, the second indifferent, and the third quite insipid. "That will do," said the orator, very coolly, "for I have only to repeat it once."

1359.—AN IRISH GENTLEMAN, sojourning at Mitchner's Hotel, Margate, felt much annoyed

at the smallness of the bottles, considering the high price of wine. One evening taking his glass with a friend in the coffee-room, the pompous owner came in, when the gentleman, after apologizing to Mitchner, told him, he and his friend had laid a wager, which he must decide, by telling him what profession he was bred to. Mitchner, after some hesitation at the question, answered, "that he was bred to the law."—"Then," said the gentleman, "I have lost, for I laid that you was bred a packer."—"A packer, Sir," said Mitchner, swelling like a turkey-cock, "what could induce you, Sir, to think I was bred a packer?"—"Why, Sir," said the other, "I judged so from your *wine measures*, for I thought no man but a *skilful packer* could put a *quart of wine* into a *pint bottle*!"

1360.—A LADY asked an old uncle, who had been an attorney, but left off business, "what were the requisites for going to law?" To which he replied, "Why, niece, it depends upon a number of circumstances: in the first place, you must have a good cause; 2dly, a good attorney; 3dly, a good counsel; 4thly, a good evidence; 5thly, a good jury; 6thly, a good judge; and, lastly, good luck."

1361.—A CERTAIN CLERGYMAN in the west of England being at the point of death, a neighbouring brother, who had some interest with his patron, applied to him for the next presentation; upon which the former, who soon after recovered, upbraided him with a breach of friendship, and

said, he wanted his death. "No, no, doctor," says the other, "you quite mistake: it was your *living* I wanted."

1362.—A GENTLEMAN in company complaining that he was very subject to catch cold in his feet, another, not overloaded with sense, told him that might easily be prevented, if he would follow his directions. "I always get," said he, "a thin piece of lead out of an Indian chest, and fit it to my shoe for this purpose."—"Then, Sir," says the former, "*you are like a rope-dancer's pole, you have lead at both ends.*"

1363.—PYTHEAS, the daughter of Aristotle, being asked, "which was the most beautiful colour," answered, "That of *modesty.*"

1364.—VOLTAIRE, when in London, being at a great rout with Lord Chesterfield, a lady in company, very much painted, engrossed his conversation. Chesterfield tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Take care you are not captivated."—"My lord," replied Voltaire, "I scorn to be taken by an English bottom under French colours."

1365.—LADY CARTERET, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in Swift's time, said to him, "The air of this country is good."—"For God's sake, madam," says Swift, "don't say so in England; if you do, they will certainly tax it."

1366.—KING CHARLES II. was reputed a great connoisseur in naval architecture. Being

once at Chatham, to view a ship just finished on the stocks, he asked the famous Killigrew, "if he did not think he should make an excellent shipwright?" Who pleasantly replied, "he always thought his Majesty would have done better at any trade than his own." No favourable compliment, but as true a one, perhaps, as ever was paid.

1367.—A FELLOW having been adjudged, on a conviction of perjury, to lose his ears; when the executioner came to put the sentence of the law in force, he found that he had been already cropped. The hangman seemed a little surprised. "What," said the criminal, with all the *sang froid* imaginable, "am I obliged to furnish you with ears every time you are pleased to crop me?"

1368.—MR. WILLIAM BURKITT, going one Sunday to church from the lecture-house, met an old Cambridge friend, who was coming to give him a call before sermon. After the accustomed salutations, Burkitt told his friend, that as he had intended him the favour of a visit, his parishioners would expect the favour of a sermon. The clergyman excused himself, by saying he had no sermon with him; but, on looking at Burkitt's pocket, and perceiving a corner of his sermon-book, he drew it gently out, and put it in his own pocket. The gentleman then said with a smile, "Mr. Burkitt, I will agree to preach for you." He did so, and preached Burkitt's sermon. He, however, appeared to great disadvan-

tage after Burkitt, for he had a voice rough and untuneful, whereas Burkitt's was remarkably melodious. "Ah!" said Burkitt to him archly, after sermon, as he was approaching him in the vestry, "you were but half a rogue: you stole my fiddle, but you could not steal my fiddlestick."

1369.—A COUNTRYMAN residing between Arbroath and Montrose was in the practice of depositing small sums occasionally in the bank at Arbroath. At last, from some motive which he deemed prudential, he conceived it might be as well to make his next deposit in the bank at Montrose. He accordingly went there, and handing a certain sum across the counter, inquired if they would keep that for him. "O yes," replied the banker: "What is your name?"—"What's your business wi' my name, Sir? Just gi'e me a bit o' paper," said the countryman, with an indignant air. "We cannot give a receipt till we know your name and place of abode," replied the banker. "O'd, you're ower quisitive fo'k for me!—Provost—— of Arbroath never speers my name, nor yet where I bide: he just gi'es me a paper at ance. Sae, Sir, either gi'e me a paper or my siller back again, ony of them you like."—"Would you let us look at one of Provost ——'s papers?" said the banker. "O, ay, Sir." A receipt from the bank in Arbroath was now produced: in consequence of which they were enabled to give a proper voucher for the deposit. "Now, Sir, could ye no dune



that at first, an' saved yoursel' a' that fasherie?" said the countryman, putting up his papers without looking at them.

1370.—AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN travelling through the Highlands, came to the inn of Letter Finlay, in the braes of Lochaber. He saw no person near the inn, and knocked at the door. No answer. He knocked repeatedly with as little success; he then opened the door, and walked in. On looking about, he saw a man lying on a bed, whom he hailed thus: "Are there any Christians in this house?"—"No," was the reply, "we are all Camerons."

1371.—ON THE MORNING of Sir Walter Raleigh's death he smoked, as usual, his favourite tobacco; and when they brought him a cup of excellent sack, being asked how he liked it, Raleigh answered, "As the fellow that, drinking of St. Giles's bowl, as he went to Tyburn, said, 'that was good drink if a man might tarry by it.'" The day before, in passing from Westminster-Hall to the Gate-house, his eye had caught Sir Hugh Beeston in the throng, and calling on him, requested that he would see him die to-morrow. Sir Hugh, to secure himself a seat on the scaffold, had provided himself with a letter to the sheriff, which was not read at the time, and Sir Walter found his friend thrust by, lamenting that he could not get there. "Farewell," exclaimed Raleigh, "I know not what shift you will make, but I am sure to have a place." In going from the prison to the scaf-

fold, among others who were pressing hard to see him, one old man, whose head was bald, came very forward, insomuch that Raleigh noticed him, and asked, "whether he would have aught of him?" The old man answered, "Nothing but to see him, and to pray to God for him." Raleigh replied, "I thank thee, good friend, and I am sorry that I have no better thing to return thee for thy good will." Observing his bald head, he continued, "but take this nightcap (which was a very rich wrought one that he wore), for thou hast more need of it now than I."—He ascended the scaffold with the same cheerfulness he had passed to it; and observing the lords seated at a distance, some at windows, he requested they would approach him, as he wished what he had to say they should all witness. This request was complied with by several.

His speech is well known; but some copies contain matters not in others. When he finished, he requested Lord Arundel that the king would not suffer any libels to defame him after death—"And now I have a long journey to go, and must take my leave." "He embraced all the lords and other friends with such courtly compliments, as if he had met them at some feast," says a letter-writer. Having taken off his gown, he called to the headsman to shew him the axe, which not being instantly done, he repeated, "I prithee let me see it. Dost thou think that I am afraid of it?" He passed the edge lightly over

his finger, and smiling, observed to the sheriff, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases," and kissing it, laid it down. Another writer has, "This is that, that will cure all sorrows." After this he went to three several corners of the scaffold, and kneeling down, desired all the people to pray for him, and recited a long prayer to himself. When he began to fit himself for the block, he first laid himself down to try how the block fitted him; after rising up, the executioner kneeled down to ask his forgiveness, which Raleigh with an embrace did, but entreated him not to strike till he gave a token by lifting up his hand, "*and then, fear not, but strike home!*" When he laid his head down to receive the stroke, the executioner desired him to lay his face towards the east. "It was no great matter which way a man's head stood, so the heart lay right," said Raleigh; but these were not his last words. He was once more to speak in this world with the same intrepidity he had lived in it—for, having lain some minutes on the block in prayer, he gave the signal; but the executioner, either unmindful, or in fear, failed to strike, and Raleigh, after once or twice putting forth his hands, was compelled to ask him, "Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!" In two blows he was beheaded; but from the first, his body never shrunk from the spot, by any discomposure of his posture, which like his mind, was immoveable.

- 1372.—ERASMUS replied to the Pope, who

blamed him for not keeping Lent, "My mind is Catholic, but my stomach Protestant."

1373.—BENJAMIN WEST, President of the Royal Academy, when at Rome, lodged opposite the *Irish* college; where he observed, every day, not only many of the students, but several of the holy father professors, stumble and reel about on their entrance, or exit, at the college gates. He was excited by curiosity to inquire of his hostess how such irregularities came to be tolerated. "Ah! good seignior," answered the matron, "those holy men are afflicted with the *falling sickness*; and it is very surprising, seignior, that the Almighty seems to have troubled *all* the gentlemen of that nation with the same disorder."

1374.—FONTENELLE, being praised for the clearness of his style on the deepest subjects, said: "If I have any merit, it is that I have always endeavoured to understand myself."

1375.—A CERTAIN CIT, who had suddenly risen into wealth by monopolies and contracts, from a very low condition of life, stood up in the pit of the opera with his hat on: the Duchess of Gordon whispered to a lady, "We must forgive that man: he has so short a time been used to the luxury of a hat, that he does not know when to pull it off."

1376.—A PERSON disputing with Peter Pindar, said, in great heat, that he did not like to be thought a scoundrel.—"I wish," replied Peter,

“that you had as great a dislike to being a scoundrel.”

1377.—A LADY IN CALCUTTA asked Colonel Ironsides for a mangoe. As he rolled it along the table, it fell into a plate of kissmists, a kind of grape very common in the East Indies: upon which Dr. Hunter, a gentleman as eminent for his wit as for skill in his profession, neatly observed, “How naturally man goes to kiss-miss.”

1378.—THERE was much sound palpable argument in the speech of a country lad to an idler, who boasted his ancient family: “So much the worse for you,” said the peasant; “as we ploughmen say, *the older the seed the worse the crop.*”

1379.—A LADY, some time ago, took her daughter to a boarding-school in the country, for the purpose of tuition; when, after the first salutations were over, the matron fixed her eyes upon some worked picture subjects in the parlour, and pointing to one more attractive than the rest, asked, “What is that?”—“That,” replied the tutoress, “is Charlotte at the tomb of Werter.”—“Well, I vow,” rejoined the lady, “it is vastly beautiful. Betsy, my dear, you shall work *Charlotte in a tub of water.*”

1380.—THE *Reading Fly*, a coach so called, was one day passing along Fleet-street, when a Frenchman, lately arrived in London, was looking out at the window of a house opposite the Bolt-in-Tun coach-office. Seeing this, and hav-



ing learned to read, and partly to speak our language, he rushed out in great haste, and running eagerly into the inn-yard, was asked what coach he wanted. "Ah!" said he,—“no coach! no coach!—but I wants to hear the *Fly* read, that comes in this diligence.”

1381.—NED SHUTER, as was often the case, was reeling home one morning to his lodgings extremely dirty, and with a remarkably long beard, when he met Garrick under the Piazza. “Heavens!” said David, “Ned, when was you shaved last?”—“Shaved last, Davy! egad, I can’t tell, for my barber has turned gentleman ever since he has had a thousand pounds in the lottery.”—“But, Ned, ha! ha!” replied David, “I never depend upon barbers—I shave myself every morning.”—“I do not doubt it,” resumed Ned, “or that you preserve the remainder of the lather for the next day.”

1382.—A COCKNEY SPORTSMAN being out one day amusing himself with shooting, happened to fire through a hedge, on the other side of which was a man, standing or leaning, no matter which. The shot passed through the man’s hat, but missed the bird. “Did you fire at me, Sir?” he hastily asked. “O, no, Sir,” said the shrewd sportsman, “I never hit what I fire at.”

1383.—SOME PERSONS broke into the stables belonging to a troop of horse, which was quartered at Carlisle, and wantonly docked the tail of every horse close to the rump. The captain,

relating the circumstance next day to a brother officer, said he was at a loss what to do with the horses. "I fancy you must dispose of them by *wholesale*," was the reply. "Why by *wholesale*?"—"Because you'll certainly find it impossible to re-*tail* them!"

1384.—TOM WESTON, of facetious memory, being in a strolling company in Sussex, when the success was even less than moderate, ran up a bill of three shillings with his landlord, who, waiting on the comedian, insisted on his money immediately: "Make yourself easy, my honest fellow," said Weston, "for by the gods, I will pay you this night in some shape or another."—"See you do, Master Weston," retorted the landlord surlyly; "and, d'ye hear, let it be as much in the *shape* of three shillings as possible."

1385.—THE CELEBRATED JOHN WILKES attended a city dinner, not long after his promotion to city honours. Among the guests was a noisy vulgar deputy, a great glutton, who, on his entering the dinner-room, always, with great deliberation, took off his wig, suspended it on a pin, and with due solemnity put on a white cotton night-cap. Wilkes, who certainly was a high-bred man, and never accustomed to similar exhibitions, could not take his eyes from so strange and novel a picture. At length the deputy, with unblushing familiarity, walked up to Wilkes, and asked him whether he did not think that his night-cap became him? "O yes, Sir," replied Wilkes, "but it would look

much better if it were pulled quite over your face."

1386.—A PHYSICIAN IN MILAN kept a house for the reception of lunatics, and by way of cure, used to make his patients stand for a length of time in a pit of water, some up to the knees, some to the girdle, and others as high as the chin, *pro modo insaniae*, according as they were more or less affected. An inmate of this establishment, who happened by chance, to be pretty well recovered, was standing at the door of the house, and seeing a gallant cavalier ride past with a hawk on his fist, and his spaniels after him, he must needs ask, "What all these preparations meant?" The cavalier answered, "To kill game."—"What may the game be worth which you kill in the course of a year?" rejoined the patient. "About five or ten crowns."—"And what may your horse, dogs, and hawks, stand you in!"—"Four hundred crowns more." On hearing this, the patient, with great earnestness of manner, bade the cavalier instantly begone, as he valued his life and welfare; "for," said he, "if our master come and find you here, he will put you into his pit up to the very chin."

1387.—A GENTLEMAN, indisposed, and confined to his bed, sent his servant to see what hour it was by a sun-dial, which was fastened to a post in his garden. The servant was an Irishman, and being at a loss how to find it, thought he was to pluck up the post; which he accordingly did, and carried it to his master, with the

sun-dial, saying, "Arrah, now look at it yourself: it is indeed all a mystery to me."

1388.—A GENTLEMAN IN THE WEST INDIES, who had frequently promised his friends to leave off drinking, without their discovering any improvement, was one morning called on early by an intimate friend, who met his negro-boy at his door—"Well, Sambo," said he, "where is your master?"—"Massa gone out, sare," was the reply. "And has he left off drinking yet?" rejoined the first. "Oh, yes, sure," said Sambo, "massa leave off drinking—he leave off two-tree time dis morning."

1389.—AN IRISHMAN having been summoned to the Court of Requests at Guildhall, by an apothecary, for medicines, was asked by one of the commissioners what the plaintiff had from time to time served him with, to which he gave suitable answers. "And pray," said the commissioner, "what was the last thing he served you with?"—"Why, your honour," replied the honest Hibernian, "the last thing he served me with, please you, was the summons!"

1390.—THE TURKISH AMBASSADOR happening to honour the Duke of Newcastle with an unexpected visit, called at his grace's house at a time when he was about to shave. Not willing that so great a personage should be kept a moment waiting, the duke hastily ran into his excellency's presence with his chin covered with lather; upon which the ambassador remarked to

some one near, that it was no wonder the people of England should be so happy, as they were evidently governed by madmen!

1391.—A LADY of high ton complimented the late King of Prussia so extravagantly, that his Prussian Majesty was rather distressed at it: she said, "That he was covered with glory, was the paragon of Europe, and, in short, the greatest monarch and man on earth."—"Madam," replied the king, "you are as handsome as an angel, witty, elegant, and agreeable; in short, you possess all the amiable qualities; *but you paint.*"

1392.—THE DUKE OF GRAMMONT was the most adroit and witty courtier of his day. He entered one day the closet of Cardinal Mazarine without being announced. His eminence was amusing himself, by jumping against the wall. To surprise a Prime Minister in so boyish an occupation was dangerous; a less skilful courtier might have stammered excuses, and retired. The duke entered briskly, and cried, "I'll bet you one hundred crowns, that I jump higher than your eminence;" and the duke and cardinal began to jump for their lives. Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the cardinal, and was, six months afterwards, Marshal of France.

1393.—A JEW came to the Court of King's Bench to justify bail for 1800*l.*; when, on the usual questions being asked him, if he was worth



1800*l.* and all debts paid, he replied, " My lords, upon my vord, dis a very great shum: and, as I am not really vort de half, I vill not justify, my lords, for it; but as de attorney here did give me 20*l.* bank-note to justify, vat vod your lordships have me do vid de monies?" The Earl of Mansfield, who seemed struck with the answer, immediately replied, " You are an honest Jew, and I would advise you by all means to keep the note!" which Mordecai Israel accordingly did; and, as his lordship was going out of court, the Israelite, with many bows and scrapes, said, " I humbly thank your lordship, for you are the first who ever called me an honest Jew."

1394.—A PUBLICAN blowing the froth from a pot of porter which he was bringing to a customer, the gentleman struck him. Boniface eagerly asked why he struck him? " Why," replied the gentleman, " I only returned blow for blow."

1395.—SOME school-boys meeting a poor woman driving asses, one of them said to her, " Good morning, mother of asses!"—" Good morning, my children," was the reply.

1396.—DR. SOUTH, when he resided at Caversham, in Oxfordshire, was called out of bed on a cold winter's morning by his clerk, to marry a couple who were then waiting for him. The doctor hurried up, and went shivering to church; but, seeing only an old man of seventy, with a woman about the same age, and his clerk, he

asked the latter, in a pet, where the bridegroom and bride were, and what that man and woman wanted. The old man replied, that they came there to be married. The doctor looked sternly at him, and exclaimed, "Married!"—"Yes, married!" said the old man, hastily; "better marry than do worse."—"Go, get you gone, you silly old fools!" said the doctor, "get home, and do your worst." And then hobbled out of church in a great passion with his clerk, for calling him out of bed on such a ridiculous errand.

1397.—A FROLIC SOME YOUTH, who had been riding out, on approaching Merton College, which he had never before visited, alighted, and, *sans ceremonie*, put his horse into a field thereto belonging. Word was immediately sent to him that he had no right to put his horse there, as he did not belong himself to the college. The youth, however, took no notice of his warning, and the master of that college sent his man to him, bidding him say, if he continued his horse there, he would cut off his tail. "Say you so?" said the wag: "go tell your master, if he cuts off my horse's tail, I will cut off his ears." The servant returning, told his master what he said. Whereupon the master went himself, and in a great passion, said, "How, now, Sir, what mean you by that menace you sent me?"—"Sir," said the other, "I threatened you not, for I only said, if you cut off my horse's *tail*, I would cut off his *ears*."

1398.—ON THE DAY for renewing the licenses

of the publicans in the West Riding of Yorkshire, one of the magistrates said to an old woman who kept a little alehouse, that he trusted she did not put any pernicious ingredients into the liquor; to which she replied, "There is naught pernicious put into our barrels but the exciseman's stick!"

1399.—SOME SOLDIERS AT CHELSEA were bragging of the privations they had often undergone; when one of them said, he had slept for weeks on rough boards, with a wooden pillow; the other observed, that was a comfort compared to what he had endured, having slept night after night, in Italy, on marble. An Irish fisherman, who was in company, observed, it was all bother and nonsense, for he had often slept on a bed of oysters.

1400.—A DROLL FELLOW, who got a livelihood by fiddling at fairs and about the country, was one day met by an acquaintance that had not seen him a great while, who accosted him thus: "Bless me! what, are you alive?"—"Why not?" answered the fiddler; "did you send anybody to kill me?"—"No," replies the other, "but I was told you was dead."—"Aye, so it was reported, it seems," says the fiddler, "but I knew it was a lie as soon as I heard it."

1401.—MR. M——, the artist, was reading the paper the other day, while his boy, who has the daily task of preparing his palette for him, was rubbing in the various tints; when the boy

suddenly stopped, and with an anxious look said, "Pray, Sir, I have heard so much about it, will you have the goodness to tell me what is *the Colour o' Morbus?* "

1402.—IT IS RELATED of the great Dr. Clarke, that when in one of his leisure hours he was unbending himself with a few friends in the most playful and frolicsome manner, he observed Beau Nash approaching; upon which he suddenly stopped;—"My boys (said he), let us be grave: here comes a fool."

1403.—A GENTLEMAN, stopping one evening at an inn in the north of England, said to the maid-servant who waited on him, and who seemed nearly exhausted with the fatiguing duties of her situation, "I have no doubt, Sally, but you enjoy your bed when you get into it."—"Indeed, no, Sir," she replied; "for as soon as I lie down at night, I am fast asleep, and as soon as I awake in the morning, I am obliged to get up: so that I have no enjoyment in my bed at all."

1404.—A WORTHY CHURCHWARDEN of Canterbury, lately excused himself by note from a dinner party by alleging that he was "engaged in taking the *senses* of his parish."

1405.—DAFT WILLIE LAW was the descendant of an ancient family, nearly related to the famous John Law, of Lauriston, the celebrated financier of France. Willie on that account was often spoken to, and taken notice of by gentle-

men of distinction. Posting one day through Kirkaldy, with more than ordinary speed, he was met by the late Mr. Oswald, of Dunnikier, who asked him where he was going in such a hurry. "Going," says Willie, with apparent surprise, "I'm gaen to my cousin Lord Elgin's burial."—"Your cousin Lord Elgin's burial, you fool! Lord Elgin's not dead," replied Mr. Oswald. "Ah, deil ma care," quoth Willie, "there's sax doctors out o' Embro' at 'im, and they'll hae him dead afore I win forat."

1406.—DR. JOHNSON once called upon Mr. Garrick, in Southampton-street, and was shewn into his study; but unfortunately the door being left open, he strayed into an adjoining room, which contained all the novels and lighter works, which had been presented as elegant tributes to this admired actor. Johnson read first a bit of one, then another, and threw all down; so that, before the host arrived, the floor was strewed with splendid octavos. Garrick was exceedingly angry at finding Johnson there; and said, "it was a private cabinet, and no company was admitted there."—"But," says Johnson, "I was determined to examine some of your valuables, which I find to consist of three sorts, *stuff*, *trash*, and *nonsense*."

1407.—IT does not seem to be generally known that the studious among the ancient Greeks were always accustomed to walk into the fields or gardens with a tablet and stylus suspended by a cord or ribbon from their neck.



When any new thought or image came over their mind, their waxen memorandum-book and iron pencil were ever ready to register it, and prevent oblivion. Euripides, a man of strong passions but severe manners, was one day looking intently upon one of these tablets, in the public gardens, when a celebrated courtesan, who was passing, inquired what he saw there to fix his attention so? "Something," he replied, "more beautiful than your face."

1408.—THE CHANCELLOR AGUESSEAU wrote a work on Jurisprudence, in four volumes, in the quarter of an hour his wife each day kept him waiting for his dinner.

1409.—WHEN MR. JUSTICE PARK was at Harrowgate, a year or two ago, he had occasion to write to town. Before dating his letter, remembering that Harrowgate is spelt both with and without the *w*, he called the waiter, and, in his usual hesitating manner, said, "Pray, waiter—is there—a—*w*——in Harrowgate?"—"Oh, Sir," said the moral waiter, astounded at such a query from a grave old gentleman: "Oh, Sir, we never allow any such doings in this house!"

1410.—MALHERBE, who prided himself on his blunt honesty, was one day shewn by a courtier some poetry, which stated that France moved out of her place to receive her king. "Now this must have happened in my lifetime," said Malherbe: "but upon my word, Sir, I do not recollect it."

1411.—IN one of the sittings of the national convention, Lanjuinais spoke against arbitrary arrests. The deputy Legendre, a *butcher* by profession, observing him insist upon his argument, cried out in a menacing tone, and with fierce gesticulation—"Descend from the tribune, or I will knock you on the head," Lanjuinais replied with cool irony—"Cause me to be decreed an ox, and you shall knock me on the head!"

1412.—I HAVE a very favourable opinion (says an old author) of that young gentleman who is curious in fine mustachios. The time he employs in adjusting, dressing, and curling them, is no lost time; for the more he contemplates his mustachios, the more his mind will cherish, and be animated by, masculine and courageous notions.

1413.—AT ONE of the Holland-house Sunday dinner-parties, a year or two ago, Crockford's Club, then forming, was talked of; and the noble hostess observed, that the female passion for diamonds was surely less ruinous than the rage for play among men. "In short, you think," said Mr. Rogers, "that *clubs* are worse than *diamonds*." This joke excited a laugh, and when it had subsided, Sidney Smith wrote the following *impromptu* sermonet—most appropriately *on a card*:

"Thoughtless that 'all that's brightest fades,'  
Unmindful of that *Knave of Spades*,

The Sexton and his Subs:  
How foolishly we play our parts!  
Our *wives* on *diamonds* set their *hearts*,  
*We* set our *hearts* on *clubs*!

1414.—AMASIS, a man of humble origin, was the favourite, and afterwards the successor of Apries, king of Egypt. Finding himself somewhat despised by the people on account of his mean extraction, he hit upon this method of curing their folly: he caused a golden basin in which he used to wash his feet, to be converted into the statue of a god, and had it set up in a conspicuous part of the capital. The superstitious multitude flocked to worship it. Amasis now told them that the object of their veneration had once been nothing but a vile utensil; “and,” said he, “it is the same with me: I was formerly a humble individual—I am now your king. Take care, therefore, to respect me according to the station I now hold.”

1415.—CAPTAIN MORRIS, whose Bacchanalian songs are well known, was in his advanced age compelled to exist on a small income. The Duke of Norfolk, whose table he had for many years gladdened, if not graced, was one evening lamenting very pathetically to John Kemble, over the fifth bottle, the precarious state of Charles Morris’s income: John did not like at first to tell the Duke plainly what he, as a wealthy man, ought to do; but when the sixth bottle was produced, Kemble arose “like a tower,” and broke out, as Jack Bannister tells

the story, into a sort of blank-verse speech, into the numbers of which he always fell, when nearly drunk. As Bannister relates it, the speech was as follows, true, as Kemble ever was, to the very rhythm of Shakspeare:

“ And does your grace sincerely thus regret  
The destitute condition of your friend,  
With whom you have passed so many pleasant hours?  
Your Grace hath spoke of it most movingly.  
Is't possible the highest peer o' th' realm,  
Amidst the prodigalities of fortune,  
Should see the woes which he would not relieve?  
The empty breath and vapour of the world,  
Of common sentiment, become no man:  
How should it then be worthy of your Grace?  
But Heaven, Lord Duke, hath placed you in a sphere,  
Where the wish to be kind, and being so,  
Are the same thing. A small annuity  
From your o'erflowing hoards; a nook of land,  
Clipped from the boundless round of your domains,  
Would ne'er be felt 'a monstrous cantle out;'  
But you would be repaid with usury;  
Your gold, my Lord, with prayers of grateful joy;  
Your fields would be overflowed with thankful tears,  
Ripening the harvest of a grateful heart.”

It is almost needless to say what everybody knows—that the Duke at once granted the prayer of the actor's petition.

1416.—THE RABBINS make the giant Gog or Magog contemporary with Noah, and convinced by his preaching. So that he was disposed to take the benefit of the ark. But here lay the distress; it by no means suited his dimensions. Therefore, as he could not enter in, he contented himself to ride upon it astride. And though you must suppose that, in that stormy weather,

he was more than half boots over, he kept his seat, and dismounted safely, when the ark landed on Mount Ararat. Image now to yourself this illustrious Cavalier mounted on his *hackney*: and see if it does not bring before you the Church, bestrid by some lumpish minister of state, who turns and winds it at his pleasure.

1417.—THE DISTINCTIVE QUALITY of Hallé's character was disinterestedness. Content with the comforts which his patrimony procured, he always shewed a marked predeliction for pauper practice; and even when his high reputation had gained him, as it were, in spite of himself, a brilliant list of patients, he displayed the greatest ingenuity in the invention of pretexts for the refusal of his fees. Not only (as is indeed the common practice) did he refuse to accept them from his friends, his professional brethren, his acquaintance, and his most distant relations; he even excluded entire classes from the number of those from whom he would submit to receive them. Among these he reckoned artists, "because," he said, "as the son, the brother, the nephew of artists, he considered them all as his relations;" and ecclesiastics, "for," said he, "if they are poor, they owe me nothing; if they are rich, their surplus belongs to the poor." In a word, he would scarcely accept of remuneration except from a member of the privileged classes.

1418.—A GALLANT SOLDIER was once heard to say, that his only measure of courage was this;



"Upon the first fire, I immediately look upon myself as a dead man; I then fight out the remainder of the day, as regardless of danger as a dead man should be. All the limbs which I carry out of the field I regard as so much gained, or as so much saved out of the fire."

1419.—A PHYSICIAN attending a lady several times, had received a couple of guineas each visit; at last, when he was going away, she gave him but one; at which he was surprised, and looking on the floor, as if in search of something, she asked him what he looked for. "I believe, Madam," said he, "I have dropt a guinea."—"No, Sir," replied the lady, "it is I that have dropt it."

1420.—THE PERSIAN MUSICIANS appear to have known the art of moving the passions, and to have generally directed their music to the heart. Al Farabi, a philosopher, who died about the middle of the tenth century, on his return from the pilgrimage of Mecca, introduced himself, though a stranger, at the court of Seifedoula, sultan of Syria. Musicians were accidentally performing, and he joined them. The prince admired him, and wished to hear something of his own. He drew a composition from his pocket, and distributing the parts amongst the band, the first movement threw the prince and his courtiers into violent laughter; the next melted all into tears; and the last lulled, even the performers, asleep.

1421.—WHEN PALLAS, the celebrated naturalist, offered his collection of minerals to the Russian government, he demanded, after calculating its value, the sum of 10,000 rubles for it. Catherine herself examined the collection; and, taking the letter which M. Pallas had addressed to the government, wrote on the margin in reply —“ M. Pallas is a learned mineralogist, but a very bad calculator: we direct that he be paid 20,000 rubles for his collection.”

1422.—THE EXTRAVAGANT COMPLIMENTS that are considered ordinary civilities by the natives of Hindostan, astonish and puzzle the European stranger. If totally unacquainted with oriental manners, he recoils at their outrageous adulation, and is sure to regard it as the most insulting irony. When the late Marquis of Hastings was visited by one of the Rajahs of the northern provinces, his Lordship inquired after his health.\* “Heavens!” exclaimed the Rajah, “how can your lordship ask such a question: in the presence of so great a man who could be ill?”

1423.—THOUGH the accounts left us of the condition of authors in antiquity are very obscure, it is quite clear from many passages, and especially from one in Martial, that they sold *copies* of their works; but that what we call *copy-right* was wholly unknown. The copyists (*librarii*) were altogether distinct from the booksellers (*bibliopoles*). The following, forming part of the 118th Epigram, is the passage

referred to:—"Whenever I meet you, Lupercus, you say to me, "Allow my slave to call on you for the purpose of getting your volume of Epigrams, and I will return it when I have read it.' Do not give your slave the trouble, is my reply. My lodging is at a great distance, and I occupy the third floor. You will find what you want much nearer. You go often into the district of Argiletum. There and near Cæsar's place you will find a shop, the doors of which are covered with the names of poets; enter and ask for me, giving yourself no concern about Atrectus, the shopkeeper; and from the first or second shelf a Martial will be handed to you, polished and embellished with purple ornaments, for which he will demand of you five denarii—"Eh!" you rejoin, 'you are not worth so much.'—Lupercus, you are right."

1424.—THE FASHION of shaving the beard was first introduced into Greece about the time of Alexander the Great. It was at first, however, regarded as a mark of effeminacy, and was only practiced by low persons and fops. The great musician Timotheus wore a very long beard; and Diogenes one day meeting a man with a smoothly shaven chin, inquired of him whether he shaved as a reproach to nature for having made him a man and not a woman?

1425.—"I ASKED the little shabby barefooted boy, our guide, (says an American traveler) whether he worked at a wool-manufactory we were passing. 'No,' said he, rather

bluntly; 'I go to school; my father's a 'squire.' Thinking I did not hear correctly, I repeated the question, and received the same answer. 'And pray what is a 'squire—what does he do?'—'Oh, he attends sessions, trials, and hears causes.'—'And what may your father do at other times?'—'He *assists* Mr. —, at the tavern there, in the bar!'"

1426.—LORD KELLIE was, like his prototype Falstaff, not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in other men. Mr. A. Balfour, the Scottish advocate, and a man of considerable humour, accompanied by great formality of manners, happened to be one of a convivial party, when his lordship was at the head of the table. After dinner he was asked to sing, but absolutely refused to comply with the pressing solicitation of the company. At length Lord Kellie told him that he should not *escape*; he must either sing a song, tell a story, or drink a pint bumper. Mr. B. being an abstemious man, chose rather to tell a story than incur the forfeit. "One day, (said he in his pompous manner) a thief in the course of his rounds saw the door of a church left invitingly open. He walked in, thinking that even there he might lay hold of something useful. Having secured the pulpit cloth, he was retreating, when, lo! he found the door shut. After some consideration he adopted the only means of escape left, namely, to let himself down by the bell rope. The bell of course rung—the people were alarmed, and the thief was taken just as

he reached the ground. When they were dragging him away, he looked up, and emphatically addressed the bell, as *I now address your lordship*, Had it not been, said he, for your *long tongue*, and your *empty head*, I should have made my escape!"

1427.—ONE DAY DEAN SWIFT observed a great rabble assembled before the deanery door, in Kevin street, and upon inquiring into the cause of it he was told they were waiting to see the eclipse. He immediately sent for the beadle and told him what he should do. Away ran Davy for his bell, and after ringing it some time among the crowd, bawled out—"O yes, O yes! all manner of persons here concerned are desired to take notice, that it is the dean of St. Patrick's good will and pleasure, that the eclipse be put off till this time to-morrow! so God save the King and his reverence the Dean."—The mob upon this dispersed, only some Irish wit more shrewd and cunning than the rest, said with great self-complacency, that "They would not lose another afternoon, for that the dean who was a very comical man might take it into his head to put off the eclipse again, and so make fools of them a second time."

1428.—DURING the reign of Toryism a celebrated Tobacconist, residing not one hundred miles from St. James's Street, called upon Lord E—— in the way of business. The conversation taking a political turn, the knight of pig-



tail and short-cut ventured to make some cutting remarks on the impolitic measures of the government in the exaction of taxes; the minister at length getting into a rage which he had not sufficient strength of mind to dissemble, rose from his seat and ringing the bell, observed, "you are a pretty fellow truly to talk to me in this manner about politics; go home, Sir, and grind your snuff." To this tory retort this small pounder of a cabinet minister, the worthy tobacconist, coolly yet sarcastically replied—"Grind my snuff!"—"Tis better to grind snuff than grind the people.—The people are at length getting up to snuff."

1429.—POOR WASHEE was so pestered with a Roman Catholic missionary that he consented to turn Christian. He was duly baptised, and the priest changed his heathen name of Washee to that of the apostolic John. One of the duties imposed on him was to eat no meat but fish on Friday; which he very much objected to, and only promised to observe through fear of eternal punishment. The following Friday however the priest called on the negro, and found him busily employed upon a fine rump steak. The horrified Catholic was commencing a long sermon when master blakee exclaimed,—“Dis no meat, massa, dis fine fish.”—“How—how.”—“I’ll tell you—you baptize poor Washee—you sprinkle water in his face, and say your name no more Washee—you called henceford John.—Well, massa, me baptize beef-take—me sprinkle

water on it—me say, your name no more meat, you called henceford fish.”

1430.—MICHAEL ANGELO, the great sculptor and poet, (for some of his sonnets and other pieces are extremely grand and beautiful) early evinced a strong inclination for the art. His progress was so astonishing that at the age of fourteen he is said to have rivalled, and even been able to correct the drawings of his master Domenico Ghirlandajo. When he was an old man one of these drawings being shewn to him, he modestly said, “In my youth I was a better artist than I am now.”—His quickness of eye was wonderful, he used to say that a sculptor should carry his compass in his eye; the hands, indeed, said he, do the work, but the eye judges. Of his power of eye he was so certain that having once ordered a block of marble to be brought to him he told the stone-cutter to cut away some particular parts of the marble, and to polish others. Very soon an exquisite figure starts out from the block. The stone-cutter looking amazed.—“My friend,” says Michael, “what do you think of it now?”—“I hardly know what to think of it,” answered the astonished mechanic, “it is a very fine figure, to be sure. I have infinite obligations to you, Sir, for thus making me discover in myself a talent which I never knew I possessed.”—Angelo, full of great and sublime ideas of his art, lived very much alone, and never suffered a day to pass without handling his chisel, or his pencil. When some person re-

proached him, with living so melancholy and solitary a life, he said, "Art is a jealous mistress, she requires possession of the whole heart."

1431.—As THE COMMANDEUR DE SILLERY, who was ambassador from France to the Pope, was one day walking with the Venetian ambassador, in the Square before the beautiful church of the Giesù at Rome,—(where it appears there is always air, even in the hottest day of summer) he said to him—"What an odd thing it is that there should always be something of a breeze here, can your excellency account for it?"—"Perfectly well," replied the Venetian, "upon a tradition that has long been current in this city. The devil and the wind were one day walking together in the streets of Rome, when coming to the Jesuit's College, in this place, the devil said to the wind, 'Pray be so good as to stay here a minute or two, I have a word to say to these good fathers within.'—The devil, as the story goes, never returned to his companion, who has been waiting ever since for him at the door!"

1432.—A BOY having run away from school to go to sea, his friends wrote to him, "that death would be perpetually staring him in the face;" to which he replied, "Well, what of that, every ship is provided with *shrouds*."

1433.—A FACETIOUS FELLOW having unwittingly offended a conceited puppy, the latter told him he was no "Gentleman."—"Are *you* a Gentleman?" asked the droll one.—"Yes, Sir,"

bounced the fop. "Then I am very glad *I am not*," replied the other.

1434.—THOMAS FULLER, the historian, so well known for his quaint sayings and bright points, was one day riding with a gentleman named Sparrowhawk. The name roused his fancy, and he asked him what was the difference between "a Sparrowhawk and an owl?"—"Why, Sir," replied his companion, "the owl is *fuller* in the head, *fuller* in the body, and *fuller all over*."

1435.—AN OLD SPITALFIELDS WEAVER a short time ago returned by one of the Dover coaches to town, who very much amused his fellow travellers by his singular inquiries and droll remarks. As the coach was descending Chatham Hill, he discovered, as he stooped to pick up his gin bottle, that the wheel was locked—in a great fright, he bawled out, "Coachman! stop coachman! vy ve don't go on, the veel don't go round."

1436.—SOME CAUTION is requisite in passing our opinion upon strangers—a caution, however, which few of us adopt. At a public levee at the Court of St. James's, a gentleman said to Lord Chesterfield, "Pray, my Lord, who is that tall awkward woman yonder?"—"That lady, Sir," replied his Lordship, "is *my sister*!" The gentleman reddened with confusion, and stammered out, "No—no, my lord—I beg your pardon—I meant that very ugly woman who stands next to the Queen."—"That lady, Sir," answered

Lord Chesterfield calmly—"that lady, Sir, is—*my wife!*"

1437.—A LADY meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired—"Well, Mary, where do you live now?"—"Please, Ma'am, I don't live no where now," rejoined the girl, "I'm married!"

1438.—Two BUCKS, lately sitting over a pint of wine made up for the deficiency of port by the liveliness of their wit. After many jokes had passed, one of them took up a nut, and holding it to his friend, said, "If this nut could speak, what would it say?"—"Why," rejoined the other, "it would say, *give me none of your jaw.*"

1439.—NICOLINI, the dramatic writer, no less enthusiastic in his politics than in his poetry, was librarian to the Grand Duke of Florence. He requested his discharge. "Why so, Nicolini?" said Ferdinand. "Highness! my sentiments are adverse to the occupation," answered he, "and I never mount this stair-case but with abhorrence. Let me plainly say it, I detest the service of princes!" The Grand Duke was surprised at language so intemperate; but, knowing that Nicolini was an irreproachable man, and that nothing was remoter from his character than ingratitude, he replied, "Well, Nicolini, if you insist on your discharge, you must have it. I have nothing to say, when your conscience and feelings will not permit you to retain the office." Within four or five days, his younger brother was



promoted to the rank of captain; and, going to court on the occasion, the Grand Duke asked him very particularly how the elder did, without the slightest reference to what had passed, and mentioned him as a very worthy man, and one whose talents did honour to his family and his country. Soon afterwards, a new place was created for the republican, more congenial to him, that of lecturer to the Academy of Painting and Sculpture. In this manner did Ferdinand treat his subjects whose sentiments were adverse to his form of Government. Never has any man approached so near to a command which no one has executed, *Love those who curse you*. Good nature, patience, forbearance, reconciliation of one family to another, the reverse of what is assumed for a motto by many rulers, were his daily practices.

1440.—THE GRAND DUKE (Ferdinand of Florence) was much occupied in building, and was often out of doors among the labourers. He was watching them one day, (for masons, of all workmen, want watching the most,) when a bucket-full of rubbish was thrown down, and covered him from head to foot. Something of pain was added to his surprise, and, uttering one exclamation, he hurried toward the palace-door on the side of the garden. The labourer heard a voice, and looking down, and seeing a hat on the ground, covered with mortar, he descended the ladder from curiosity. Turning his body from it, the first object he beheld was the Grand

Duke, standing against the wall under the scaffolding and wiping his shoulder with his handkerchief. The labourer threw himself on his knees,—implored forgiveness,—prayed the Virgin to soften his heart,—could never have supposed that his Highness was below. “It is well it was I,” replied the good man in the midst of this, and still wiping his shoulder and sleeves; “say nothing about it.” For he knew that, if it had happened to a prime minister or a prime menial, the poor creature of a mason would have been dismissed. And, perhaps, he suspected it might happen so; for some days afterwards he asked, “How many were at work?” and (when it was told him) “Whether the same number had been there constantly?” Inquisitive man, how he idled and trifled! and at a time when the first princes and opera dancers in the world were at the Congress of Vienna, fixing the fate of nations!

1441.—AT A DOCTOR’S SHOP, a few doors from Westminster Bridge may be seen written up, the following notification:—“J. R——, Surgeon, Apothecary, *Accoucheur*, and Chemist to the *King*.”

1442.—“YOU FIND ME OLDER,” observed Louis XIV. to Pierre Mignard, the painter, as he sketched the likeness of the King. “Some campaigns only, please your Majesty,” replied the skilful artist.

1443.—HOLLAR, the celebrated engraver,

died, as he had for the greater part of his life lived, in the greatest poverty. Within a few days of his dissolution bailiffs were sent to seize the bed on which he lay, for a small debt which he was unable to discharge. "Spare me," said the expiring artist, "my bed for a little while—only till I find another in the grave."

1444.—"I WAS CHARMED," says Lord Oxford, "with the answer of a poor man in Bedlam, who was insulted by an apprentice, because he would not tell him why he was confined. The unhappy creature at last said, 'Because God Almighty has deprived me of a blessing which you never had.'"

1445.—A CERTAIN BISHOP having recently conferred a piece of preferment on an able and amiable divine, resident near London, the gentleman wrote to his son, who is at school at Brighton, announcing the circumstance; adding, how extremely kind the bishop had been in giving him a stall; to which the youth returned the following answer: "Dear father, I am extremely glad to hear of your preferment—now the bishop has given you another stall, perhaps you will keep another horse."

1146.—SOME one seeing a beggar in his shirt, in winter, as brisk as another muffled up to the ears in furs, asked him how he could endure to go so? The man of many wants replied, "Why, Sir, you go with your face bare; I am all face."

A good reply, for a regular beggar, whether taken in a jocosé or a philosophical sense.

1447.—“HOW DO YOU FIND YOURSELF, MRS. JUDY?” said a St. Bartholomew’s surgeon, after taking off the arm of an Irish basket-woman—“How do I find myself? why, without my arm—how the devil else should I find myself?” was Mrs. Judy’s reply.

1448.—MR. JUSTICE P——, a well-meaning, but particularly prosing Judge, on one of his country circuits, had to try a man for stealing a quantity of copper. In his charge he had frequent occasion to mention the “copper,” which he uniformly called “lead,” adding, “I beg your pardon, gentlemen—*copper*; but *I can’t get the lead out of my head?*” At this candid confession the whole court shouted with laughter.

1449.—TWO SCOTCH CLERGYMEN, who were not so long-headed as they themselves imagined, met one day in the turning of a street, and ran their heads together unawares. The shock was rather stunning to one of them. He pulled off his hat, and laying his hand on his forehead, said, “Sic a thump! my heed’s a’ ringing again.”—“Nae wonder,” said his companion, “your heed was aye *Boss* (empty), that makes it ring; my heed disna ring a bit.”—“How could it ring,” said the other, “seeing it is *cracket?* Cracket vessels never ring.” Each described the other to a T.

1450.—AT THE MIDDLESEX SESSIONS, a boy

was called as a witness in a case of assault, and before he gave evidence, Mr. Const, the Chairman, asked him if he knew the nature of an oath. The boy said he did. "Have you learnt your Catechism?" inquired the Chairman. "Yes," said the boy. "Does not one of the commandments forbid you to lie?"—"Yes, Sir," said the boy. "What are the words of that commandment?" asked the Chairman. "Thou shalt not commit adultery, Sir," answered the boy. The answer created a roar of laughter in Court.

1451.—SIR WILLIAM CURTIS lately sat near a gentleman at a civic dinner, who alluded to the excellence of the knives, adding, "that articles manufactured from *Cast steel* were of a very superior quality, such as razors, forks, &c."—"Aye," replied the facetious Baronet, "and soap too—there's no soap like *Castile* soap."

1452.—A MILLER, who attempted to be witty at the expense of a youth of weak intellects, accosted him with, "John, people say that you are a fool." To this, John replies, "I don't know that I am, Sir; I know some things, Sir, and some things I don't know, Sir."—"Well, John, what do you know?"—"I know that millers always have fat hogs, Sir."—"And what don't you know?"—"I don't know whose corn they eat, Sir."

1453.—THE LATE CECIL, of St. John's, Bedford-row, was, as is well known, a shrewd observer of men and manners. One day he met, in



the course of his walks, an Italian with a box of plaster medals. They were superior even to *Bani's* best. Cecil, who was also a man of some taste in the fine arts, appreciated them at once, and told the artist that he might soon make a fortune by his casts. The poor fellow could not make bread by them. Cecil was amazed, and asked, if he had exhibited them properly? "Ah, Sair," said the Italian, "dere is no getting on here vitout a monkey and a feedle." Cecil did not forget this. Being some time after, at a Committee of ways and means in behalf of a Humane Institution, the funds of which were declining, one member said, "We must have a popular preacher to the Chapel of the Institution, or we shall not get on." Another said, "We must have a new organ, too, or we shall not get on."—"True," said Cecil, "as the Italian said, there is no getting on here without a monkey and fiddle." He then told his story, which, by the way, cuts wider and deeper than he seems to have discerned at the time.

1454.—WHEN DR. EHRENBURG (the Prussian traveller) was in Egypt, he said to a peasant, "I suppose you are quite happy now; the country looks like a garden, and every village has its minaret."—"God is great!" replied the peasant; "our master gives with one hand and takes with two."

1455.—FRANZ HAYMAN was a dull dog. When he buried his wife, a friend asked him why he expended so much money on her funeral?

“ Ah, Sir ! ” replied he, “ she would have done as much, or more, for me, with pleasure.”

1456.—A GENTLEMAN travelling through France during summer, ordered his servant to wake him at six o'clock in the morning. When at that hour the man entered the bed-room, his master inquired, “ what sort of weather is it ? ” The sleepy servant drew open what, in the dark, appeared to him a window-shutter, and replied, “ *Monsieur, il ne fait point de tems; et il sent le fromage*—Sir, there is no weather at all; and it smells of cheese.” He had opened a waiter's store cupboard.

1457.—DIOGENES once said to Aristippus, “ If you could eat cabbages, you would not have to pay your court to the great ; ” to which Aristippus replied, “ If you could pay your court to the great, you would not have to eat cabbages.”

1458.—“ BEFORE I BEGIN TO DRINK, my business is over for the day.”—“ My business is over for the day when I begin to drink.”

1459.—A WITTY POET, no longer living, being one day brought up to Bow-street for some nocturnal squabble, the following dialogue took place between him and the presiding magistrate : “ How do you live, Sir ? ”—“ Pretty well, Sir, generally a joint and pudding at dinner.”—“ I mean, Sir, how do you get your bread ? ”—“ I beg your worship's pardon; sometimes at the baker's and sometimes at the chandler's shop ! ” “ You may be as witty as you please, Sir,” re-

torted the magistrate, "but I mean simply to ask you how you *do?*"—"Tolerably well, I thank your worship, I hope your worship is well!"

1460.—A PRUDENT POET, about the beginning of the civil, or rather uncivil troubles of men of his kidney in England's rebellious days, was asked as he lay on his death-bed, how he would be buried? "With my face downward, for in a while this England will be turned upside down, and then I shall be right."

1461.—IN SHAKSPEARE we find a very whimsical portrait of the character of Graziano in the Merchant of Venice, by his friend Bassanio; such as would have made an excellent motto for the title page of Boswell's Life of Johnson, and ought to have been prefixed to every edition. Nothing could more happily apply to the character of the biographer:—"Graziano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff! you shall seek all day e'er you find them; and when you have them they are not worth the search." The learned and facetious Lord Monboddoo was once conversing on this last topic: "I have lived," said his lordship, "to see my country humbled in arts, and humbled in arms; but I never expected to have seen Scotland humbled to the admiration of Dr. Samuel Johnson."

1462.—IT WAS ONCE INQUIRED, "Why men sooner gave to poor people, than to poets and

scholars.”—“It is,” said one, “because they think they may sooner come to be poor than either poets or scholars.”

1463.—THE CHARACTERS OF NATIONS are sometimes observable in their modes of saluting. In some of the southern provinces of China they say, “*Ya faa?*—Have you eaten your rice?” their content depending upon a sufficiency of that article. The Dutch, being great eaters, have a morning salutation of, “*Smaakelyk eeten?*—May you eat a hearty dinner?”—and another arising out of their early nautical habits, “*Hae vaart nwe?*—How do you sail?” The usual salutation at Cairo is, “How do you sweat?” a dry hot skin being indicative of ephemeral fever. A proud stiff Spaniard says, “*Come està?*—How do you stand?” while the levity of the Frenchman appears, “How do you carry yourself?”

1464.—IN AN OLD DRAMA on the subject of the Deluge, Noah summons his wife into the ark, and on her refusing to come in, swears at her by John the Baptist.

1465.—IN A DEBATE upon some projected improvement of the streets of Edinburgh, the Dean of Faculty wittily said that the forwardness of the clergy, and the backwardness of the medical faculty had spoiled the finest street in Europe, alluding to the projection of the colonnade of St. Andrew’s church on St. George’s street, and the recession of the medical hall.

1466.—AT THE NEW TIVOLI AT PARIS, some

experiments have been made upon a Spaniard for the purpose, we presume, of ascertaining what degree of heat it takes to bake a man alive. A person named Martinez, about forty-three years of age, was put into a cylindrical oven, which had been heated four hours by a very powerful fire. Here he remained fourteen minutes, with a fowl roasting by his side. When put in again, he ate the fowl and drank a bottle of wine. At the third experiment, he was stretched upon a plank stuck round with lighted candles, but had remained only five minutes, when the horrified spectators drew him out alive and merry amidst the suffocating fumes of the melted tallow.

1467.—ILLICIT TRAFFIC is carried on to a great extent in the department of the Rhine by dogs educated for that purpose. In the district of the Sarreguemines alone, from March 1827 to March in the year 1829, 58,277 dogs crossed the Rhine on this unlawful pursuit. Of these, 2477 lost their lives in the adventure; but the remaining 55,800 got clear off with their spoil, barking a hoarse laugh at the custom-house officers. It is supposed that they carried with them 140,000 kilogrammes of contraband goods.

1468.—LOUIS XVI. was an excellent locksmith: Ferdinand the *Beloved* is famous for his embroidery of petticoats. The present Emperor of Austria is said to make the best sealing-wax in Europe. He examines, with care, the seal of every letter brought him, and is delighted when he can say, as he generally does, "My own wax



is better than that!" It is a pity that the employments of kings are not always as innocent. Ferdinand would have no doubt made an excellent linen-draper's shopman, had he been placed where nature designed him to be fixed; and the representative of the Cæsars would have made an excellent managing clerk in the house of certain wholesale stationers.

1469.—"LORD ELDON should leave all his property to endow a madhouse," said Jekyll to Lord R. Seymour, in talking of the late discussions respecting the law of the insane. "A mad-house?" said Lord Robert; "why so?"—"His lordship gained his fortune by those who were mad enough to go into Chancery; it would only be an act of restitution, if he were to leave it to Bedlam."

1470.—"WHY, you have never opened your mouth this session," said Sir Thomas Lethbridge to Mr. Gye. "I beg your pardon, Sir Thomas," replied Mr. Gye; "your speeches have made me open it very frequently. My jaws have ached with yawning."

1471.—PETER THE GREAT was jealous to fury. He once broke to pieces a fine Venetian glass in one of his frenzies, saying to his wife, "You see it needed but one blow of my arm to make this glass return to the dust whence it came!" Catherine answered with her natural gentleness and sweetness, "You have destroyed

the finest ornament in your palace; do you think you have made it more splendid? ”

1472.—A CIRCUMSTANCE lately happened at Amherst Island, which shews that *nil desperandum* is a good rule in the most desperate circumstances. A tiger breaking into a shed, in which a colt and a pony were sheltered, killed the former. The pony then attacked the tiger, and pummelled him so heartily with his heels about the head and ribs, that he knocked out some of the monster's teeth, and all his courage, for he had just strength enough to crawl to a nullah hard by, where he was found by the natives shortly afterwards, as he appeared so much bruised that he could hardly move. They accordingly fell upon him, and killed him with bludgeons. Previous to this, five horses had been killed near the spot.

1473.—BONAPARTE, on being applied to against the exorbitant contributions levied by General Massena, said, “ If I had two Massenas I would hang the one as an example to the other.”—“ Then hang General Secchj, who is as bad as Massena.”—“ I am sorry, gentlemen, that you should have fixed on two men I cannot at this moment dispense with; but if you can point out any other less exorbitant, I'll have him hanged immediately.”

1474.—THE TWO BROTHERS FOSADONI lived at Venice. The Abbé was a man of great literary knowledge, and a distinguished poet. On

their father's death they divided between them the patrimonial property. One entered into commercial speculations, and thereby very much increased his funds; the Abbé, of a far more generous disposition than his brother, was little calculated to follow his example; but instead of accumulating his wealth, by his benevolence, which was always prone to assist the poor, and mitigate the general wants of suffering humanity, and by the encouragement he afforded, in particular, to those of his own profession, he was soon reduced to the necessity of calling on his brother for assistance; whereupon his brother replied, "Foreseeing the result of all your literary pursuits, I have laid aside eight hundred ducats for your funeral expenses, when it may please God to call you into his good keeping, that you should not disgrace the family name in being buried by the parish," to which the Abbé Fosadoni replied, "Send me half that sum now while I am living, and at my death I will give you a receipt in full of all demands, for value received."

1475.—LORD ALVANLEY is not only a wit among lords, but a lord among wits. He has all the piquancy of Brummel's dialogue, combined with a suavity of manner peculiarly his own. On one occasion Lord Alvanley had promised a person 100*l.* as a bribe, to conceal something which would have involved the reputation of a lady. On that person's application for the money, his Lordship wrote a check for 25*l.* and presented it

to him. "But, my Lord, you promised me 100*l*." "True," said his Lordship, "I did so; but you know, Mr. —, that I am now making arrangements with all my creditors at 5*s*. in the pound. Now you must see, Mr. —, that if I were to pay you at a higher rate than I pay them, I should be doing my creditors an injustice!"

1476.—WHEN LORD ALVANLEY was staying at Lord Cowper's, a box with the Royal Arms on it arrived, and, when opened, was found to contain four pineapples, the *magnificent* gift of the generous Prince Leopold. "I wonder," said Lady Cowper, "that the Prince should send *us* pines; there are plenty of pines here; besides, though we have seen him, we don't know him."—"Oh, depend on it," said Lord Alvanley, "he wants to spend a month at Pensangar; he'll be down soon after his pines: so, if you want to prevent him, send him up in return *four rabbits*: they are as rare in town as pines here!"

1477.—THE FOUNDER OF THE SFORZA FAMILY, and father of Francesco, the first Duke of Milan, who died, about 1465, was a peasant, and following his labour, when he was invited by his companions to follow the army. He did not draw lots whether he should go or not, but threw his spade into an oak, declaring, that if it fell to the ground he would continue his labours; but if it hung in the tree he would try his fortune as a soldier. Some bit of a branch intercepted its fall, and gave a father to a long line of princes, the most splendid sovereigns of Italy.

1478.—WHEN BRUMMELL was the great oracle on coats, the Duke of Leinster was very anxious to bespeak the approbation of the “Emperor of the Dandies” for a “cut,” which he had just patronized. The Duke, in the course of his eulogy on his Schneider, had frequently occasion to use the words “my coat.”—“Your coat, my dear fellow,” said Brummell: “what coat?”—“Why *this* coat,” said Leinster; “this coat that I have on.” Brummell, after regarding the vestment with an air of infinite scorn, walked up to the duke, and taking the collar between his finger and thumb, as if fearful of contamination—“What, duke, do you call *that thing* a coat?”

1479.—DURING the short time that Lord Byron was in parliament, a petition, setting forth the wretched condition of the Irish peasantry, was one evening presented, and very coldly received by the “hereditary legislative wisdom.” “Ah,” said Lord Byron, “what a misfortune it was for the Irish that they were not born black! They would then have had plenty of friends in both houses.”

1480.—IT was an excellent reply made to a lady of notorious character, by a virtuous Frenchman, when she tried to seduce him to the commission of a dishonourable act—“*Infamie*, Madame, is of the feminine gender.”

1481.—WHEN “ROB ROY” first appeared, a party was made at Mr. John Wilson’s house at



Elleray, to read it. Mr. Wordsworth was invited, among others, to the party; and, as a special inducement to go, he was informed that the illustrious author had chosen the motto for his novel from his name-sake poem, "Rob Roy." The verbose and venerable Laker accordingly went; and when the volumes were laid on the table, he eagerly turned to the title-page, where he read—

"For why? because the good old rule  
Sufficeth them—the simple plan  
That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can."

"Ladies and gentlemen," quoth the author of the "Excursion," and other universally-read poems, "you see this motto: it is from a poem of mine,—the volume containing which I have brought in my pocket; and lest you should not understand the novel for want of knowing thoroughly my poem, I mean to read my verses to you." He accordingly began—

"A famous man was Robin Hood," &c.

and went on to the conclusion, not even omitting a comma, and then putting the vivacious *tome* into his pocket again, he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I leave you to your novel," and walked home!

1482.—GENERAL O'HARA, who was taken prisoner by Buonaparte at Toulon, in his first military achievement, and who was a man of sound sense, said of the future Emperor, "I do

not know what that young man's future fortunes may be; but all the questions he put to me, were such as Locke would have written down for a prime pupil to ask."

1483.—AT THE CLOSE OF AN ELECTION at Lewes, the late Duke of Newcastle was so delighted with the conduct of a casting voter, that he almost fell upon his neck and kissed him. "My dear friend! I love you dearly. You're the greatest man in the world. I long to serve you. What can I do for you?"—"May it please your grace, an exciseman of this town is very old: I would beg leave to succeed him as soon as he shall die."—"Aye, that you shall, with all my heart. I wish, for your sake, he were dead and buried now. As soon as he is, set out to me, my dear friend; be it night or day, insist upon seeing me, sleeping or waking. If I am not at Claremont, come to Lincoln's-inn-fields: if I am not at Lincoln's-inn-fields, come to court; if I am not at court, never rest till you find me; not the *sanctum sanctorum*, or any place, shall be kept sacred from such a dear, worthy, good soul as you are. Nay, I'll give orders for you to be admitted, though the king and I were talking secrets together in the cabinet." The voter swallowed everything with extasy, and scraping down to the very ground, retired to wait in faith for the death of the exciseman. The latter took his leave of this wicked world in the following winter. As soon as ever the duke's friend was apprised of it, he set off for London, and reached

Lincoln's-inn-fields by about two o'clock in the morning. The King of Spain had, about this time, been seized by a disorder, which some of the English had been induced to believe, from particular expresses, he could not possibly survive. Amongst these, the noble duke was the most credulous, and probably the most anxious. On the very first moment of receiving his intelligence, he had dispatched couriers to Madrid, who were commanded to return with unusual haste as soon as ever the death of his Catholic majesty should have been announced. Ignorant of the hour in which they might arrive, and impatient of the fate of every hour, the duke would not retire to his rest till he had given the strictest orders to his attendants to send any person to his chamber who should desire an admittance. When the voter asked if he was at home, he was answered by the porter, "Yes; his grace has been in bed some time, but we were directed to awaken him as soon as ever you came."—"Ah, God bless him! I know that the duke always told me I should be welcome by night or by day. Pray, shew me up." The happy visitor was scarcely conducted to the door, when he rushed into the room, and in the transport of his joy he cried out, "My lord, he is dead!"—"That's well, my dear friend! I'm glad of it, with all my soul. When did he die?"—"The morning before last, and please your grace."—"What, so lately? Why, my worthy, good creature, you must have flown. The lightning itself could not

travel half so fast as you. Tell me, you best of men, how shall I reward you?" "All I wish for in this world is, that your grace would please to remember your kind promise, and appoint me to succeed him."—"You, you blockhead!—you King of Spain! What family pretensions can you have? Let's look at you." By this time the astonished duke threw back the curtains, and recollected the face of his electioneering friend; but it was seen with rage and disappointment. To have robbed him of his rest, might easily have been forgiven; but to have fed him with a groundless supposition that the King of Spain was dead, became a matter of resentment. He was at first dismissed with all the violence of anger and refusal. At length the victim of his passion became an object of his mirth; and when he felt the ridicule that marked the incident, he raised the candidate for monarchy into a post, which, from the colour of the present times, may seem at least as honourable—he made him an exciseman.

1484.—IN THE YEAR 1775, Sir Joshua Reynolds painted a portrait of his friend, Dr. Johnson, which represented him as reading, and near-sighted. When the doctor saw it, he reproved Sir Joshua for painting him in that manner and attitude, saying, "It is not friendly to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man." But, on the contrary, Sir Joshua himself esteemed it as a circumstance in nature to be remarked as characterizing the person rep-

resented, and therefore as giving additional value to the portrait. On this circumstance Mrs. Thrale observed to Johnson, "That he would not be known by posterity for his defects only, therefore Sir Joshua might do his worst." And when she adverted to Sir Joshua's own picture, painted with the ear-trumpet, and done in the same year, the doctor replied, "He may paint himself as deaf as he chooses; but I will not be *blinking Sam* in the eyes of posterity."

1485.—AT CALCUTTA, the Indians, from seeing the steamboat stemming wind, tide, and current, have called it *Sheitawn Koonoo*, the devil's boat. An intelligent Persian Syjud, wishing to compliment our national ingenuity, thus expressed himself:—"When arts were in their infancy, it was natural to give the devil credit for any new invention; but now, so advanced are the English in every kind of improvement, that they are more than a match for the devil himself!"

1486.—A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN, who, on Sunday, is more indebted to his manuscript than his memory, called unceremoniously at a cottage, whilst its possessor, a pious parishioner, was engaged in perusing a paragraph of the writings of an inspired prophet. "Weel, John," familiarly inquired the clerical visitant, "what's this you are about?"—"I am prophesying," was the prompt reply. "Prophesying!" exclaimed the astounded divine, "I doubt you are only reading a prophecy."—"Weel," argued



the religious rustic, "gif reading a preachin' be preachin', is na reading a prophecy prophesying?"

1487.—AN UNINFORMED IRISHMAN, hearing the sphinx alluded to in company, whispered to a friend, "*Sphinx!* who's he now?"—"A monster man."—"Oh, a *Munster-man!* I thought he was from Connaught," replied the Irishman, determined not to seem totally unacquainted with the family.

1488.—WHEN DR. JOHNSON was in the island of Mull, one of the Hebrides, he visited the Laird of Loch Buy, who, according to the usual custom among the Highlanders, demanded the name of his guest; and upon being informed that it was Johnson, inquired, "Which of the Johnsons? of Glencoe or Ardnamurchan?"—"Neither!" replied the doctor, somewhat piqued by the question, and not a little sulky with the fatigue he had encountered during the day's journey. "*Neither!*" rejoined the Laird, with all the native roughness of a genuine Highlander, "*then you must be a bastard!*"

1489.—SOME time after Louis XIV. had collated the celebrated Bossuet to the Bishopric of Meaux, he asked the citizens how they liked their new bishop. "Why, your majesty, we like him pretty well."—"Pretty well! why what fault have you to find with him?"—"To tell your majesty the truth, we should have preferred having a bishop who had finished his education;

for whenever we wait upon him, we are told that *he is at his studies.*"

1490.—PREVIOUS to a late general election, two candidates for a northern county met in a ball-room. "Why do you sit still?" said a friend to one of them, "whilst your opponent is tripping it so assiduously with the electors' wives and daughters?" The aspirant for parliamentary fame replied, "I have no objection to his *dancing* for the county, if I am allowed to *sit* for it."

1491.—"I LIVE IN JULIA'S EYES," said an affected dandy in Colman's hearing. "I don't wonder at it," replied George; "since I observed she had a *sty* in them when I saw her last."

1492.—WHILST the —— regiment was in India, a sergeant obtained an ensign's commission in the corps. Thinking that ease of manner was requisite to prove him qualified for his new situation, on joining the officers after the first parade which he attended, he began to talk very loud and in such a manner as to provoke some unpleasant remark from an old brevet-major, who had known him long as a sergeant; upon which our hero observed, that he did not like such language, and that he was as good a gentleman as the major. "You should be better, Sir," said the major, "for things spoil by keeping, and you were last made."

1493.—TWO GENTLEMEN having wagered

upon the number of characteristic specimens of native brilliancy they should encounter in a rural excursion, one of them thus addressed a stone-breaker on the road:—"My good fellow, were the devil to come now, which of us two would he carry away?"—After a little hesitation, that savoured of unexpected dulness, the man modestly lifting up his eyes from his work, answered, "Me, Sir." Annoyed by the stolidity of this reply, the querist pressed him for a reason:—"Because, your honour, he would be glad of the opportunity to catch myself—he could have you at any time."

1494.—As SHERIDAN was on a canvassing visit at Stafford, he met in the streets one of his old voters, a simple but substantial burgess, with whom he had formerly had some dealings of a pecuniary nature. This man accosted him as follows:—"Well, Maister Sheridan, I be main glad to see you. How be ye, eh?"—"Why, thank you, my friend, very well. I hope you and your family are well," replied the candidate. "Ay, ay," answered the elector, "they are pretty nobbling;—but they tell me, Maister Sheridan, as how you are trying to get a parliamentary reform. Do ye think ye shall get it?"—"Why, yes," said Sheridan, "I hope so."—"And so do I," replied his constituent, "for then you'll be able to pay off the old election scores, shan't ye?"

1495.—WHEN THE EARL OF BRADFORD was brought before the Lord Chancellor, to be exam-

ined upon application for a statute of lunacy against him, the chancellor asked him, "How many legs has a sheep?"—"Does your lordship mean," answered lord Bradford, "a live sheep or a dead sheep?"—"Is it not the same thing?" said the chancellor. "No, my lord," said lord Bradford, "there is much difference; a live sheep may have four legs; a dead sheep has only two: the two fore legs are shoulders; but there are but two legs of mutton."

1496.—A PERSON who was famous for arriving just at dinner-time, upon going to a friend's (where he was a frequent visitor), was asked by the lady of the house if he would *do as they did*. On his replying he should be happy to have the pleasure, she replied, "*Dine at home then*."—He, of course, had received his *quietus* for some time at least.

1497.—As A WORTHY CITY BARONET was gazing one evening at the gas lights in front of the Mansion-house, an old acquaintance came up to him and said, "Well, Sir William, are you studying astronomy?"—"No, Sir," replied the alderman, "I am studying *gastronomy*." His friend looked astonished, and the baronet replied, "Do you doubt my voracity?"—"No, Sir William."

1498.—THE DUKE DE MAYENNE had been sent to Spain to ask the hand of the princess, Anne of Austria. When he took leave of her, he asked her commands for the king. "Assure

him," said the infanta, "that I am quite impatient to see him."—"Ah, madam," said the *gouvernante*, the countess de Altamira, "what will the king of France think, when the duke informs him that you are so eager to be married?"—"Have you not taught me," returned the infanta sharply, "that I must always speak the truth?"

1499.—UPON the recovery of George III. in 1789, the librarian and others connected with Sion college, were at a loss what device or motto to select for the illumination of the building; when the following happy choice was made by a worthy divine, from the book of Psalms:—"Sion heard of it and was glad."

1500.—AFTER A HOT DEBATE, in the course of which Ireton had let fall some very rude expressions respecting Denzil Hollis, the latter desired that he would walk out with him, and then told him, "that he insisted on his crossing the water immediately to fight him." Ireton replied, "that his *conscience* would not suffer him to fight a duel." Hollis, greatly incensed, pulled him by the nose, observing, that "since his conscience prevented him from giving men satisfaction, it ought to keep him from provoking them."

1501.—CURRAN had a perfect horror of fleas; nor was this very extraordinary, since those vermin seemed to shew him peculiar hostility. If they infested a house, he said, that "they always



flocked to his bed-chamber, when they heard he was to sleep there!"—At Carlow he was once dreadfully annoyed in this way, and on making his complaint in the morning to the woman of the house; "By heavens! madam," cried he, "they were in such numbers, and seized upon my carcase with so much ferocity, that if they had been *unanimous*, and all pulled one way, they must have dragged me out of bed entirely."

1502.—AT one of those large convivial parties which distinguished the table of Major Hobart, when he was secretary in Ireland, amongst the usual loyal toasts, "The wooden walls of England!" being given, —Sir John Hamilton in his turn gave "The wooden walls of Ireland!" The toast being quite new, he was asked for an explanation; upon which, filling a bumper, he very gravely stood up, and, bowing to the Marquis of Waterford and several country gentlemen, who commanded county regiments, he said, —"My lords and gentlemen, I have the pleasure of giving you the wooden walls of Ireland—*the colonels of militia!*"

1503.—WHEN IT WAS DEBATED about sending bishops to America, much was said pro and con. One gentleman wondered that anybody should object to it: "For my part," said he, "I wish all our bishops were sent to America."

1504.—SIR THOMAS MORE for a long time having only daughters, his wife prayed earnestly that they might have a boy; at last they

had a boy, who, when he grew up, proved but simple. "Thou pray'dst so long for a boy," said Sir Thomas to his wife, "that at last thou hast got one who will be a boy as long as he lives."

1505.—A SAILOR who had served on board the Romney, with Sir Home Popham, after returning home from India, finding that wigs were all in fashion, bespoke a *red* one, which he sported at Portsmouth, to the great surprise of his companions. On being asked the cause of the change of colour in his hair, he said it was occasioned by his bathing in the *Red Sea*.

1506.—AN EMPEROR OF CHINA, making a progress, discovered a family, in which the master, with his wives, children, grand-children, daughters-in-law, and servants, all lived in perfect peace and harmony. The Emperor, admiring this, inquired of the old man what means he employed to preserve quiet among such a number of persons. The man, taking out a pencil, wrote only these words:—"Patience, patience, patience."

1507.—THE COUNT DE GRANCE being wounded in the knee with a musket ball, the surgeons made many incisions. At last, losing patience, he asked them why they treated him so unmercifully? "We seek for the ball," said they. "Why the devil did you not speak before?" said the Count, "I have it in my pocket."

1508.—A REGIMENT OF HORSE in King Will-

iam's time, being quartered in Canterbury, and the archbishop being then there, he invited all the officers of the regiment to dinner. One of the cornets being obliged to keep guard that day, and lamenting his misfortune, that he could not have the honour to dine with the archbishop, bethought himself of this stratagem. He knew that one of his brother cornets was gone out of town, and would not return till evening; he determined therefore, to wait for him at his lodgings, and frighten him by a false message from the archbishop. Accordingly when his comrade arrived, he addressed him thus:—"Tom, I believe I shall surprise you."—"Why," says Tom, "what the devil's the matter?"—"No great matter," says his comrade, "only the archbishop has sent for all the officers to hear them their catechism."—"The devil he has," quoth Tom, "then I am ruined horse and foot, for as I am a sinner I can't say three lines."—"Never be troubled about that," says his comrade, "I can say mine every word, and if you will mount guard for me to-morrow, I will go in your place."—"With all my heart," says Tom, "and thank you to boot;" so the next day they all, except Tom, dined with the archbishop. His lordship being a very polite man, told the colonel, that he hoped all his officers were there; for he intended it as a general invitation. The colonel told him they were all there, except one gentleman who was obliged to mount guard. The archbishop took no notice of

it then, but the next day sent his servant to the absent gentleman, to desire his company by himself. Tom had no sooner received the message, than he ran frightened out of his senses to his comrade to make his complaint. "Ah, my friend," says Tom, "it is all in vain, I must go at last, the archbishop has sent for me."—"Never mind it," says his comrade, "you will do very well; he did not ask us above one question or two." Tom being thus prepared went to the archbishop where he was introduced into a parlour. At length his lordship came in. "Sir," says the archbishop, "I am sorry I could not have the pleasure of your company yesterday; may I crave your name?"—"Thomas, my lord," replied the cornet. "What countryman?" says the archbishop. "My godfathers and godmothers," replied the cornet. "I do not mean to catechise you," says the archbishop, and thus the cheat was discovered.

1509.—A MAN of the name of Mark Noble, passing by the garrison at Hull, the sentinel, as usual, called out, "Who comes there?"—"Twenty shillings," answered Mark. "That cannot be," said the sentinel. "Why, a mark and a noble make twenty shillings," said Mark.

1510.—THE CAPTAIN of a West Indianman wished to buy a horse. After the purchase was made, the captain said, "Well, now the horse is mine, pray tell me candidly, whether he has any faults, and what they are."—"What do you mean to do with him?" said the other. "Why,

to take him to sea," answered the captain. "Then I will be candid," replied the dealer; "he may go very well at sea; but on land he cannot go at all, or I would not have sold him."

1511.—A SAILOR being strongly solicited by a catholic priest to change his religion, the honest tar boldly resisted. The holy father finding that he could not prevail, altered his mode of attack, and offered him money as a reward of his apostacy; the bribe rather staggered Jack's faith, and he desired to consider of it till next morning. In the interim he applied to a brother tar for advice, which was given him in the following style of blunt honesty: "Don't listen to him, messmate, for if your religion was not better than his own, and all the money he will give you into the bargain, he'll be d——'d before he would ask you to change."

1512.—WHEN THE CELEBRATED DUELLIST, G. R. Fitzgerald, was in Paris, the English ambassador introduced him to the French king; prior to which introduction the ambassador informed his majesty, Mr. Fitzgerald was a gentleman of such amazing prowess, that he had fought thirty duels, and behaved equally brave and honourable in them all. "Then, I think," says the king, with a smile, "this gentleman's life would make an admirable appendix to your renowned countryman's history of *Jack the Giant Killer*."

1513.—A BOY who had not returned after the



holidays to Winchester school, which the master charged him to do, returned at last loaded with a fine ham, as a bribe to the master, who took the ham, but flogged the lad, and told him, that he might give his compliments to his mother for the ham, but assured him it should not save his bacon.

1514.—DR. PEARCE, the dean of Ely, when he was master of the Temple, having to preach there one morning, preferred a walk in the gardens to sitting in the church while the prayers were reading, and going to the gardener's lodge, demanded entrance. An old woman, who was keeping the house in the gardener's absence, told him the gates were always locked in church time, and she could not let him in. "Woman, do you know who I am?" said the doctor, bristling. "No," said she, with great indifference, "I don't know, and what's more, I don't care."—"Woman," retorted the doctor, in a rage, "open the gates instantly—I am master of the Temple."—"The more shame for you," replied the inflexible portress, "the more shame for you to be walking here, when you ought to be praying at church."

1515.—AN IRISHMAN telling what he called an excellent story, a gentleman observed, he had met with it in a book published many years ago. "Confound these ancients," said Teague, "they are always stealing one's good thoughts."

1516.—CARDINAL MAZARINE was wont to say

there were great bull dogs in England, called Whigs and Tories, that were continually jarring and worrying each other; but let out the bull, (the common enemy,) they directly left off their private feuds and animosities, and attacked him.

1517.—LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, of France, playing at backgammon, had a doubtful throw; a dispute arose, and all the courtiers remained silent. The Count de Grammont came in that instant. "Decide the matter," said the King to him. "Sire," said the Count, "your Majesty is in the wrong."—"How so," replied the King; "can you decide without knowing the question?"—"Yes," said the Count, "because, had the matter been doubtful, all these gentlemen present would have given it to your majesty."

1518.—LORD MORTON, having waited very long in the duke of Northumberland's anti-chamber before he could see his grace, was quite out of patience. The duke at last came to him, and finding him with Dr. Garnet's Dissertation upon Job in his hands, asked him what he thought of it. "I think," said lord Morton, "it is a very proper book for a prime minister's anti-chamber."

1519.—A NOBLEMAN, who had spent most of his estate, had just sold a manor of an hundred tenements, and came to court in a rich suit. "Am not I a mighty man," said he, "that bear an hundred houses on my back."—"You had better have paid your debts," said Cardinal Wol-

scy, whose father was a butcher. "True, my lord," said he, "my father owed yours three-halfpence for a calve's head, here is two-pence for it."

1520.—NOTWITHSTANDING the perpetual contention between Rich and Garrick for the favour of the town, they lived upon very friendly terms. Rich had improved his house at Covent Garden and made it capable of holding more. Garrick went with him to see it, and asked him in the theatrical phrase, how much money it would hold. "Sir," said Rich, "that question I am at present unable to answer, but were you to appear one night on my stage, I should be able to tell you to the utmost shilling."

1521.—A VERY VOLATILE YOUNG LORD, whose conquests in the female world were numberless, at last married. "Now, my lord," said the countess, "I hope you'll mend."—"Madam," says he, "you may depend on it this is my last folly."

1522.—A MULLAH preaching one day in a Persian mosque, strongly insisted on the examination which the deceased have to undergo from the angels of death, Nekyr and Monkyr, as soon as they are deposited in the tomb. "Don't believe a word of it," cried one of the congregation, "for one of my slaves died a few days since; I filled his mouth with rice, and on digging him up again to-day, the rice was just as I left it. Now it is morally impossible for a man to

give answers even to angels with his mouth full."

1523.—A CHINESE TEACHER was in the habit of sleeping in the day-time, but would not suffer his pupil to nod for a moment. One day the pupil accosted him after his nap, in a complaining tone, and begged to know why he might not sleep too. "Boy!" says the tutor, "in *my* sleep, I dream of *Cheu-kung*, and have converse with him!" The next morning, the pupil takes pattern by his master. The master giving him a rap, and rousing him, exclaims, "For shame! how can you do so?" Says the pupil, *I* too have been seeing *Cheu-Kung*."—"And what did *Cheu-kung* say to you?"—"Cheu-kung," replies the pupil, "tells me that yesterday he had no communication whatever with my reverend master."

1524.—LORD MULGRAVE, who once went on a voyage to the North Pole, appears to have been distinguished by a singularity of physical conformation—possessing two distinct voices; the one strong and hoarse, the other shrill and querulous; of both of which organs he occasionally availed himself. So extraordinary a circumstance, probably, gave rise to a story of his having fallen into a ditch in a dark night, and, calling for aid in his shrill voice, a countryman coming up, was about to have assisted him; but Lord Mulgrave, addressing him in a hoarse tone, the peasant immediately exclaimed, "Oh, if there

are two of you in the ditch, you may help each other out of it!"

1525.—MR. POPE, was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day, when his nephew, a Guinea trader came in: "Nephew," said Sir Godfrey, "you have the honour of seeing the two greatest men in the world."—"I don't know how great you may be," said the Guineaman, "but I don't like your looks, I have often bought a man much better than both of you together, all muscle and bone, for ten guineas."

1526.—A CAPTAIN OF A MERCHANT VESSEL, named M'Carthy, had a scuffle with a wood-ranger at Verdun; the latter complained to General Wirion, who commanded the depot, that M'Carthy had ill-treated him, knocking him down every time he attempted to rise. "Mon ami," said the general to him, "when an Englishman knocks you down, never do you get up until he is gone away."

1527.—THE LATE LORD CHANCELLOR, in one of his shooting excursions at Wareham, in Dorsetshire, unexpectedly came across a person who was sporting over his land without leave. His lordship inquired if the stranger was aware he was trespassing, or if he knew to whom the estate belonged? "What's that to you?" was the reply. "I suppose you are one of Old Bags' Keepers."—"No," replied his lordship, "your supposition is a wrong one, my friend, for I am Old Bags himself."



1528.—WHEN GEORGE II. was once expressing his admiration of General Wolfe, some one observed that the general was mad. “Oh! he is mad, is he!” said the king with great quickness, “then I wish he would *bite* some other of my generals.”

1529.—A BISHOP, upon his visitation, found a curate of the diocese so ignorant, that he knew not how to say the mass. The bishop enraged, asked him, “Who was the ass of a bishop that gave you ordination?”—“Your most illustrious lordship,” replied the curate, with a humble reverence.

1530.—IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE, Captain Hardy, whose ship was stationed at Lagos bay, received information of the arrival of the Spanish Galleons, under convoy of seventeen men of war, in the harbour of Vigo; without any warrant for so doing, he immediately set sail, and communicated his intelligence to Sir George Rooke, then commanding in the Mediterranean. The admiral instantly steered for Vigo, and took or destroyed the whole Spanish fleet. When the fight was over, Sir George sent for Captain Hardy, and thus addressed him, “You have done, Sir, a very important piece of service to the throne; you have added to the honours and riches of your country, by your indefatigable diligence; but don’t you know that you are liable at this instant to be shot, for quitting your station?”—“He is unworthy of bearing a commission under her Majesty,” replied the Cap-

tain, "who holds his life as aught, when the glory and interest of his queen and country require him to hazard it." At this heroic answer, he was dispatched home with the first news of the victory, and letters of recommendation to the Queen, who instantly knighted him, and afterwards made him a rear-admiral.

1531.—THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH, in 1386, between the Swiss and the Austrians, was decided by one heroic deed. Arnold Struthan de Winkelried, a knight of Underwalden, burst suddenly from the ranks. "I will open a passage," he cried, "into the enemy's line. Provide for my wife and children, dear countrymen and confederates; honour my race!" He threw himself instantly on the enemy's pikes, grasped as many of them as he could reach, buried them in his bosom, and being tall and large of limb, bore them to the ground as he fell. His companions rushed over his body; the whole army of confederates followed, and their close files penetrated with irresistible force. The enemy struck with amazement, fell one over another in endeavouring to avoid their shock; and the pressure, heat, and confusion thus produced proved fatal to many knights who died without a wound, stifled by the weight of their armour.

1532.—A LATE SICILIAN TRAVELLER gives an anecdote to prove that the bigoted Catholics in that country begin to entertain *favourable* opinions of the English. A priest hearing a Sicilian woman say that one of the officers, who

happened to pass by, finely dressed, would "go to hell for all his lace," rebuked her, and added, "as for the Turks they certainly go to hell, but *nobody knows where the English go to!*"

1533.—THE FOGS OF ENGLAND have been at all times the complaint of foreigners. Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, when some one who was going to Spain waited on him to know if he had any commands, replied, "Only my compliments to the sun, whom I have not seen since I came to England."—Carraccioli, the Neapolitan minister, used to say, that the only *ripe fruit* he had seen in England were *roasted apples*.

1534.—NEGROES are apt to steal, but are so very credulous, they are easily detected. Captain Young, of Grenada, gave a black butcher, of the name of Caffee, a hog to kill; when the Captain went to see it, Caffee said, "Dis very fine hog, massa, but I never see a hog like him in all my life, he have no liver, no lights."—"That is very strange, Caffee," said the Captain, "let me see the book." He took a memorandum book out of his pocket, turned over the leaves, and looked very earnest.—"I see Caffee go to hell bottom—hog have liver and lights." Caffee shook like an aspen leaf, and said, "O massa, Caffee no go to hell bottom—hog have liver and lights."

1535.—THE OLD METHOD of catching larks was to *put salt* on their tails.—The following is from a provincial paper:—"Many hundreds of

larks, during the late frost, were taken alive in the neighbourhood of Arundel, *their tails being frozen to the snow.*"

1536.—A NEGRO in the West Indies having carried a letter from his master to a neighbouring planter, fell asleep on the floor, while the latter was preparing an answer. When it was finished, he desired that the negro might be awakened; but this was no easy matter. The negro who attempted to rouse him, exclaimed, "You no hear massa call you?"—"Sleep!" replied the poor fellow, "sleep hab no massa."

1537.—A FEW YEARS AGO, a ship came into harbour, at Chatham, to be paid off. One of the sailors being ashore, prevailed on a young woman of Rochester to accept of him as a husband, and previous to returning to his ship, left money with a friend to pay for publishing the banns, and all other incidental matrimonial expenses. The marriage was to take place on the fourth Sunday following, and on the preceding Saturday the honest tar asked leave of his Captain to go on shore, which was peremptorily refused. Jack remonstrated—"Captain," exclaimed he, "I am going to be married to-morrow." The Captain told Jack that the business of the ship in his department was most urgent, and positively forbade him going on shore. Unwilling to disappoint the girl and lose his money, Jack wisely determined to marry her by proxy, and proposed to Will Treadaway, his messmate, to undertake that kind office: "And you, Will,"

said he, "stay with her ashore, and when the gangway is cleared from stem to stern, I will come to you." Will goes on shore, and informing the girl of his friend's situation and proposal, she instantly consented, and was actually married to Will as the proxy of Jack; nor did the minister discover the mistake till Will wrote his name in the book, Treadaway instead of Salmon. The clerk cried out, "Why, you are not the man asked to church with this woman?" To which the honest tar replied, first devoting his eyes and limbs to confirm the fact, "I came here to prevent my messmate being cheated, and I only marry the girl for Jack Salmon, my messmate, till he comes on shore."—Three days afterwards Jack came on shore, when he received his spouse from the hands of his proxy, and lived in as much peace and tranquillity, as if he had originally tied the matrimonial knot in *propria persona*.

1538.—AN IRISH LABOURER bought a pair of shoes, and at the same time asked the shoemaker if he could tell him what would prevent them going down on the sides? The shoemaker said, the only way to prevent that was to change them every morning. Pat accordingly returned the following morning, called for a pair of shoes, fitted them on, left the pair he bought the day before, and was walking out of the shop without further notice, when the shoemaker called to him to know what he was doing, telling him at the same time, that he had forgotten to pay for the



shoes he had just bought. "And is it what I am doing, you ask? am not I doing what you told me yesterday, changing my shoes every morning."

1539.—A DIVINE IN KENT, seldom in church, but a rigid justice of the peace, having a vagrant brought before him, said surily, "I shall teach you *law*, I warrant you."—"It would be much more becoming," answered the fellow, "if you would teach me the *gospel*."

1540.—SIR CHARLES F—— received a serious fall one day, in stepping into his cabriolet.—"Whereabouts were you hurt, Sir Charles?" said Sir Peter L——; "was it near the vertebra?"—"No, no," answered the Baronet, "it was near the Monument!"

1541.—MENTION being made in the presence of Louis XI. of an unlearned person, who had got a fine library of books; the king said, "He resembles a hump-back person, who carries a burden on his back which he cannot see."

1542.—DIOGENES, the cynic, coming once to a very small, inconsiderable town, with very large and magnificent gates, told the inhabitants "to shut their gates, lest the town should run out."

1543.—LOUIS XIV. observing two courtiers riding full speed one after the other; the foremost with an uncommon big chin, the hindmost with scarce any at all; the king asked whither they were driving at such speed? M. de Cler-

ambaut replied: "The hindmost is in pursuit of the foremost, to recover his stolen chin."

1544.—DRYDEN'S WIFE complained to him that he was always reading, and took little notice of her: "I wish," said she, "I was a book, and then I should enjoy more of your company."—"Yes, my dear," replied Dryden, "I wish you were a book—but an *Almanack* I mean, for then I should change you every year."

1545.—A DUTCH AMBASSADOR, entertaining the king of Siam with an account of Holland, after which his majesty was very inquisitive, amongst other things told him, that water in his country would sometimes get so hard, that men walked upon it; and that it would bear an elephant with the utmost ease. To which the king replied, "Hitherto I have believed the strange things you have told me, because I looked upon you as a sober, fair man; but now *I am sure you lie.*"

1546.—A LONG RIDE had one day sharpened the edge of Dr. Johnson's appetite, during his tour in Scotland, and his friend, Mr. Boswell, pushed forward to the next inn (as was his usual custom) to provide for the lion. The hostess and her family were instantly on the alert; and when Dr. Johnson arrived at the inn-door he was congratulated by Boswell with an assurance of a good dinner—"A fine leg of roast mutton, Doctor, and a pudding."—"Very well, Bozzy, very well," replied the Doctor, "I hope it will soon

be ready—I am very hungry.”—Boswell assured him it would. But the dinner not appearing so soon as Johnson anticipated, the cravings of hunger urged him into the kitchen, to ascertain the real state of their promised repast.—He presently returned to the parlour, and with a grave countenance informed his friend Boswell that he was very sorry he could not partake of the roast leg of mutton which he had so kindly provided, having made a vow to eat no meat on that day.—“Doctor,” exclaimed Boswell, in great surprise, “do lay aside your scruples for once. Your vow, I am sure, is of very little consequence, as you seem not to have thought of it until this moment. The mutton is fine mutton. Do not deprive yourself of the pleasure of eating it.”—“Dear Boswell,” replied the Doctor, “I am very sorry—but I dare not break my vow—I cannot eat of the mutton—and must, therefore, be satisfied with the pudding.”—Further remonstrance Boswell found was in vain, and concluded by hoping that the pudding would yield him satisfaction.—Dinner was at last served up, and Boswell commenced a furious attack upon the roasted joint, while his philosophic and scrupulous companion calmly enjoyed the pudding. When the keenness of his appetite was somewhat allayed by the deep impressions he had made upon the mutton, Boswell began to eulogise his dinner; but this excited from his companion, who kept his eye fixed on his plate, only a significant smile.—“Why do you smile, Doctor?”

inquired Boswell. "At nothing in particular," was the reply; but it was accompanied with a chuckle, which raised a suspicion in his mind that all was not right.—Throwing down his knife and fork, he eagerly pressed the Doctor for an explanation, whose chuckle had now increased to a loud laugh. "Well, Bozzy, I will tell you," cried he; "when I went into the kitchen to inquire into the state of our dinner, I saw the boy, who now stands behind your chair, turning the spit, and at the same time scratching his head over the mutton."—Starting from his seat, as if struck by a galvanic battery, Boswell seized the unfortunate culprit by the collar; exclaiming, "Where is your cap, you young rascal?—what have you done with the cap you had on when I came to the house?—why did you take it off?—why did you not keep it on while roasting the mutton?"—"Please, Sir," blubbered out the terrified boy, "Please, Sir,—my mother—took it off my head—to make—*the pudding in, for the gentleman?*"

THE END

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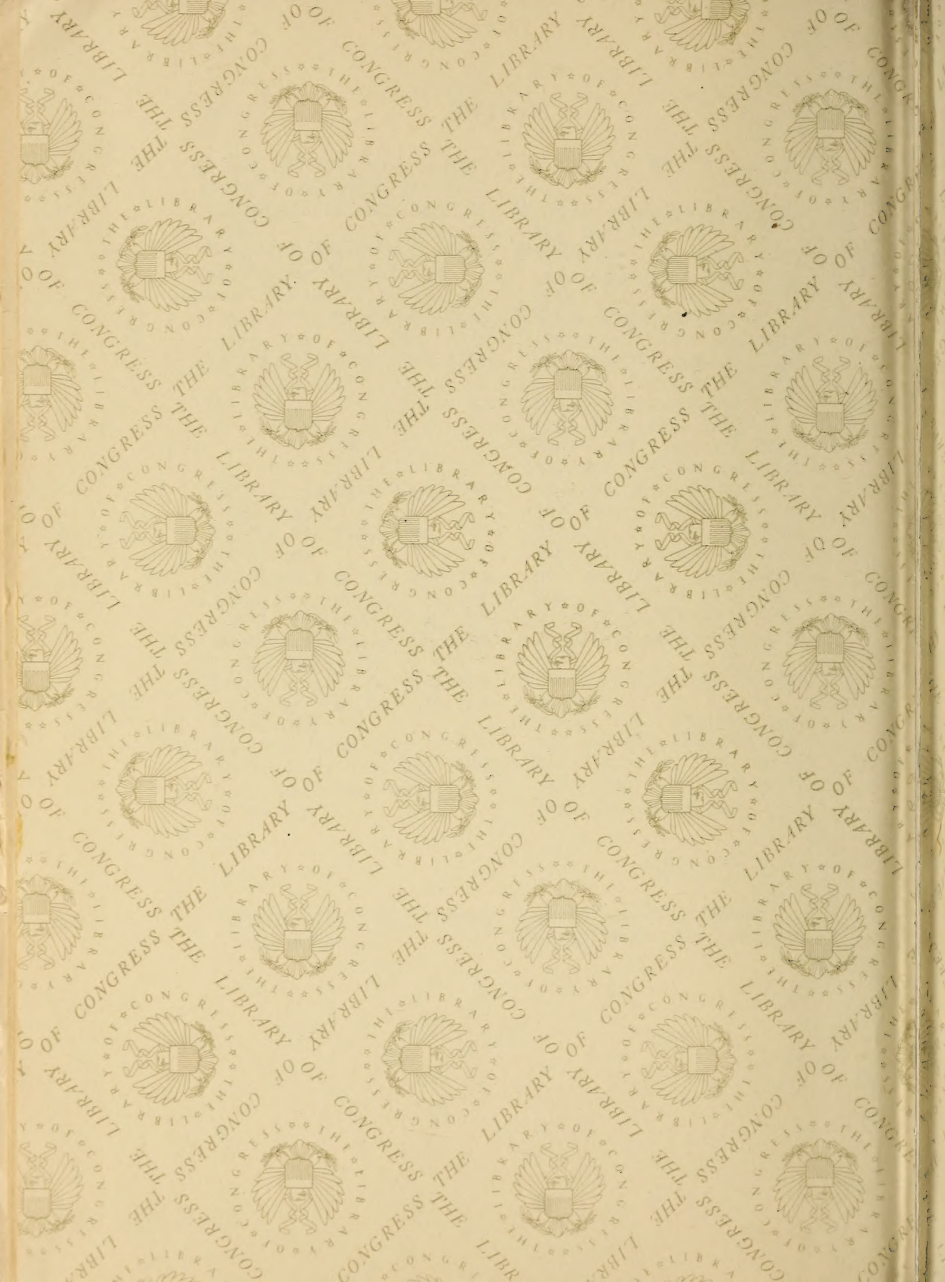
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